



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

University of Virginia Library

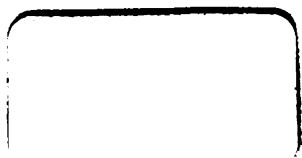
F;74;.C8;R38;1895

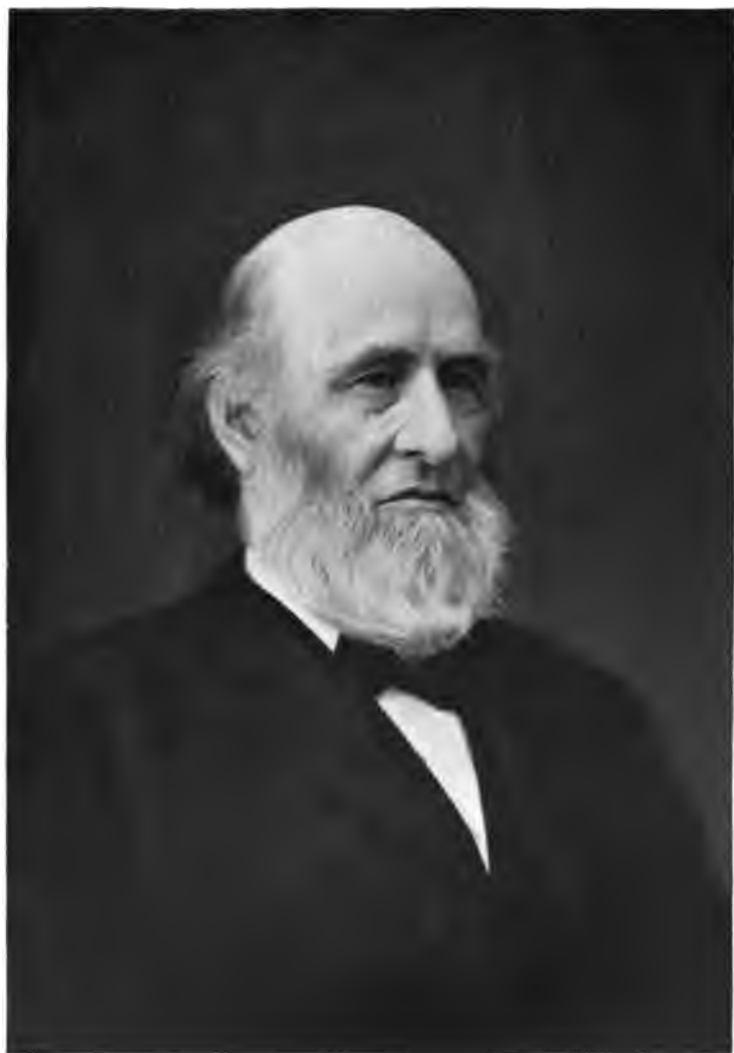
ALD A collection of historical and



YX 000 514 226

012249





Grindall Reynolds,



A COLLECTION
OF
HISTORICAL AND OTHER PAPERS

BY
REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D.D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
SEVEN OF HIS SERMONS.

...



Published by the Editor.
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.
1895.

F
74
CERZA
1835
Copy 1

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

UV

EDITORIAL NOTE.

[T was my Father's desire and intention, had the leisure ever come to him in his busy life, to collect in more permanent form his historical papers, some of which had already appeared as magazine articles.

Wishing to carry out this plan of his, and encouraged to do so by the interest expressed by many of his friends after his death, I have collected and had printed the following papers.

Several of his sermons have been added, with the feeling that they might be valued by those who had listened to his preaching.

Rev. Edward C. Guild has very kindly rendered valuable assistance in preparing these papers for the printer.

ALICE REYNOLDS KEYES.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
September 15, 1895.

GRINDALL REYNOLDS,

BORN DECEMBER 22, 1822; DIED SEPTEMBER 30, 1894;

Was descended from the family of the Puritan Archbishop of Canterbury, GRINDAL, whose name he bore. He was kin to those stalwart divines and first ministers of two of the oldest Churches of New England, — John Wilson, of Boston, and Thomas Weld, of Roxbury.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D.D.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
EDITORIAL NOTE.	iii
INTRODUCTION BY HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.	ix
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D.D.	xiii

Printed in the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, September, 1894.

American History.

KING PHILIP'S WAR; WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD IN AUGUST, 1675	1
Read before the American Antiquarian Society, October 21, 1887.	
SIEGE AND EVACUATION OF BOSTON	23
Printed in the Unitarian Review, March, 1876.	
FROM TICONDEROGA TO SARATOGA	54
Printed in the Unitarian Review, November, 1877.	
THREE EPISODES OF THE NORTHERN CAMPAIGNS OF THE REVOLUTION	80
Lecture delivered before the Concord Lyceum, January 23, 1878.	

Concord.

	PAGE
THE PLANTING OF THE CHURCH IN CONCORD	104
Paper read in the Meeting-house of the First Parish in Concord, March 1, 1891.	
THE CHURCH IN CONCORD: ITS PERIOD OF PERSONAL AND THEOLOGICAL DISSENSION	125
Paper read in the Meeting-house of the First Parish in Concord, March 8, 1891.	
THE STORY OF A CONCORD FARM AND ITS OWNERS	147
Lecture delivered before the Concord Lyceum, February 1, 1883.	
CONCORD FIGHT	174
Printed in the Unitarian Review, April, 1875.	
CONCORD DURING THE SHAYS REBELLION	195
Written during the year 1877.	
MY MEMORIES OF CONCORD IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR	245
Paper read before the Old Concord Post, Grand Army of the Republic, March 17, 1886.	
A FORTNIGHT WITH THE SANITARY	268
Printed in the Atlantic Monthly, February, 1865.	

Miscellaneous Papers.

CHEVALIER BAYARD: A SAINT AND HERO OF THE MID- DLE AGES	282
Lecture delivered before the Concord Lyceum, January 10, 1894.	
FRANCIS DRAKE AND HIS TIMES	305
Lecture delivered before the Concord Lyceum, January 26, 1870.	
JOHN CALVIN	327
Printed in the Christian Examiner, July, 1860.	
SAINTS WHO HAVE HAD BODIES	364
Printed in the Atlantic Monthly, October, 1865.	
OUR BEDOUINS: WHAT CAN WE DO WITH THEM?	394
Printed in the Unitarian Review, August, 1877.	
MEMOIR OF GRINDALL REYNOLDS, SENIOR	422
Printed in an Account of the Seventy-first Anniversary of the Providence Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, February 27, 1860.	

Sermons.

	PAGE
THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART. October 4, 1868	428
WELLS OF BACA. September 28, 1879	437
BUT. April 4, 1880	445
BEAUTY FOR ASHES. June 3, 1883	454
TONGS OF PURE GOLD. September 17, 1893	463
SERMON AT BALTIMORE. October 29, 1893	474
THE POWER OF JESUS' LIFE. January 7, 1894	490

Among Dr. Reynolds's other printed papers were the following:—

- DISCOURSE PREACHED AT JAMAICA PLAIN, JULY 21, 1850, ON THE DEATH OF ZACHARY TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
- DISCOURSE PREACHED ON LEAVING THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT JAMAICA PLAIN, WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH 20, 1853.
- THE MORAL OFFICE OF THE TEACHER. American Institute of Instruction, August 21, 1855.
- THE RATIONALE OF PRAYER. Monthly Religious Magazine, July, 1858.
- ENGLISH NAVAL POWER AND ENGLISH COLONIES. Atlantic Monthly, July, 1863.
- THE FRENCH STRUGGLE FOR NAVAL AND COLONIAL POWER. Atlantic Monthly, November, 1863.
- MEXICO. Atlantic Monthly, July, 1864.
- COLONEL GEORGE L. PRESCOTT. July 18, 1864.
- THE LATE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA. Atlantic Monthly, April, 1866.
- BORNEO AND RAJAH BROOKE. Atlantic Monthly, December, 1866.
- PARISH ORGANIZATION. Monthly Religious Magazine, July, 1867.
- ABYSSINIA AND KING THEODORE. Atlantic Monthly, June, 1868.
- SERMON IN COMMEMORATION OF APRIL 19, 1775. April 18, 1875.
- THE NEW RELIGION. Unitarian Review, August, 1879.
- CONCORD: DRAKE'S HISTORY OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY, 1880.
- ECCLESIASTICAL AND DENOMINATIONAL TENDENCIES. Unitarian Review, May, 1889.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS book contains a few examples of the work of a faithful, busy, and useful life. Dr. Reynolds was first of all, and above all, a Christian minister. He was a man to whose intellectual and moral nature faith, and not scepticism, was congenial. He accepted without misgiving the religious belief known as Unitarianism, substantially as it was held and preached by William Ellery Channing and his contemporaries. But he respected the understanding and liberty of thought of other men. He had a large tolerance. He had also a genial and affectionate nature, which led him to form hearty friendships with men whom he accounted worthy, according to his somewhat severe standard of personal excellence, without regard to differences of belief. So he had the kindest personal relations with the representatives of other denominations. He cared little for discussing questions about which Christians differ, although he was fully equipped for such discussions when his duty seemed to him to require them. But he stated with great power and with great beauty the arguments which lie at the foundation of the Christian faith, and at the foundation of good morals and purity and uprightness in personal conduct. It is hoped the sermons

here printed are worth preserving, and will be valued not only for their literary excellence and high order of eloquence, but as exhibiting fairly the spirit of Dr. Reynolds's faith.

Dr. Reynolds's work as a Christian minister had, of course, the largest part of his heart. Next to that was his affection for the town of Concord. From the time of his settlement as Minister of the First Parish, in July, 1858, until his death, he entered into the life of the people of the town almost as if every family in it had been his near kindred. He had an enthusiasm for its history and antiquities. He soon became the trusted and confidential friend of nearly every family in the town, and in that way became acquainted with its history and traditions, so that he probably knew more about the town than any other person, although there are many families there who have dwelt on the lands where they now live since the town was settled by Bulkeley, Willard, Hosmer, and their companions, in 1635. So his mind became a storehouse of its local and family traditions. Indeed, if the best example of the character, faith, and practice of New England Unitarianism of the close of the nineteenth century, or if the best example of the character and citizenship of the town of Concord for that period were to be sought, it is believed that those who knew him will agree that there can be none better found of either than Dr. Reynolds. He was a man of great business capacity. He managed the concerns of the American Unitarian Association with singu-

lar wisdom, discretion, and success. He was a pillar in the town and a pillar in the Church. When he died it seemed as if something substantial and essential had been subtracted from both.

He had also a taste and capacity for historical investigation which, with his charming English style, would have enabled him to gain great distinction in that department of literature if he could have devoted his life to it. The papers upon that class of subjects inserted here are the work of hours spared from the engrossing employments of his profession. But they will amply vindicate this statement.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,
September 30, 1895.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.¹

GRINDALL REYNOLDS was born in Franconia, New Hampshire, December 22nd, 1822. His father, Grindall Reynolds, was a Revolutionary soldier, serving as was the custom for periods of three or six months as private, ensign, lieutenant, and captain. At the time of his son's birth he was in charge of some large iron works, which four years later burned down and were never rebuilt. Late in life he married Cynthia Kendall, the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. The second child and oldest son of this marriage was the subject of this sketch. At four years of age the boy

¹ At the request of the editor of the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine," Dr. Reynolds wrote for the September number this brief sketch of his life. It was written in July, 1894, at Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, where he was spending his vacation according to his custom. It was the last bit of work from his pen except a few letters, as he died September 30th. He sent with it to the editor the following letter : —

FITZWILLIAM, N. H., July 2, 1894.

My dear Mr. Thayer, — Enclosed find the *facts* of my life; more of them I suspect than you will care to use. So I cheerfully hand my manuscript over to the tender mercy of your critical eye and your wise scissors. Do what you will with it, or nothing. I am ready to give you what you can justly ask; but I have no desire to spread abroad my exceedingly feeble glories.

Very sincerely,

GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

was sent to the district school, having however learned his letters and to read the Bible at his mother's knee. The schoolhouse, as he recalls it, was as rude in construction, its desks as primitive and hacked, its seats as hard, and the discipline within it as harsh and unreasonable as any that historians have described or romancers painted. When he was five years old the family moved to Boston, living first on Essex Street and then on Fort Hill. He attended the primary school at the corner of Federal and High Streets until, at seven years of age, he was promoted to the Washington Grammar School.

At twelve years he graduated, receiving a Franklin medal. Having passed an examination, he became a pupil in the English High School. Here from various reasons he had the good fortune to be for two and a half of his three years' course under the immediate instruction of Thomas Sherwin, than whom no nobler man and no better teacher ever stood in a school-room. At the age of fifteen and one half years he graduated, again receiving a Franklin medal.

Long vacations were not in those days the fashion, either in schools or anywhere else. So in less than three weeks the boy found himself in the store of Thomas Tarbell & Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants. There he remained, passing through all the grades from errand-boy to book-keeper, four years and a half, leaving in March, 1848, to fit himself to enter Cambridge Divinity School. He studied one year and a half under

the direction of Rev. Chandler Robbins, and upon examination became a member of the Cambridge Divinity School, September, 1844, from which he graduated in June, 1847.

The first Sunday after he left the School he preached in the Unitarian church at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, and in January, 1848, was ordained as its pastor. February 7th, he married Lucy Maria Dodge, born September 15th, 1827, died February 18th, 1887. Here he remained something more than ten years, until he accepted a call to be the minister of the First Parish in Concord, Massachusetts. Of this parish he was installed as minister July, 1858, and has remained there ever since, twenty-three years as active pastor, and afterwards as honorary pastor. In May, 1881, Mr. Reynolds was elected Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which post he still holds. The position of minister of a large parish, or of the chief executive officer of a religious body, affords scanty leisure for literary pursuits and especially for writing not strictly in the line of official duty. Still, he has furnished eight or ten articles for denominational magazines, such as the *Christian Examiner* and the *Unitarian Review*, as many more for the *Atlantic Monthly*, while perhaps an equal number have appeared in pamphlet form or otherwise. In 1860 Harvard conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and in 1894 that of Doctor of Divinity.

President Eliot used these words in conferring the degree of Doctor of Divinity : —

“ In rebus divinis oratorem eloquentem, administratorem prudentem, ab Unitariis rationibus suis optime praepositum.”

KING PHILIP'S WAR;

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ATTACK
ON BROOKFIELD IN AUGUST, 1675.

READ BEFORE THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, OCTOBER 21, 1887.

THIS paper does not propose to give an account of King Philip's War, as a whole. To do that with any thoroughness would require a volume. It would rather confine itself to a statement of the reasons why the war happened to take place, and to a somewhat full sketch of a single event of that war.

The subject has for me what I may call a traditional attraction. My ancestor, Captain Nathaniel Reynolds, was one of the original settlers, who after the war took possession of Mount Hope, the home of the Wampanoags, and named it Bristol. My great-grandfather, Benjamin Reynolds, was the first boy christened in the new town; while my grandfather, John Reynolds, and my father, Grindall Reynolds, first saw the light and were reared to manhood amid the associations of the ancient hamlet.

No historian, as it seems to me, has pointed out with sufficient clearness the causes which made this war, not only probable, but inevitable. A little sketch of the First Church, Bristol, Rhode Island, appeared in 1872. In that sketch you find this statement. It

refers to the grant of the township in 1681.¹ "The whole of Plymouth County was then settled, except this territory, which was the only spot left uncovered in the western march of English population." This is literally true. When the "Mayflower" dropped anchor off Plymouth the Wampanoags held the whole region as their hunting ground. Of this great tract all they retained in 1675 was a little strip, called then Mount Hope, scarcely six miles long and two miles wide. The southern line of English possession had been drawn right across Bristol Neck, enclosing, and almost imprisoning, the tribe in a little peninsula, washed on all sides, except the north, by the waters of Narragansett and Mount Hope bays. As if to emphasize this fact, their neighbors, the people of Swanzeey, "set up a very substantial fence quite across the great neck."²

That some freedom to fish and hunt in the old territory was granted is probable. But in the nature of the case each year narrowed its scope. Governor Winslow says, "Before these troubles broke out the English did not possess a single foot of land in the Colony but was fairly obtained from the Indians."³ No doubt this may have been true. No less true was it that the owners of the soil hardly comprehended the meaning of transactions by which they sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Even what remained was coveted. To protect them in it, in 1668 it was necessary to order,⁴ "that noe person shall . . . on any pretence whatsoever buy or receive any of those lands that

¹ Historical Sketch of the First Church, Bristol, R. I., by J. P. Lane, p. 8.

² Hubbard's Indian Wars.

³ Plymouth Records, x. 363.

⁴ Plymouth Laws, 221.

appertaine unto Mount Hope." Yet one year later the Court granted¹ one John Gorham a hundred acres within the bounds of Bristol, provided it could be purchased of the Indians.

Another change had come just as hard to bear. To the men who landed at Plymouth Rock the Wampanoags seemed to be, and no doubt were, a dirty, half-naked, and half-starved lot of barbarians.² But these barbarians were independent, and exercised a controlling influence over the tribes of central Massachusetts. "Massasoit," says Drake, "was for an Indian a great king." As an equal he made a treaty with the whites; and was assured that³ "King James would esteem him his friend and ally." Fifty years pass. The son of Massasoit, according to the Puritan annalist, had divested himself of all independence.⁴ He had meekly acknowledged himself and his people to be subjects of the King of England and New Plymouth and under their laws. Nor was this subjection a dead letter. The chiefs were summoned to appear and answer accusations often ill founded. Restrictive laws were applied to trade, and even to personal habits. Sachems were arrested, tried, and executed for acts committed by order of their chief. Of King Philip the Plymouth Commissioners write that he was in arms,⁵ "from a guilty feare that we should send for him and bring him to tryall with the other murderers." All this may have been the necessary result of the contact of the strong with the weak. It may indeed, as Palfrey argues, have benefited the Indian himself. But it sub-

¹ See History of First Church, Bristol.

² See Palfrey, i. 183.

³ Drake's Indian Wars.

⁴ See Hubbard's Indian Wars.

⁵ Plymouth Records, x. 364.

jected him to restraints which to a savage were well-nigh intolerable.

Add, now, that the colonists, having obtained the land and tethered the owners, had no faith in him; that they were haunted with the feeling that he was "plotting mischief"; that repeatedly Philip and his brother were summoned as suspected criminals and forced to submit to humiliating conditions; that the brother actually died of a fever, occasioned in part by the hardship endured on one of these arrests, and in part also by the rage and shame engendered by this very humiliation. This is the way matters stood in 1675 according to the conquerors' own statement. Read Philip's pathetic story recorded in Arnold's history and you will know how it looked to the conquered. Said he to John Borden of Rhode Island¹:—

"The English who came to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor, and distressed. My father was then Sachem. He relieved their distresses. He gave them land to build and plant upon. He did all in his power to serve them: Their numbers rapidly increased. My father's counsellors became uneasy and alarmed. They advised him to destroy them before they should become too strong. But my father was also the father of the English. His advice prevailed. It was concluded to give victuals to the English. Experience has taught that the fears of my father's counsellors were right. By various means they got possessed of a great part of his territory. My elder brother became Sachem. They pretended to suspect him of evil designs. He was seized and confined, and thrown into sickness and died. After I became Sachem they disarmed all my people. They tried them

¹ Arnold's Rhode Island, i. 394.

by their own laws, assessed damages which they could not pay, and their land was taken. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. *I am determined not to live till I have no country.*"

So it is evident that life and death grapple, called King Philip's War, had to come. I am with those who doubt the accepted theory about it. Our fathers excited by natural, and for the most part well founded fears, exaggerated both the capacity and plans of Philip. They believed that he had formed a gigantic Indian Confederacy. This theory rests on slender foundations. The King Philip of the annals is certainly a creature of the imagination. The real Philip had not head enough to plan such a confederacy, nor courage enough to carry it into effect. His commanding influence, if he ever had any, began with the attack on Swanzy and closed with his flight to the Nipmucks. From that moment as a great figure he disappears. Indeed, if we suppose the affair at Swanzy to be the culmination of years of plotting, what further proof of Philip's weakness is needed? There was no preparation whatever for defence. A few hundred hasty levies in forty-eight hours swept his tribe out of existence. There is very slight evidence that he was in command at any of the later undertakings. He certainly fled for a time to the Mohawks. Had not a certain Nemesis brought him back to die on his own hearthstone, and so lent pathos to life's close, he might almost have been forgotten. Philip foresaw,¹ as we have already seen, that soon he must be landless, and a slave instead of a king, if he did not fight. Of that we have absolute evidence. We may readily admit that he did what he could, with his

¹ See Arnold's Rhode Island, 395.

own tribe, and with the Nipmucks, who were allied or united to his tribe by peculiarly close ties, to prepare for the emergency. But confederacy is a large term to apply to such despairing struggles. In fact there was no simultaneousness in the outbreak. It began in June with the raid on Swanzey. The Nipmucks rose in July; the tribes along the Connecticut River in August; those of New Hampshire and Maine in September and October. The Narragansetts never rose at all; but were attacked and destroyed in mid-winter, because they did not deliver up fugitives; and because their loyalty was suspected;—and, as it would seem from the testimony of the Indian spy¹ employed by the English, unjustly.

The simplest explanation is probably the truest. Already the Indian chief had been repeatedly summoned to appear to answer to the charge of plotting against the colonists. Once he obtained deliverance by promising to deliver up the arms of his tribe; again by signing articles acknowledging himself a subject of the King of England; and the third time, as Increase Mather states it, by giving "a sum of money to defray the charges which his insolent clamors had put the Colony into," or, as Philip puts it, "he was seized and confined till he sold another tract of country." All this was sufficiently exasperating. But the cup of his indignation was full, when Sausamon, a Natick Indian, who had in times past taken refuge at Mount Hope, and been a subject and friend of Philip, in 1675 went to Plymouth with charges against his benefactor, and those charges were accepted as true. The death of Sausamon—slain as it was believed by Philip's order—naturally followed. The arrest of three Wampanoag

¹ See James Quanopokit's Relations in Mass. Archives.

sachems for this supposed murder, their condemnation and execution under English law, precipitated hostilities. The young warriors, already dissatisfied with Philip's timidity, sprang to arms. The rest was like the spread of a prairie fire, where all the herbage is ready for conflagration. Tribe after tribe, by a sort of warlike contagion, rose. The habits of the race made bloodshed natural, while jealousy and fear, and often sense of injury, made it certain.

The *first* act of the war closed with Philip's flight from Mount Hope. At this seat of what, we are asked to believe, was a long conceived, subtle, and powerful confederacy, almost literally no resistance was made. In forty-eight hours after the appearance of the hastily gathered English soldiery, the chief was a fugitive, and his tribe, as such, swept out of existence.

The *second* act could open only in just one place. Where could Philip flee? North were the solid settlements of Plymouth and Massachusetts, whose first levies had crushed his tribe at a blow. West was Narragansett Bay, and beyond the Rhode Island and Connecticut towns. But northwest, in central Massachusetts, was a tract more than fifty miles square where the Indian had sway. It was the Nipmuck country. It included nearly all of Worcester County and a large part of Hampshire County. In the centre of this region was Brookfield, with possibly one hundred and fifty people; at Worcester seven deserted houses. Now the Nipmucks were Philip's natural allies. Between them and the Wampanoags there had been a close bond, either of friendship or subjection. It has been conjectured, and latterly asserted,¹ that Massasoit closed his life at Brookfield as chief of the Quabaugs.

¹ See History of North Brookfield, 46, 47.

It was therefore inevitable that the defeated chief should take refuge among them, and that his coming should kindle afresh the flame.

The assault of Brookfield was no accident. Brookfield was the half-way station between the established life on the seaboard, and the hopeful beginnings of life up and down the Connecticut River. In round terms it was thirty miles from the outposts of Eastern Massachusetts, and as many miles from the first hamlets of Western Massachusetts. Its maintenance, if the Connecticut River towns were to be saved, was of vital importance. So vital did it appear, that, though under stress of great difficulty it was twice abandoned, the authorities at once ordered its reoccupation; and to the close of the war it remained a place of refuge and arms. We may well believe that the Indians understood, quite as clearly as the whites, the importance of the post and its weakness. Their purpose to attack it must have been coincident with their resolution to go to war.

Apparently the colonists were equally aware of the importance of the post and its danger. For in the latter part of June the Governor and Council of Massachusetts sent messengers to the Western Indians to keep them, if possible, from uniting with Philip. Satisfactory assurances were received from the sachems. These assurances were very likely made in good faith. But with the actual breaking out of hostility the younger warriors' lust for battle swept away every principle of prudence. Early in July the authorities, still distrustful, sent that hardy frontiersman and scout, Ephraim Curtis, to Brookfield, nominally to confirm the peace, really, to use their racy language, "to make a perfect discovery of the motions of the Nipmug or Western

Indians." His report could not have been reassuring. He found the Indians, about two hundred strong, encamped on a sort of little island, partly surrounded by a river, and wholly surrounded by miry swamps, called Wenamessit, — and about ten miles from the feeble English settlement. They were in a state of great excitement. Some cried out that he and his company should be killed. Others dissuaded from such a course. Guns loaded and cocked were placed at his breast. The air was filled with uproar. Finally he had an interview with the sachems, and "left them," as he says, "well appeased."¹ At any rate he got away with a whole skin, which under the circumstances was hardly to have been expected. Curtis made a second visit to the same place ten days later. He found the savages outwardly more quiet but really more dangerous, as they were then committed to hostile measures. They promised to send sachems to Boston to speak to the great white sachem; a promise which they did not mean to keep.² Then it was, on the 27th of July, that the authorities ordered Captain Edward Hutchinson, who had just returned from a similar mission to the Narragansetts, to take Captain Thomas Wheeler of Concord and his little squad of twenty-five Middlesex troops and go to Quaboag. These men were, with a solitary exception, from Concord or the towns adjoining it. Captain Wheeler was a Concord man; so was his son, Lieutenant Thomas; so was Simon Davis who succeeded him in command; and of the remaining eighteen, — though it is not possible to decide with absolute certainty, — probably ten came from the same town. The rest, with the probable exception of one, Zachariah Phillips of Boston, came

¹ Massachusetts Archives, lxvii.

² Ibid.

from the adjoining towns of Chelmsford, Billerica, and Sudbury. So the whole stress of danger and difficulty rested upon people of that immediate neighborhood.

The object of this visit was threefold: to confirm the Indians, if it might be, in peaceful counsels; to call them to account for their failure to send according to promise an embassy to Boston; and it was added, — we now quote the language of the instructions,¹ — “in prosecution of this affayre, if you should meet with any Indians that stand in opposition to you, or that declare themselves to be your enemies, then you are ordered to ingage them, if you see reason for it, and endeavor to reduce them by force of armes.” Nothing could have been more foolhardy than this expedition. When we consider the nature of Ephraim Curtis’s report, and remember that it was known that the Nipmucks had already attacked Mendon, the only explanation of this sending of twenty-five chosen men to seemingly sure death, is the utter contempt in which the Puritan held his foe. Was peace sought? Then Ephraim Curtis and his two or three Natick Indians were more likely to achieve it. Was war to be waged? What were twenty-five men to cope with two hundred or five hundred savages on their own soil?

Upon the incidents of Brookfield fight we need not dwell. They are simple and well known. The little force¹ “came on the Lord’s day about noon (being August 1), to Brookfield, understanding that the Indians were about ten miles to the northwest.” Four messengers were sent to tell the Indians that the troops were there, not to make war, but to confirm peace. They found “the young men . . . stout in

¹ Massachusetts Archives, lxvii.

² Captain Thomas Wheeler’s Narrative.

their speeches and surly in their carriage." The chiefs, however, agreed to meet the English the next morning at a plain three miles from Brookfield. Accompanied by three of the principal inhabitants, the little force marched thither, but found no one. Captain Hutchinson and his colleague, Captain Wheeler, were then in great doubt; but, persuaded by the Brookfield men, who had entire confidence in the good intentions of the savages, concluded to march to the "swamp where the Indians then were." Between a long rocky hill and a miry swamp, where there was room to ride only in single file, they were surprised by two hundred or more of the enemy. Five soldiers and the three inhabitants were killed. Captain Hutchinson was mortally wounded, and died seventeen days after at Marlborough. Captain Thomas Wheeler and his son Thomas and two others were wounded, but recovered; though it is believed that the lives both of the Captain and his son were materially shortened on account of their injuries. Among those killed was Samuel Smedley, son of Baptiste Smedley, one of the early settlers of Concord, of Huguenot extraction the name would suggest, who owned and occupied a farm near where to-day Mr. Franklin Daken lives. Mr. Walcott, in his valuable work, "Concord in the Colonial Period," states that a son-in-law had already been killed at Nashoba, and adds that "the death of his son was too heavy a blow for the already severely taxed powers of the aged father, and the tragedy was made complete by the death of Baptiste Smedley only a fortnight after." I cannot refrain from quoting Captain Wheeler's account of his own escape, as found in that narrative which has been justly termed "the epic of Colonial times." The Indians, he says, "fired violently out of the swamp and

from behind the bushes on the hillside, wounded me sorely, and shot my horse under me, so that he faltering and falling, I was forced to leave him, divers of the Indians being then but a few rods distant from me. My son Thomas Wheeler flying with the rest of the company missed me amongst them, and fearing that I was either slain or much endangered returned towards the swamp again, though he had then received a dangerous wound in the reins, where he saw me in the danger aforesaid. Whereupon he endeavored to rescue me, shewing himself therein a loving and dutiful son, he adventuring himself into great peril of his life to help me in that distress, there being many of the enemies about me, my son set me on his own horse and so escaped awhile on foot himself, until he caught a horse whose rider was slain, on which he mounted and so through God's great mercy we both escaped." "But for this attempt for my deliverance he received another dangerous wound." It is worth while to recall occasionally this simple old story of filial fidelity and filial heroism. The remnant of the troop, leaving their dead where they fell, rode as they could up the steep and rocky hill, and were conducted by the Christian Indian guides, through paths known to them, back to Brookfield, and took refuge in the largest and strongest house in the town. There were gathered, as the historian of North Brookfield believes, eighty-two persons, thirteen soldiers, thirteen citizens, six wounded men, and about fifty women and children. And there for nearly three days they endured a siege in a fortress whose sole bulwarks were the single boards of an ordinary dwelling-house, through which the bullets of the enemy constantly passed, killing, wonderful to relate! only one person, Henry Young of Concord.

The savages, to use Hubbard's words, "for two days assaulted that poor handful of helpless people; both night and day pouring in shot incessantly with guns; also thrusting poles with firebrands, and rags dipt in brimstone tyed to the ends of them to fire the house; at last they used this devilish stratagem, to fill a cart with hemp, flax and other combustible matter, and so thrusting it backward with poles spliced together a great length, after they had kindled it; but as soon as it had begun to take fire, a storm of rain unexpectedly falling, put out the fire, else all the poor people would either have been consumed by merciless flames, or else have fallen into the hands of their cruel enemies, like wolves continually yelling and gaping for their prey." Twice that brave scout, Ephraim Curtis, strove to steal through their lines, and was driven back. The third time he succeeded, creeping a long way on his hands and knees, and bore tidings of their peril to Marlborough. On the evening of the third day their hearts were gladdened by the appearance of Major Simon Willard and Captain James Parker of Groton, with fifty-one men, including five Christian Indians. The siege was at an end; and, as a home of men, for ten years Brookfield ceased to be.

Just where did Brookfield fight take place? Upon this point there has been earnest and long-continued discussion. Nor is there to-day any perfect agreement. Many hold that the scene of conflict is to be sought at some point in the defile from the head of Wicaboag Pond, crossing the present town line into New Braintree. Others maintain that it is to be sought on the easterly side of the Winimisset Valley in New Braintree, anciently embraced in Hardwick. Mr. Temple in his History of North Brookfield has admi-

rably stated the evidence for the first theory; while the arguments for the other are clearly put by Dr. Paige in his article in the thirty-eighth volume of the Genealogical Register, entitled "Wicaboag or Winimisset?" Several members of this Society passed a delightful day in last June, under the auspices of its President, surveying the whole region. One would wish to visit the spot many times before committing himself thoroughly to either theory. What I should say would be that the valley beyond Wicaboag answers well to Captain Wheeler's description: "A very rocky hill is on the right hand," under which one could march sixty or seventy rods. "A thick swamp is on the left hand." Between the two is a narrow defile, to-day in places "so bad that we could march only in single file." At a little distance an Indian trail is said to lead circuitously back to Brookfield. The objections to this theory are twofold: first, the defile is not in direct line ten miles, as Captain Wheeler is thought to state, but only five and a half from the house in which the fugitives took refuge; and second, if the swamp where the fight occurred was the same as that which Ephraim Curtis visited when the Quaboags were encamped on their four-acre island, then the little brook, flowing near the rocky hill, does not answer very well to the muddy river described by him.

If you turn now to the second theory, you can say, that the Winimisset swamp is nearly ten miles from Brookfield; that it is unquestionably a spot where the Indians had a somewhat permanent encampment, and that a muddy river still exists. On the other hand, no such clearly marked defile as the narrative seems to call for is found. The determination of this question depends upon the decision made on just two points:

first, was the swamp where, as Wheeler states it, "the Indians then were" the one where Curtis found them, and where Captain Hutchinson's messengers sought them? That is, did the Indians fight near their home or away from it? Second, does Captain Wheeler's ten miles mean in direct line, or by the way which he says "none of us knew," as they rode, to avoid danger of ambuscade, "in open places"? The best judges will differ. As for myself, I lean with moderation to "Wicaboag."

We cannot close without some allusion to the English actors in this tragedy. For I question whether, in any human transaction, out of such a little body of men you could pick so many who were in themselves so worthy of remembrance, and from whom have come so many descendants of mark.

Let us begin with Captain Edward Hutchinson, a notable member of a notable family. Son of William and the celebrated Ann Hutchinson, he was born in England in 1613. His father owned and occupied an estate, on a part of which the famous Corner Bookstore in Boston now stands, and the son's early manhood was probably spent there.¹ In 1637 he was included in the list of such as had been seduced and led into dangerous error by Mr. Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson, and who were ordered to deliver up "all such guns, pistols, shot, and matches as they shall be owner of." He lived however to recover the entire confidence of the authorities, and to obtain positions of honor both in military and civil life. He was a sergeant in 1642,² ensign in 1645, and in 1664 was elected captain of the celebrated "Three County Troope," so called because its members came from Suffolk,

¹ Mass. Records, 1. 211.

² Mass. Records.

Essex, and Middlesex Counties. In 1642 he was sent to the great tribe of Narragansetts, "with certaine instructions to demand satisfaction for certain injuries." Thirty-three years later, two weeks after the opening of King Philip's War, two weeks before his fatal errand to Brookfield, he was one of those who dictated terms of peace to the same tribe. His opposition, in which he stood almost alone, to the cruel laws against the Quakers better entitles him to remembrance than all his civic or martial honors. He was fortunate in his descendants. His son Elisha was twenty-five years a member of the Council, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and Commander in Chief of an expedition to Maine against the French and Indians. His grandson Thomas was also for many years a member of the Council; and the Eliot Schoolhouse in North Bennet Street, Boston, stands a monument to his liberality and to the fierce prejudice generated by the Revolution, which refused to perpetuate his memory in the name of the schoolhouse he gave. The second grandson, Edward, was Selectman, Representative, Judge of Probate, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and Treasurer of Harvard College thirty years. In Thomas Hutchinson the second, great-grandson of Captain Edward, the honors of the family culminated. We think of him as Tory and refugee; but for many years he was the most distinguished and most popular of the sons of Massachusetts. Simply enumerate the positions he held! He was ten years a Representative, two years Speaker of the House, sixteen years member of the Council, six years Judge of Probate, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court many years, Lieutenant Governor thirteen years, and Governor three years. In 1760, while Governor Pownal was absent,

he actually held and exercised the offices of Judge of Probate, Chief Justice, Councillor, Lieutenant Governor and acting Governor, an accumulation of offices perhaps never before or since held by one person; and held apparently by him to the entire satisfaction of the community, until in the great controversy he sided with the King.

Of Captain Thomas Wheeler and his descendants we know less. The name was too common a one to permit the most accomplished antiquarian to unravel the various genealogies. But his "narrative" alone ought to make his name immortal; it is so clear, so full and so charged with the thought and feeling of the time. Our first notice of him is found in the Massachusetts Records; wherein it appears that certain "inhabitants of Concord, Chelmsford, Billerikey, Lancaster and Groten," having petitioned, "the Court judgeth it meet that such persons living in the frontier towns" be "legally capacitated to lyst themselves troopers "under Thomas Wheeler Sen', whom the Court appoints to be their Leiftenant." Two years after he was made Captain, and so remained till his death. This occurred one year and four months after the fight. His son, the Ensign, followed him the next month, leaving as a townsman records only a horse, pistols, cutlash, and gun, valued at £6 12s., the sole reward, it would seem, of his most valiant service. Captain Wheeler's descendants appear to have been chiefly plain yeomen, whose vocation has not brought them into public notice; but in this generation few men have had a career more honorable than the late Vice President Wheeler, in whose veins flowed the blood of the old Puritan Captain.

Lieutenant Simon Davis, who succeeded to the com-

mand after his superior officers were disabled, was a Concord man, whose home was near what is now the Abel Clark place. According to Wheeler's narrative it was "his lively spirit" which kept up the courage of the survivors. He was one of the two sons of Dolor Davis, who was himself first probably of his name in the new country. Lieutenant Simon became Captain Simon, and in King William's War, from 1689 to 1697, with forty troopers and thirty foot soldiers, was appointed to defend the frontier from Dunstable to Marlborough. Of few men can it be said that three Massachusetts Governors have sprung from their loins. Yet John Davis, John Davis Long, and George Dexter Robinson are all descendants of Dolor Davis. Whether all come from Lieutenant Simon or from his brother and townsman, Samuel Davis, is not quite clear.

Simon Willard, uncle of Lieutenant Simon Davis, who rescued the Brookfield garrison when it was in extremity, was one of the noted persons in early Massachusetts history. Coming from County Kent, as so many of our best did, with Peter Bulkeley he shared the honor of planting Concord. Twenty-four years later he was called to take the helm at Lancaster, and steered that frontier settlement through all the obstacles and dangers of its early life. He had held almost every post of duty, civic or military, and now at the allotted threescore years and ten he was giving his last moments to perilous public service. He left his stamp on his descendants. The period from 1689 to 1763 was almost one long war between the colonists and the French and Indians. And during that time there was hardly a day in which one of Simon Willard's blood and name was not standing guard on the frontier, while two Presidents of Harvard attest the interest of the family in sound learning.

This account would be incomplete, and unjust in its incompleteness, without some allusion to Captain James Parker of Groton, who, as second in command, accompanied Major Willard and the rescuing party. He was, says Dr. Green in his "Groton during the Indian Wars," "in the early history of Groton without question its most influential inhabitant." This is easily seen to be true. There is hardly an important public paper relating to the infant town but has his signature. Was a meeting-house to be built he must be at the head of the committee to further it. Was a road to be laid out, who so fit to have part in doing it as "Sergeant Parker"? He was Chairman of the first Board of Selectmen in 1662, and he appears in that capacity as late as 1694. He was Town Clerk for several years. With the first fear of an Indian war, on May 6, 1673, it was ordered that, "James Parker of Groaten, having had the care of the military company there for several yeares is appointed and ordered to be their leiftennant, and Wm. Larkin to be ensigne to the said Company there." Sixteen years after, when the conflict entitled "King William's War" was impending, it was still the veteran James Parker who was called to lead the soldiers of the town, being appointed Captain in 1689. Judge Joel Parker was one of his descendants, and the Lawrence family, which has filled so large a space in the commercial, manufacturing, and philanthropic life of Massachusetts, is descended on one side from the Parkers, — whether of the Captain James branch, the genealogy of the family has not been sufficiently put in order to permit a definite statement.

I reserve the most picturesque figure for the last: Ephraim Curtis, scout and interpreter. One wonders that so little has been made of this person; for you

have to come down to the days of Robert Rogers, and Israel Putnam, and John Stark, before you find an individual who stands out so clearly on the background of our frontier history. He was the son of Henry Curtis, one of the first settlers of Sudbury, 'born in 1642, and so only thirty-three years old at Brookfield. He was evidently a man of courage and iron firmness, both in peace and war. No chapter in Lincoln's History of Worcester is more entertaining than the first, in which he gives an account of the contest between the Committee of Settlements and one Ephraim Curtis, a young man from Sudbury. This young man had bought a grant of Ensign Thomas Noyes of two hundred and fifty acres, and had located it just where the Committee wanted to lay out town lots, especially one for the minister, one for the meeting-house, and one for a mill. This was in 1669. A petition to the Great and General Court signed by four men of name and substance did not terrify the "young man." Four years after he had added to the difficulty by taking possession of his ground and building thereon a house, becoming, as I judge, the first settler of Worcester. Things began to look serious, whereupon another petition, signed not only by the aforesaid four men of name and substance, but by twenty-nine persons proposing to settle, was sent to the General Court. They stated that they had made all proper offers to the young man, which he had declined. They intimate that if they cannot get the coveted two hundred and fifty acres they shall have to give up the plantation. The affair was finally compromised by giving Curtis fifty acres in the village, on which a descendant still lives, and two hundred and fifty acres outside the village. When we consider that Daniel Henchman, Daniel Gookin, Richard Beers, and

Thomas Prentice constituted that Committee, — men of experience, men of high position and influence in the Colony, — we can understand of what metal the young man from Sudbury was made. In this frontier life Curtis had somehow become a sagacious scout, and had learned to speak with fluency the Indian tongue. These qualities, together with his known firmness and courage, made him the very man to send on the mission to the Nipmucks. In his narration of that expedition his coolness and undaunted bravery are hardly more evident than his power to picture vividly the exact condition of affairs. In the siege which followed, it was necessary that some one should carry to Marlborough news of the peril of the beleaguered garrison. Twice Curtis failed. But the third time he succeeded, creeping on his hands and knees through the enemies' lines. Thrice afterwards he appears on the Massachusetts Records: once as a witness against an Indian chief; once as clothed with power to raise a company, "to march under his commands into the wood, and endeavor to" surprise, kill, or destroy any of the Indians our enemies; finally, liberty was given Ephraim Curtis "with such other Englishmen as he shall procure, provided they be not less than thirty men well armed, . . . to gather and improve for their own use all the Indian Corn of the Indian plantations belonging to our enemies the Indians that are fled." With these records my knowledge of this heroic character ends. Whether he went back to his trade as a carpenter, or peaceably tilled his acres, or remained to the end a daring scout and Indian fighter, I know not. It may be assumed, perhaps, that in 1718 he was dead, as his farm was then improved by his son. George William Curtis, the silver-tongued orator, traces back his origin

to this stalwart Puritan; and I think it may be admitted, that, in addition to persuasive speech, of which his ancestor does not seem to have been destitute, he inherits the capacity to have views of his own and to stand by them.

With these personal sketches ends my account of the affair at Brookfield and of its actors. I do not propose to follow farther the desperate conflict. The war pursued its devious, cruel course till it closed, so far as our State was concerned, with the death, twelve months later, of Philip, who like a wounded wild beast sought his own lair to die. When it closed, the Wampanoags, who had welcomed the Pilgrim and given him food and kindness, as a tribe had ceased to exist. It was the first and the last independent Indian war on Massachusetts soil. All later wars may properly be termed French and Indian wars. And the savage allies of the most Christian monarchs, the Kings of France, came largely from outside the Bay State.

SIEGE AND EVACUATION OF BOSTON.

PRINTED IN THE UNITARIAN REVIEW, MARCH, 1876.

CAN we easily ascribe too much historical importance to the siege of Boston? It is true that, measured by the number of men employed and the munitions of war expended, it was not a great event. It is equally true that no brilliant military movements marked its course, unless, indeed, we except from this statement the occupation of Dorchester Heights. Neither did anything tragic lend to its closing hours pathetic interest. It was its real significance, the consequences which hung on victory or defeat, which have kept it fresh in the world's memory. When the army under Washington settled down on the hills which girt Boston, the question was not, Shall a petty provincial town be cleared of military intruders, or shall the little colony of which it is a part be permitted henceforth to govern itself according to its chartered rights? The problem was weightier: Should the foundations of this Western republic be laid in that generation, or wait a more favorable hour?

The assertion is a strong one, but it has in it at least the elements of probability. New England was then, for various reasons, the heart of the Revolution. Mercantile in grain, a system of mediæval monopolies — called on the English statute-book Navigation Laws — had pressed like lead upon the neck of her commerce. Long before 1775 there was a great and wide discontent

within her borders. But the people who endured this wrong were of the stock of those Puritans who, from religious faith and political convictions alike, held that there were limitations both to royal and legislative power. They were of the same race as the men who drew the sword at Naseby and Marston Moor to defend legal rights, — who sent Charles I. to the scaffold, and drove his son James across the narrow channel, to be the object of the cold compassion and half-concealed scorn of all Europe. Besides, perhaps on this earth never was there so homogeneous a people as that which tilled the rough farms of New England, or clung to her rock-bound shores. As a result of all this, when new and intolerable burdens were laid on the Colonists, and the hour for action had come, New England was ready, and she presented a united front. The Tories, who southward almost neutralized the power of the patriots, here were so insignificant in numbers and influence that they were swept from the path of the Revolution without an effort. Add, now, that in the town of Boston was a knot of men whose boldness, prophetic insight, and political decision were wellnigh miraculous, and whose faculty of arousing masses to resistance was only equalled by their gift of imparting to that resistance order and irresistible method, and you can readily understand that New England was ripe for revolution, as the rest of the confederacy was not ripe; that Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and the long suspense around beleaguered Boston, were all needed to weld the widely scattered Colonies into one people. It seems probable, sometimes it seems certain, that had Great Britain, at the outset, appreciated the nature of the crisis, and put forth the whole of her mighty strength, and annihilated or led into captivity

that first American army, she would have brought a pause to the Revolution which might have lasted a lifetime. It is therefore impossible to award the siege of Boston too high a place in the list of those events which have exercised a permanent influence in human history.

The men of 1775, from Maine to Georgia, understood this. The unconscious recognition of the providential position of the little Puritan town is one of the most striking features of the history of the period. Here was a handful of fourteen or fifteen thousand people — not more than enough to make a respectable shire town — crowded into a narrow peninsula, whose surface was scarcely larger than a good farm; the inhabitants of a town around whose history no venerable traditions had gathered; a town not known as a central mart of commerce, or as a great seat of learning or art; beautiful for situation, but not beautiful from rich private mansions, or stately public edifices; marked only by one proud distinction, — the heroic devotion of her sons and daughters to the principles of true freedom. Yet towards this little town all eyes and hearts were turned. And when the British Ministry, by the Boston Port Bill, shut up her harbor, destroyed her commerce, brought her rich men to poverty, and her poor men to the verge of starvation, they only crystallized sentiments of sympathy into deeds of brotherly kindness. Private purses were opened for her relief. Neighboring towns offered to her distressed citizens the shelter of rural homes. Every town and village in the Province, and every Colony outside it, strained their resources for her support. It takes a volume to record the offerings. Marblehead, rival seaport, seems to profit by her neighbor's misfortune.

She asks Boston merchants to use her wharves and storehouses as though they were their own. Maine sends her coasters laden with hundreds of cords of wood. Connecticut drives thither great droves of thousands of sheep. The Middle and Southern Colonies pour from their granaries corn and rye and wheat and flour by thousands of barrels and tens of thousands of bushels. South Carolina from her swamps gathers up a great, generous donation of rice, and with sympathy and patriotism, richer yet, sends it as her offering of good will. Some special instances are peculiarly interesting. Wethersfield, Connecticut, taxes her people one penny in a pound to support the poor of Boston. Temple, a little village, not ten years old, of a dozen or two families, nestling among the hills of New Hampshire, gladly gives fifty bushels of rye, the product of farms just won by hard labor from the primeval forest. Even the Indians of Martha's Vineyard feel the common pulsation, and proffer their gift. While from the adjoining hamlets the most varied supplies — fresh vegetables, potatoes, turnips and cabbages, pork, salt fish, butter and cheese, clothing and shoes, and even tobacco to cheer the weary heart — were carted over Boston Neck. Never, perhaps, in the world's history was there a more remarkable uprising of sympathy and generosity.

And it is not to be forgotten that at the bottom of this generosity was the feeling that Boston was the vanguard, if not the forlorn hope, of liberty; that in her peril and in her utter desolation she was fighting the battle for all the rest, — a feeling how well expressed in a letter from a town in Connecticut to her selectmen! "As Boston has been the first to explain, assert, and vindicate the rights of America, and detect and

hold up to public view, stripped of every color and disguise, the wicked plans devised against her, her glory would have been incomplete had she not been the first to suffer in the common cause. We presume not to advise. We admire and applaud your constancy." Any review, therefore, of the siege of Boston would be incomplete which did not recognize the fundamental fact that this was one of the decisive events of history. The siege of Sebastopol may be forgotten. For, although hundreds of thousands were gathered to that feast of blood, and courage and skill were lavished without stint, nothing final was achieved. But the leaguer of New England's capital will not be forgotten; for the half-armed, half-disciplined militia who starved out, or intrenched out, the royal army, then and there settled that there was to be an America.

But when did the siege of Boston really commence? Was it in those days succeeding the nineteenth of April, when the farmers from all the New England States came hurrying seaward, and with no real commander-in-chief, and with little or no plan of action, seated themselves upon the hills, and with military instinct began to intrench themselves? Or was it on that third day in July, when under the historic elm at Cambridge there stood a man of grand face and form, who took command of these irregular levies, and where disorder had been introduced method, and reinforced rude courage and patriotism with military skill and foresight? It would be far nearer the truth to say that the siege began the hour that General Gage landed with despotic instructions and almost vice-royal powers. For never was he governor in Massachusetts one foot beyond the girdle of the flashing bayonets of his

soldiers, and within that girdle his subjects were bold and defiant, chafing under their yoke, and meeting the insults of the soldiery with open resistance. It would be far truer to say that the siege began on that first day of June, 1774, when the Boston Port Bill closed to honest commerce the highways of the sea. For then, with the sounds of labor stilled, and the wharves, so lately thronged, solitary, the patriots bitterly resolved that though the royal navy might rule in Massachusetts waters, the royal army should not traverse Massachusetts soil. No visible lines of intrenchment were on the low hills which commanded the peninsula; no dark bulk of breastwork or bastion frowned down upon it. All the same, the beleaguerment was there, unseen but latent, ready at the first hostile movement to become manifest and impregnable. Like the fabled net of the magician, its meshes were so fine that the keenest eye could not see them; so strong that a giant's struggles could not break them.

That extraordinary episode in the early days of September! In what clear light it puts this subject! How evident not only the dauntless determination of the patriots, but their instant readiness! Towards evening on the first day of that month, General Gage sent by water a small detachment of soldiers to Quarry Hill, in what is now Somerville, who brought away from the arsenal¹ of the Province two hundred and fifty

¹ The quaint old mill which stands to-day, looking in the distance like a gigantic minie-ball, which was built early in the eighteenth century, which in 1747 was bought by the Colony for a powder-house, and in which the ammunition of Washington's army was stored during the siege, is the most genuine and most interesting Revolutionary relic now in existence near Boston. We can only echo the wish of Drake that Somerville may see to it that this ancient memorial of the fathers be preserved.

half-barrels of powder. Not a large military incident surely! Not a wonderful stretch of authority in one who was sent out with the express purpose of taming rebels! Yet so inflamed was the public mind, that all New England was in a blaze. In twenty-four hours, three thousand men were in Cambridge; in forty-eight, the farmers of Hampshire and Berkshire, and the forces of Connecticut under "Old Put," were on the march; and, had there been need, in less than a week more men would have gathered around Boston than General Washington commanded. And while this was going on, and while this threatening array was collecting, all that Gage could do was to cower with his soldiers under the shadow of the Province House, to build fortifications across the Neck, not to help him out of Boston, but to protect him in Boston, and to despatch piteous letters to the Ministry, begging them to send out more regiments. If this was not practically a siege, what was it?

On the eleventh day of October, 1774, the government of Massachusetts passed forever from British hands, for on that day the Provincial Congress met in Concord and organized. That which for months, and perhaps years, had been a fact, became now a visible and palpable finality. With a calm steadiness which awakened the admiration of all parties, the new authority divested the royal governor, one by one, of all his powers and functions. Appointing a receiver-general, it took possession of the purse; organizing a committee of safety, it seized the sword; through its committee of supplies it became master of all the Province and town arsenals and munitions of war; by its minute inquiries it may almost be said to have counted up every musket and fowling-piece, and

weighed every ounce of powder, in the Province. Not content with the old militia, it called into existence companies and regiments of minute-men who should be ready at briefest notice to hurry, armed and equipped, to the point of danger. It elected generals and commissaries; it established military laws and regulations. It collected in depots provisions, clothing, tents, and military supplies of all sorts; it purchased powder, muskets, and cannon, — and all to one end: to keep General Gage in Boston, and Massachusetts free of his unlawful authority. And so he was fettered and held back from action by chains whose strength nobody better knew than he.

The steady courage and preparation of those without, producing nearly all the results of an actual siege, is noteworthy. The unspeakable audacity of those who, in the days of uncertainty and danger which preceded formal warfare remained within, is still more remarkable. At no time during its occupation could Boston have had three thousand able-bodied men in it; and these without any organization, and half armed or unarmed. And side by side with them was a garrison numbering at different periods from five to ten thousand men, — the best of England's soldiers. Yet the citizens yielded nothing. They walked among the red-coated gentry with proud step, as men and equals. Still, in the Old South Meeting-house, within earshot of the Governor's home, they held great gatherings to denounce the oppressive measures of King and Parliament. They refused to give aid or comfort to the intruders. Insults they met with resistance; blows with blows; and to such purpose, that Sam Adams writes, "In private rencontres I have yet to hear of a

single instance of the officers coming off other than second best."

What a scene was that which occurred on the anniversary in 1775 of the Boston Massacre! The time was March sixth, nearly midway between Colonel Leslie's ignominious return from North Bridge, Salem, and Colonel Smith's bloody retreat from North Bridge, Concord; the place, that Old South Meeting-house, which we, children of the fathers, would make a place of merchandise; the audience, a town meeting, called in defiance of an act of Parliament, and in scorn of Parliament's tools. Samuel Adams was there, at heart firm as granite, in aspect balmy as a June morning, graciously motioning to British officers to occupy the best seats. Every pew, every aisle, every niche, was crammed with listeners. To such a place, to such an audience, at such a time, came Joseph Warren, borne, as tradition has it, on account of the dense crowd, through a window, and delivered an oration whose purpose was to denounce the laws of the Parliament and the presence of soldiery in the town as inconsistent with the rights and liberties of the subject. Could bold resolve further go?

One other scene! Massachusetts had appointed delegates to the Continental Congress. That Congress met to weld into a compact unity those scattered elements of disaffection and revolt which General Gage had come to disperse and destroy. Did these men, bound on such an errand, steal quietly away from the presence of the British Governor? The farthest thing from that! Says John Andrews, merchant, selectman, and, best of all, trusty annalist, "I am told that the committee for Congress made a respectable parade in sight of the five regiments encamped on the Common; being

in a coach and four, preceded by two white servants well mounted and armed, with four blacks in livery, two on horseback and two on foot."

This same spirit of defiance and self-assertion ran through all classes. "The mulish workmen," as an enraged British officer terms them, though themselves half starved, refused to lift a hand to build barracks to shelter the soldiers from the inclemency of a New England winter; and Gage had to send to New York and Nova Scotia for the needed carpenters, bricklayers, and smiths. At one time private encounters between the military and civilians seem to have been of daily occurrence. Mr. Andrews reports, "It would puzzle any one to purchase a pair of p—ls, as they are bought up with a full determination to repel force by force." Before us is the record of nigh a score of sharp encounters provoked by the military, but met in no craven spirit by the people. What a scene is this to happen in what had been once the most peaceable and orderly of towns! Fifteen British officers dined at a disorderly house, not it is to be presumed to the improvement of their sobriety or decency. They broke up in squads. The last five coming out met one Alva Hunt, a cooper, walking with his wife, and insulted her. "Whereat," we are told, "he aimed a blow at an officer's head and laid it open." They then laid about with their swords and drove all before them, excepting Samuel Jarvis, Samuel Pitts, one Fullerton, and a negro fellow, name not given, who got the better of them, and took their swords away from them. It is to the credit of General Gage that he made these shameless debauchees wait on the selectmen and publicly ask the pardon of the town. Here is a midnight — we had almost said, comedy! Young Mr. Molineaux — both

he and his father seem to have been Sons of Liberty — at eleven o'clock at night was seized by two Welsh fusileers in the street leading to his father's house. He shook them off, ran a few steps, threw off his coat and waistcoat, and, turning, assumed an attitude of defence, knocking one down, and then the other. He continued this lively amusement fifteen minutes, keeping them in play and all the time crying, "Murther." A lad now appeared on the arena; shortly after, Major Small, a British officer who was greatly respected, and in Trumbull's picture of the battle of Bunker Hill is represented trying to save Warren's life, put an end to the assault by arresting one of the soldiers. A third fracas appears to have taken place on a main street: a band of British officers, as usual crazy with liquor, with swords drawn, rush about, cutting, thrusting, with entire recklessness. Seeing the Providence stage passing, they attack it, break the windows, and insult the passengers. But the driver, a bold, active fellow, jumped from the seat, seized and beat one of them, and apparently put the rest to flight. These skirmishes are, perhaps, a little more lively than most which are recorded. Still they fairly enough represent the stiff resolution with which high and low alike refused to submit supinely to any form or act of injustice and violence. They needed it all; for while the officers of higher rank were disposed to protect the citizens, many of the subalterns acted like "a parcel of children"; and the soldiers, who, if we are to believe Timothy Newell, "were a set of men whose unparalleled wickedness, profanity, debauchery, and cruelty were inexpressible," taking their cue from them and improving upon their masters, were ready for any act of insolence or brutality.

On the twentieth of April, 1775, for the first time, an army began to gather about Boston. Made up of the troops of four Colonies, there was no legitimate commander-in-chief, and only by courtesy was General Ward received as such. On the seventeenth of June the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and with so little military order that nobody to-day can say with certainty who commanded, if, indeed, any one man did command. On the second of July, General Washington arrived. Even at the news of his coming the Provincial Congress "voted that the proclamation for a fast be suspended"; just as in 1630, when a ship-load of provisions arrived in the starving colony, straightway the day of fasting was made a day of thanksgiving. And so the siege pursued its slow course, until that bright morn of the seventeenth of March, 1776, when the British embarked in their fleet, and dropped silently down the bay.

The siege of Boston was to both the contending parties a true school of arms. Nothing is so surprising as the number of persons destined to play important parts in the war who were present. Not many of the great names are missing. Of all the general officers employed in the American ranks from 1775 to 1783, nearly two thirds were there serving in some capacity. Count off the roll of great names. General Washington himself had probably never commanded so many as a full regiment of soldiers. Perhaps he had never seen any other fortifications than the rude log breastworks and blockhouses of the Indian frontier. It was not because he had exhibited capacity on great fields of action that men had faith in him, but because on small fields his prudent foresight, his modest decision, and

his intrepid valor had shone resplendently amid the pretentious dulness and haughty incompetency of other men. With him, as second in command, came from his vagrant wanderings over half the earth General Charles Lee. Lean and wellnigh grotesque in figure, harsh and repulsive of countenance, his eccentricity exceeded his genius. Heralded as a military prodigy and the protecting angel of freedom, he ended a career begun in vainglorious boastings in imprisonment for open insubordination and treason at Monmouth. The Adjutant General was that other British soldier, Horatio Gates. His powers fitted him for a moderate place. His vanity led him in the crisis of the Revolution to seek to push Washington from his seat, and himself to seize the reins. But the laurels worn, not won, at Saratoga, faded forever on his brow at Camden, and a weak but probably honest career ended in sad retirement. Nathanael Greene led to Roxbury the Rhode Island contingent. He was Quaker born and bred, — the son of a father who was eminent as a preacher, and equally eminent for his shrewd management of a great farm, and of a combined grist-mill, saw-mill, and forge. As a stripling and young man he earned his livelihood toiling at his father's forge. But in his hours of leisure he satisfied the cravings of an active and powerful mind with the study of Euclid, Locke on the Understanding, and Blackstone's Commentaries. His only practical knowledge of war was a brief service as private in the Kentish Guards in piping times of peace; and it is no small evidence of the impression which he had even then made on his contemporaries, that, in preference to so many others who had a larger military experience, he was chosen to command the soldiers of his native Province. But, sober, thoughtful, sound in

judgment, and full of resources, he soon became the trusted friend of Washington, and, if any man was, on tented field or in council chamber, his peer. To the scene of action hurried Israel Putnam, — name dear to schoolboys! Better wolf-hunter and Indian fighter than strategist or tactician! But his bold, bluff, honest ways have appealed to the imagination, and will long keep him a place in memory. Henry Knox was there as a volunteer. His studies had been all war-like, but his business, that of a bookseller, peaceful enough. With prodigious energy he dragged to Cambridge, in the depth of a New England winter, through thinly settled and almost pathless forests, the cannon captured at Ticonderoga, and his arrival made Dorchester Heights and the evacuation a possibility. In a few months he became the first artillery general of America, if not of his times. Who can forget John Stark, gaunt, strong, descendant of the tough Scotch-Irish race? At Bunker Hill, by the shore of the Mystic, he played his part bravely, and at Bennington he won the most brilliant victory of the war, and secured Burgoyne's surrender. Benedict Arnold! No one can write that name without sadness. He was a man without feeling and without principle, but of such resolution and of such desperate valor that he seemed made for great achievements. Had he been happy enough to have died in the hour of victory at Stillwater, he would have left his name in the roll of pure patriots. Put in contrast to this brilliant wickedness the solid goodness and sound judgment of Benjamin Lincoln, who achieved that hardest work, the preservation amid misfortune and defeat of the respect and confidence of all good men.

Many of the lesser actors on this narrow arena proved

to be men of note. Daniel Morgan, stalwart Virginia wagoner, marched a company of riflemen and sharpshooters all the way from his distant home, and startled the staid Northern farmers by the unaccustomed uniform of fringed hunting shirts. It was his fortune, standing at bay at Cowpens, to put to rout Tarleton's famous troopers, and to throw the first gleam of light across the darkness and sadness of the Southern campaign. Major Knowlton, of Connecticut, at Bunker Hill, for conduct and valor deserves a place beside Prescott. When he died, a few months after, in a successful skirmish on Harlem Heights, he won from Washington's chary lips the eulogy, "He was one who would have done honor to any country." Recently the statue of General John Glover, of Marblehead, has been brought to grace the city he helped to save. He was a man of diminutive size, but of fiery energy and efficiency. His amphibious regiment of Essex fishermen and sailors was one of the first in the field, and one of the best. After the disastrous battle of Long Island, they ferried the American army across the East River, and saved it from destruction. Five months later they only were able to pilot through the swift current and broken ice of the Delaware that chosen troop which electrified a desponding country by the battle of Trenton. Gladly would we run through that long list. Heath and Sullivan, Thomas and Spencer, Artemas Ward the incorruptible judge, Otho Williams, Rufus Putnam the engineer, and John Brooks, one of Massachusetts' best Governors, — these and more than two-score others known and followed on many a battle-field.

Nor was the British army unrepresented at Boston. All three of the commanders in chief, Gage, Howe, and Clinton, were there. The versatile Burgoyne,

historian, dramatist, member of Parliament, spoiled darling of fashion, brave and unfortunate soldier, came thither, by his sprightliness and wit to enliven the dreary hours of a monotonous siege. Sir Robert Pigot was said to have been the first man who mounted Prescott's redoubt in the third and final charge at Bunker Hill. He was a good soldier, and in 1778 successfully defended Rhode Island against General Sullivan. Lord Rawdon, who on Hobkirk Hill baffled Greene, and who nearly half a century later, as Governor General of India, achieved a pure renown, brought his skill and steady courage to this trial of arms. In the list you must include the name of General Alexander Leslie, who by his expedition to Salem appeared in the first scene of the first act of the mighty drama of the Revolution; and who, as he surrendered Charleston in 1782, stood almost the last actor before the curtain finally fell. With him was Nisbet Balfour, who in 1781 at the same Charleston brought a deep stain upon an honorable name by the cruel and needless execution of Colonel Hayne.

By far the most striking feature of the siege was the presence of these great men in both ranks. At that siege especially were the untrained courage and enthusiasm of the patriot soldiers tempered by the discipline, by the great privations, and by the constant disappointments of a weary leaguer, to a finer skill and endurance. Could you have annihilated the army around Boston and in Boston in the winter of 1775, you would have blotted out most of the prominent military names of the Revolution, and the larger part of its history. Among the events of the siege of Boston let us place then, first in time, first in importance, the presence of the men who themselves wrought out the Revolution, who in a certain very true sense were the Revolution.

When we come to consider the special features and characteristics of the siege of Boston we shall be surprised to notice how largely these were predetermined by other causes than the courage of the soldiers or the skill of the opposing generals. In brief, it may be said that the British commander did not dare make the campaign one of active hostilities, and that General Washington could not. Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill stood like so many spectres in the path of the royal officers, and took all heroism out of them. From unreasonable contempt of their foe, they had passed to as unreasonable a respect for him. They seemed, indeed, to have cherished something like a superstitious dread of this part of the country, and of the people who occupied it. General Howe, on assuming command early in October, writes in this doubtful strain to the Earl of Dartmouth: "The opening of a campaign from this quarter would be attended with great hazard, as well from the strength of the country as from the intrenched position which the rebels have taken, and from which they could not be forced without considerable loss on our part; and from the difficulty of access farther into the country they would have every advantage in the defence of it on their side, being indefatigable in raising field-works, which they judiciously suppose must wear us down by repeated onsets, whereas they are so numerous in this part of the country that they would not feel the loss they might sustain." And General Gage, in his last despatch, a few weeks earlier, exhibits the same discouragement: "I am of an opinion, that no offensive operations can be carried on to advantage from Boston. On a supposition of a certainty of driving the rebels from their intrenchments, no advantage would be gained but repu-

tation. Victory could not be improved. The loss of men would probably be great, and the rebels be as numerous in a few days as before their defeat. Besides, the country is remarkably strong, and adapted to their way of 'fighting.' Compare these views with those expressed in a letter written by a British officer eight months before, and you will comprehend the change of feeling. "What you hear about the rebels taking up arms is mere bullying. Whenever it comes to blows, he that can run fastest will think himself best off. Believe me, any two regiments here ought to be decimated if they did not beat the whole force of Massachusetts Province." So at last the British commanders, coming down from their high expectations, had settled into the conviction that offensive operations in Massachusetts were hopeless. This alone accounts for the fact that ten thousand soldiers, the flower of the British army, who had confronted with honor the best French troops, permitted fifteen thousand raw militia, under country captains and colonels, to draw a net of intrenchments around them without making an effort to break through these toils, — and to do so, when we know by American testimony that had they made an attack all the American artillery must have been silent, and the infantry for want of ammunition could not have fought an hour.

On the other hand, it was impossible for Washington to engage in active warfare. He was hampered in every way. He had, indeed, an army of green troops, full of courage and faith in their cause; but they were not so much soldiers as the material out of which soldiers should be made. Gathered from all quarters; often poorly armed; always imperfectly drilled, and unaccustomed to act together in a body larger than a

company; averse to strict discipline; disposed to feel that they had a right to come and go at their own pleasure; containing, too, in their ranks, if we are to trust Dr. Belknap, some lewd fellows of the baser sort, — they made up a body of men of such natural valor and intelligence that they could be depended upon to do good service in simple skirmishes, or in defence of a stronghold, but were not equal to the complicated and simultaneous movements by which alone a town like Boston could be assaulted with any hope of success. Stringent discipline might and did remedy these defects; but the term of enlistment was so brief that the army was perpetually changing, and the work was never done. As Washington declared, never before had a siege like this been maintained, when one army had been disbanded and another recruited within musket-shot of two and twenty regiments, the flower of the British army. This was the first obstacle. There were others still more serious. One month after Washington took command he writes that the existence of the army depends upon its situation being kept a profound secret, for they have only nine rounds of powder to a man. For seven long months, far into the new year, there was not a day when the Americans could hope to make a successful advance, and scarcely to defend their lines against a resolute attack, for want of that very breath of war, — powder. Not only had they no powder to put into their muskets, sometimes they had no muskets to put their powder in, so be they had it. Once two thousand men stood utterly unarmed. As for cannon, not until Knox with incredible labor had dragged them from the shores of Lake George, and Captain Manly had captured the transport "Nancy," filled with every munition which the Americans needed,

could there be said to be any proper train of artillery. As the bitter winter came on, — and it was bitter, — Washington had almost literally to apply to the neighboring towns, and as it were to beg from house to house, for blankets to keep his soldiers from freezing. “Most houses can spare one, some of them many,” he pleads. As early as November second there was a great scarcity of wood. “The soldiers of different regiments are almost on the point of cutting each other’s throats for a few standing locusts to dress their victuals with.” General Greene writes, December thirty-first: “We have suffered prodigiously for want of wood; many regiments have been obliged to eat their provisions raw for want of fuel to cook it.” In view of this destitution of all things needful for comfort or warfare, Washington speaks wellnigh with contempt of the complaints that he does not seize commanding points. “What signifies Long Island, Point Alderton, or Dorchester, while we are in a manner destitute of cannon, and compelled to keep what little powder we have for the use of musketry?” He could as well have seized Dorchester Heights in August and September as in March; he had as many men; he could have intrenched himself more easily; the enemy were no stronger; but he dared not, lest he should bring on that general battle which none so well as he knew that he was not ready to fight. Despite his daring passage of the Delaware at Trenton, amid the ice and tempest of a winter’s night; despite that resolute attack of Howe at Germantown, within less than a month after his defeat at Brandywine; despite his flaming wrath at the misconduct and retreat of Lee at Monmouth, — it has been the fashion to emphasize the title of American Fabius, as though that described the inmost temper

and genius of the man. If we study his first command at Boston, we shall comprehend how much of this prudence was of nature, and how much was taught by the stern lessons of necessity. Twice during the siege he proposed to a council of generals, what nothing but the most fearless and enterprising valor could contemplate, to attempt to take the town by assault, — once in September by boats, and once in February over the ice. It could not be. His own better wisdom must have agreed with his officers that it must not be undertaken. But the bare proposal shows the natural temper of his mind. So, with the whole country flushed with recent victory, and full of great expectations, with his own impetuous nature chafing at the obstacles, Washington had to sit down and patiently plan how to expel the enemy by the slowest and least heroic of methods.

Thus it was predetermined by the conditions of the case, that the taking of Boston should have little of the pomp and circumstance of war. No tremendous bombardment, seeming to rend earth and sky! No desperate assault! No frequent sallies! None of these things! The coil should simply be drawn tighter until the enemy yielded or escaped. Very early, strenuous efforts were made to prevent supplies of fresh provisions, fuel, forage, or munitions of war from going into the city. The only lively skirmishes which broke the dull monotony of the siege were occasioned by the expeditions of the Provincials to the islands in the harbor, to destroy the hay and drive off the stock, which might be of value to the enemy. That on Hog and Noddle's Island rose wellnigh to the dignity of a battle, for on that occasion the Americans not only defeated the troops opposed to them, with heavy loss,

but took and burned a schooner, carrying sixteen guns, which was aiding the attack, and all this without the loss on their part of a single life. "The Lord manifestly appears on our side," exclaims a pious Bostonian, exultingly. Wherever on the coast the English sought supplies they met resistance. At Weymouth the whole neighborhood rose in a body to drive off the invaders. Six transports, looking into Casco Bay for hay and provisions, were attacked by whale-boats, and five of them taken. The sailors of Machias captured two sloops which were sent thither for lumber, and, manning the prizes, pursued the armed tender which came to protect them, and took her also. A ship loaded with two thousand barrels of provisions was tolled into the Piscataqua River, and became the prize of the fishermen. This was what was going on all along the coast. Not content with simple resistance to invasion, soon armed ships and schooners — some public, some private — push out from every bay and inlet. Howe writes that he fears for his provision transports, — with reason. Four prizes taken into Boston Bay, two into Salem, two into Plymouth Harbor, one to Beverly, one to Marblehead, — such are the items of news eagerly recorded in diaries, or printed in the little dingy newspapers of the period. Even the elements fought against the besieged. A great storm in the British Channel wrecked as many vessels probably, and destroyed as many supplies, as the Americans succeeded in taking.

These perpetual losses began to tell. As early as September fifth Earl Dartmouth writes to Howe: "The situation of the troops, cooped up in a town, deprived of the comforts and necessities of life, wasting away by disease and desertion faster than we can recruit, and no longer objects of terror to the rebels, is truly

distressing." No fresh provisions in Boston; most of the wounded from Bunker Hill fight dead for want of them; two thousand sick; twenty to thirty dying daily; the bells not allowed to toll at funerals; soldiers deserting by hundreds, — such were the tales brought by citizens who escaped, or by deserters who stole into camp, or briefly recorded in journals. In December an officer writes: "The distress of the inhabitants and troops is beyond all possible power of description. No fuel, no vegetables, pulse, or flour; only salt meat, and that fifteen pence a pound." Plainly, war was taking on the aspect of privation.

The sufferings of the inhabitants must have been still more severe. But with a kind of grim humor one of them records that the flesh of an old bull sold for one shilling a pound; and Selectman Newell enters in his journal, "Very trying scenes! This day was invited by two gentlemen to dine on rats." One would think so, especially if the invitation was accepted. But underneath the grim humor, what grimmer sorrows and privations! What a spectacle, when, just before the siege closed in upon the city, thousands of men, women, and children, without food, without resources, leaving behind their homes, some in wagons, some on foot, wended their weary way over Boston Neck, like the patriarch, not knowing whither they went! Who shall paint the hardships of those who remained, where the poor could find no work, where the rich could collect none of their dues, where all were exposed to the open scorn of the refugee Tories, and to the brutal insults of a licentious soldiery? What a piteous sight, when, with the coming of winter, seven hundred poor souls, many of them aged, thinly clad, pale with past endurance, were thrust out upon the bleak exposure of

Point Shirley! Nobody would compare for extremity of suffering the siege of Boston with many another leaguer. For, after all, Generals Gage and Howe were simply kindly gentlemen sent on an unkindly errand. But what with the hated yoke of martial law galling free necks, and the cruel separation of families caused by the sudden closing up of the town, and the real destitution and disease, there was enough to blanch ruddy cheeks, and bow to an untimely grave vigorous forms. The winter wore on, with less and less privation, perhaps, to the soldiers, as one and another transport succeeded in reaching port; with more privation to the inhabitants, who had no part in the good fortune, and whose resources were steadily decreasing. Sometimes, however, stern war smoothed its wrinkled front; notably, when old Putnam appeared on the scene in the new character of a lady's man, and regretting to learn that Mrs. Gage's board is furnished only with salt beef, politely sends her a quarter of veal to vary her diet. A very acceptable gift, we are told, for which a polite card of thanks was sent back.

Meanwhile in the American camp the most pressing wants had been supplied by the zeal of the neighboring towns. Officers were slowly learning their duty; discipline was growing more firm and steady, and the whole army was settling down into the habits of military life. Every hill and projecting point from the Mystic River to Dorchester Neck had been made impregnable, stretching around Boston in a vast semicircle of redoubts and breastworks of fifteen or twenty miles in length, until at last — Knox's precious convoy of cannon and mortar arrived, the almost priceless stores of Manly's fortunate capture transported to camp, and

a moderate supply of powder gathered up — the decisive step was taken. One moonlight, hazy night, while all along the line the artillery thundered to drown the noise of the movement, three thousand men, and three hundred ox-carts laden with bales of pressed hay, quietly stole across Dorchester Neck, and climbed the steep heights. All night, while the enemy slept, they labored. Howe woke to find the town, the harbor, the fleet commanded by his adversary's guns. A few futile plans of attack, a few days of uncertainty, and then a hurried embarkation, and the siege which had made so little noise and accomplished so much was over.

The occupation of Dorchester Heights came to Howe like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Evidently he had no fears about this vital point, either because long immunity had lulled him to false security, or because he felt that he could at will sweep Dorchester Neck with his artillery and prevent its passage. He assured the Ministry that he could hold Boston against all comers. To the British officers it was a disagreeable surprise. They were now comfortably settled in barracks or deserted houses. Eight store-ships from England had reached port in December, and many others from the coast. Fuel, fresh provisions, and other comforts were plenty. They had turned the Cradle of Liberty into a theatre. Plays, balls, masquerades, and grand dinners at the hospitable board of General Howe, were all down in the bill of fare. It was hard to give it up, and at such short notice. Only the day before a lively officer writes: "For the last six weeks or two months we have been better amused than could possibly be expected." On the morning of the fifth, he rubs his eyes, and takes in the full meaning of

those low hillocks, and exclaims, "Adieu, balls and masquerades!" Twelve days more, on board a ship riding at anchor in Nantasket Roads, he lugubriously records: "Sail to-morrow to Halifax, a curséd cold, wintry place, — nothing to eat, less to drink." To the Tories it was the knell of doom. One cannot but pity them. Often they were gentlemen of high culture, thoroughly honest, with loyalty to their king almost a religious sentiment. They left behind stately mansions and pleasant farms, to linger, perhaps, in loneliness and poverty in strange lands.

It did not take Howe long to decide, that bright March morning, that the new works must be stormed, or he leave. He accepted the first alternative. Lord Percy, with twenty-four hundred men, dropped down the harbor to Castle Island, with orders to make the attack at evening. The British soldiers, remembering that bloody June day, muttered, "It will be another Bunker Hill, or worse." Washington reminded his soldiers that it was the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. But it was to be a war not of man, but of the elements. That afternoon a storm lashed to fury the waters of the bay, and when it ceased the Americans had made their works too strong to be assaulted. But to go was as difficult as to stay. The transports were too few, and every one of them was at the mercy of the enemy. But through the intervention of the selectmen there was an unacknowledged but real truce. Washington was glad to save the city from flames, and to spare his soldiers' blood. Howe was ready to escape on any terms.

All was now hurry and confusion. What to take, what to leave, was the question. The ships were loaded with little order or method. Cannon were

spiked, or their trunnions broken; carriages, pack-saddles, and every imaginable article, dropped into the docks. On the tenth of March Howe ordered all linen and woollen goods — articles in great request among the rebels — to be conveyed on board the *Minerva* at Hubbard's Wharf, and delivered to Crean Bush, Esq. This was in obedience to the direct command of Lord Germain. But it introduced a new element of disorder, for Crean Bush, a miserable New York Tory, magnified his office, and went from store to store, breaking them open, and searching for the required articles. Now all restraint was thrown off. Sailors, soldiers, and especially the imported carpenters, on the thirteenth ranged the streets, axes in hand, insulting peaceable folks, breaking into warehouses, and throwing into the river and docks vast quantities of sugar, salt, flour, and the like, and making the town the scene of tumult and riot.

Howe still lingered. It is said that the wind was unfavorable; but Washington summarily ended the delay. On the night of the sixteenth, he took possession of Nooks Hill, a little rise of land which must have been near the South Boston end of the present Dover Street bridge. From thence the Neck and the intrenchments could be swept and searched. Howe embarked with precipitation, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth he and all his troops, and more than a thousand refugees, were on the way down the harbor. There were watchers on the hills, and almost before the British left the wharves, Colonel Ebenezer Learned threw open the gates of the forts on the Neck, and entered with five hundred men. Nearly simultaneously Israel Putnam, with a detachment, crossed the water from Cambridge, and landed at the

foot of the Common. The evacuation was complete. The enemy in his hurry left behind a vast amount of stores. Twenty-one vessels, mostly scuttled, two hundred and fifty cannon, five or six thousand blankets, many thousands of bushels of grain, and some thousands of tons of coal, are among the things enumerated. He scattered the Neck with crow's-feet to retard the progress of troops. This recalls a fact, to which allusion has not often, if ever, been made: that these two thousand crow's-feet were ordered by Gage very early in the siege, as though he anticipated the catastrophe from the beginning.

Washington quietly visited the city on the next day, and, returning to Cambridge, wrote to Hancock and several others an account of the final hours of the siege. The same day he despatched a large force, under Heath, to New York. On the twentieth, the city having been thoroughly cleansed, he marched in with the troops. The doors and windows were thrown open, and the liberated people expressed their lively joy and gratitude. But one observer notes that a melancholy gloom hung on their faces. Another, that "by means of the hard and savage treatment of the British soldiery," and the want of comforts and many necessities, "they were become thin, and their flesh wasted." There is a pleasant tradition that Mrs. Washington rode in a carriage, and that at one point of the route a babe born on Evacuation Day was brought out and placed in her lap. Washington remained a fortnight longer. We have no full account of his doings. He received the thanks of town, State, and Congress. Much of his time must have been given to strengthening the city against any return of the enemy, who still remained in the bay. On the twenty-eighth, with citizens and

officers, he attended a solemn service of thanksgiving. One recalls involuntarily that other siege, when liberated Leyden — burghers, women, children, soldiers, sailors, with stout Admiral Boisot at the head — went up to the great church to lift to high Heaven their offering of gratitude. It is agreeable to recall that John Andrews, to whom we owe such a clear and lively account of Boston in 1774-75, had the pleasure, at an hour's notice, of entertaining General Washington and lady, together with General Gates and others, at his mansion in School Street. On the fourth of April, Washington, after an early dinner, started for New York. One more incident, with a genuine New England flavor: on the twenty-ninth of March, the whole British fleet still in the bay, the crow's-feet hardly collected out of the streets, a town meeting was held in the Old Brick Meeting-house, and town officers chosen. So soon had all come back into the old ways again.

We have the testimony of Washington, that, though the town was much damaged, and many houses despoiled of furniture, it was much less injured than he expected. Even the home of that arch-rebel John Hancock was in tolerable order, and all the family pictures left untouched. Other witnesses say that the town was in dreadful condition: houses laid waste and filthy; some only heaps of ruins; fences and trees alike destroyed "by these sons of Belial." The accounts are perfectly reconcilable. Now that the lapse of a century has softened bitterness, we can afford to acknowledge that Gage and Howe had no disposition to increase the necessary horrors of war. That they permitted the Old South Church to be used for a riding school, and the Old North and a hundred dwellings to

be torn down for fuel, does not prove any special hardness. They could hardly be expected to cherish any great reverence for that house of worship where Adams and Warren had thundered in the ears of the people their denunciations of the King and his creatures; and it was too much to ask of human nature, when troops were "starving from cold," to keep hands off from empty wooden buildings, of whatever name. But the commanders were poorly seconded by their officers. These, for his supposed tenderness to citizens, called Gage "the old woman." As a result of this contrariety of feeling, there was a general preservation of the town, accompanied by much special and disgraceful mutilation of it.

You may ask, now, What did the siege of Boston accomplish? When the British sailed out of Massachusetts Bay they admitted at any rate that the crushing of the revolt in the four Puritan States was impracticable. A ghastly admission one would think. The siege of Boston took the American struggle out of the range of local warfare up to the level of a national revolution. The nineteenth of April told the unwelcome truth that our fathers could fight after the fashion the forest and the Indian had taught them. The seventeenth of June proved that on occasions behind breastworks they would face boldly the determined assaults of veterans. To discerning minds, these conflicts had revealed far more, — that whatever the peril in the coming days, the Colonies would stand shoulder to shoulder. Still, eyes which did not wish to see saw in these preliminary encounters only the rashness of an angry neighborhood. At most, they believed that only the bordering States would join in the daring

treason. The siege of Boston swept away such illusions. That was a great act of war, achieved in the face of vast obstacles by the combined efforts of all. Long before its close all doubts had passed away. Henceforth the Colonies, from Canada to the Gulf, would present one united front, and throb with one common feeling. The world saw that a new nation was born. As Howe embarked on the morning of Evacuation Day, that glorious success in the first great and prolonged trial of arms had made the Declaration of Independence, and our recognition as a people by the nations, near and certain events.

FROM TICONDEROGA TO SARATOGA.

PRINTED IN THE UNITARIAN REVIEW, NOVEMBER, 1877.

NO part of the war for American independence has in it more elements of real or of visible interest than what may be termed the flux and reflux of the Revolutionary invasion of Canada. From that gray dawn in May, 1775, when Ethan Allen, in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, compelled the British colonel to surrender the strong fortress of Northern New York, to that bright October day in 1777, when Burgoyne closed a campaign, begun with proud expectations and brilliant successes, with a painful surrender, — from Ticonderoga to Saratoga, — the American colonists and the British government were engaged in a continuous struggle for mastery in the then almost uninhabited border land between Canada and Northern New York and New England. The hope of the Bostonians, as the Canadian peasants styled the rebels, was to add to the thirteen Colonies all the recent conquests from France, and so to leave King George, on the whole North American continent, no foothold and no base for hostile operations. The purpose of the English was to obtain full control of that remarkable chain of waters which stretches from the St. Lawrence to New York harbor, and thus to cut off from the confederacy the head and heart of the rebellion, — Puritan New England.

It is simply impossible to narrate here, even in the most concise manner, the events of three campaigns,

crowded with striking incidents, in which successes and reverses succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity, and at the end of which the war died almost within a day's march of the spot of its audacious birth. As the surveyor, planting at intervals a stake or flag, marks to an observing eye his course, so we, recalling here and there a few governing facts, can dimly outline the great story. March 29, 1775, John Brown, of Pittsfield, secret agent at Montreal of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, writes to Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren: "One thing I must mention as a profound secret. The fort at Ticonderoga must be seized as soon as possible. Should hostilities be commenced by the King's troops, the people of the New Hampshire Grants have engaged to do the business, and, in my opinion, are the most proper persons for the job." This agreement of the people of the New Hampshire Grants could hardly have been made much later than the middle or last of February. Two months before the British had committed open violence, two months before the blood of Lexington or the fight at Concord, these stalwart farmers of a sparsely settled Province, which was even then struggling for its own political existence, pledged themselves to a great act of war. With this bold, may we not say mad agreement, the annals of the invasion of Canada commence. May 10 and 12, 1775, as all the world knows, Ethan Allen, with eighty-three men, and Seth Warner, with a still smaller following, surprised Ticonderoga and Crown Point, — those keys of Canada, as Allen called them. Eight days after, Benedict Arnold, in a small armed schooner, swept before the south wind up to the gates of St. John, took one vessel, burnt many more, and obtained full control of the waters of Lake Cham-

plain. September 4, after what proved to be, on the part of the Continental Congress, a fatal period of two and a half months of timidity and irresolution, Montgomery, with a small army, was at the mouth of the Sorel. Six weeks later he had taken Chambly. Another fortnight, and St. John, with two thirds of all the regular soldiers in Canada, was in his possession. And on the 12th of November, by his unopposed entrance into Montreal, he became real master of the whole Province, with the notable exception of the one stronghold, Quebec. So swiftly had the first wave rolled on and up.

But this was the climax of the invasion. A sharp struggle, a slow decadence, and total and disastrous failure followed. For, on the 31st day of December, in the last fading hours of the year, amid a driving snow-storm, Montgomery, with a few hundred soldiers, joined Arnold, fresh from his amphibious march through the wildernesses of the Kennebec and the Chaudière, and made a desperate, and, as it now looks, what might have been, had fortune granted one smile, a successful attack upon Quebec. Bloodily repulsed, for full four weary, bitter months the American army kept up the appearance of resolution and military strength. But behind the appearance was utter exhaustion and discouragement. Montgomery dead, Arnold wounded, the small-pox depleting faster than whole new regiments could recruit, this shadow of an army held little more than the ground on which it encamped. Then General Carleton, the British commander, heavily reinforced, assumed the offensive; and on the 6th day of May, 1776, — the very day which completed the year since the Green Mountain boys gathered at Castleton to fulfil their agreement with Major Brown, — the

hazardous retreat began. Back first to Three Rivers; then to the mouth of the Sorel; and, hastened by defeat, still more swiftly to St. John; until, in the early days of July, five thousand wretched men, ragged, half starved, poorly sheltered, three thousand of them sick, scores of them every day dropping into their graves, the remnant of more than ten thousand who had joined in this bold venture were huddled around Crown Point. Not an American soldier remained in arms in Canada.

The stroke had been given, and failed. What luck should attend the counterstroke was now to be determined. Carleton, with his fresh, disciplined bands, had easily swept from before him what was but the semblance of an army. But when he came to the shores of the lake, so aptly called by the Indians "the gate of the country," he found that gate shut and barred. Confronting him was General Arnold, with a fleet of sixteen or seventeen vessels. That those vessels were hastily built and ill adapted to the purposes of war, — that they were armed with cannon of light calibre, and manned chiefly by landsmen, — all this is true; but for the time being they made Arnold master of the situation. The American army, all along the line of its retreat, had seized and carried away, or else burned, every ship, every bateau, and every canoe even, which it could find; and when the British commander reached the lake, he had neither naval force to meet his adversary, nor fleet of boats to transport his troops. That he displayed foresight and energy must be admitted. Four ships of war which had been sent from England, were taken apart at Chambly, carried around the rapids of the Sorel, and put together again at St. John. Ten gunboats from

the same source were added; ten more were built or gathered on the spot; and, to complete their equipment, seven hundred veteran sailors were collected. Meanwhile, to utilize this naval superiority, five or six hundred boats had been constructed, and ten thousand soldiers stood ready to embark and follow in the wake of the victorious fleet.

But during these preparations the summer had slipped away, and there was no time to reap the harvest. On the 11th of October, indeed, Carleton defeated the American fleet off Valcour Island, in an engagement in which the vanquished, fighting against odds, won more glory than the victor, and then in proud array sailed down the lake and took possession of the deserted fortress and the little peninsula of Crown Point. All that remained to the Americans of the wide conquests of the last seventeen months was the solitary stronghold of Ticonderoga. But the campaign was over. Preparations were too incomplete and winter too near for the victorious army to plunge into new and unknown dangers. Amid the dark memories of his selfish greed and base treachery let this bright record remain: that Arnold's presence in Lake Champlain alone saved New York and saved the confederacy, stunned by the great and unexpected reverse of Long Island, from a peril which they were not prepared to meet.

Early in June, 1777, Burgoyne, who had superseded Carleton, was on the way southward as he supposed to easy victory. He had a compact little army of eight thousand men, made up of German and English veterans. Its equipments were perfect, and it had a park of artillery of an excellence and strength before unknown in this hemisphere. Many of its officers, for valor and skill, had already achieved a European reputation. Burgoyne

found the road open before him, as his predecessor had left it. On the 20th he was at the mouth of the river Bouquet, endeavoring to teach his wild Iroquois allies how to fight after a kindly and civilized fashion. On the 23d his advance was at Crown Point. The night of the 4th of July, — ominous celebration of the first anniversary of Independence Day! — General Phillips was pressing his troops and cannon up Sugar Hill with that same vehemence, as another says, with which he broke fifteen canes urging forward his artillery at the battle of Minden. The next morning, a British subaltern, looking six hundred feet down the rugged slope, saw through his glass the countenances of the Americans, no doubt with fear and perplexity stamped upon them. Burgoyne had only confirmed what Trumbull had long before proved: that if Ticonderoga locked the entrances of Lake George and South Bay, that little abrupt cone, less than a third of a mile southward, was a sure key to unlock them. Two days later General Frazer and Baron Riedesel pursued, and, after an obstinate resistance, defeated the American rear-guard at Hubbardton. No language can describe the consternation which seized the humble homes which were thinly scattered along the Northern Hudson. The presence of British soldiers was sufficiently alarming; but to the imagination of that day the Hessian was the type of diabolical cruelty; while the dread of the painted Indian added the last element of terror. Everybody fled. Ox-carts, wagons, men on horseback, women on pillions, mothers dragging themselves along under the burden of one or two children, were familiar sights in the narrow wood-paths which were the only roads of that day.

To the British it had been not so much a campaign as a pleasure trip, so smoothly all things had moved.

Their noble host sailing peacefully in long lines down Champlain, a grand pageant; strong forts opening their gates at the terror of their name; beautiful Lake George, set in New York's dark and bloody ground, every foot of whose shores had its tale of bold foray, of fierce skirmish, or of desperate battle, lying unresisting at their feet, and seeming to invite them to embark upon its waters, — what was all this but to play war? No wonder Burgoyne dreamed that in a few brief weeks, victorious, he should meet Howe midway on the Hudson, and with him exchange congratulations. But, in truth, his troubles had just begun. No supplies to be had short of the St. Lawrence; the dark wilderness before him cut and slashed by the provident order of Schuyler, until its few paths were a maze of locking and interlocking trunks, such as a tornado, crashing through the forest, leaves along its track, — he was brought to a fatal pause of six weeks. Each moment of it was like a gift of pure gold to his adversaries, enabling them to recover courage and to collect resources. Besides, acting by detachments which, as Washington with clear sagacity foresaw, could not amid those dense forests be properly supported, Burgoyne risked terrible disasters. In a single week in August, John Stark, at Bennington, lopped off the left arm of his strength; while Arnold, at Fort Stanwix, putting idle panic into the minds of St. Leger and his forces, paralyzed the right arm. The maimed body groped blindly on to receive, four weeks later at Bemus's Heights, a mortal blow. Such, in brief, is the outline of three momentous campaigns which, on the one hand, secured the independence of the Colonies, and, on the other hand, for one hundred years at least, bound the Canadian Provinces to Great

Britain in willing fealty; and if daring partisan exploits, striking military achievements, perpetual change of scene as perpetual change of fortunes, and the presence of great and noble men on the field of action, furnish materials for interest, then no part of the Revolutionary struggle is more attractive, or better repays study.

One of the attractions of this series of operations is, that it is possible to view them as making up a living and varied monograph, complete in itself, and, in fancy at any rate, separated from every other chapter of our history. Of course it is not really so. Deeply considered, these events are bound to all contemporary ones by ties which cannot be severed. You read Washington's letters, and you see how, with his own great load to carry, every hour he bore in his heart the needs of this Northern struggle, and, to insure its success, contributed from his enfeebled army his best soldiers. You study the records of the Continental Congress, and how evident it is that, when its members had, with reluctance, accepted the hostile movement, they gave for its furtherance their counsels, their labors, and, alas! too often their personal piques and sectional jealousies. And when the crowning mercy came, it was not alone New York or New England which received the blessing, but the farthest State of the confederacy just as much, which from that hour felt its shackles grow loose and brittle. So, in truth, these campaigns were but part and parcel of all the rest of the uncertain struggle.

But it is not natural to feel acutely this connection. The field of action was so distant in space and so different in character, and the strategy so independent

of other movements, that, as you read, you hardly recall parallel events. Following Montgomery in his victorious advance to Montreal, or watching Arnold struggling around the rapids and over the portages and through the shallow and choked lakes which lie between Norridgewock and Quebec, who remembers that at that very time Washington, lacking ammunition, lacking guns, lacking food, lacking fuel, lacking men, lacking everything, strong only in the ignorance of the enemy and in the fears which Concord and Bunker Hill had created, was overlooking beleaguered Boston? Or, as we hold our breath that we may catch every one of the features of the heroic struggle on that 31st of December upon the heights of Quebec, do we recall that in those very hours our great commander at Cambridge was wearily watching, with fears in his heart, more than half his army, at the close of their time of enlistment, march away from camp, leaving it almost naked and defenceless against its foes? To how large a portion of intelligent readers is it perfectly clear that the retreat of the American army from Canada and Howe's advance on New York were contemporary movements? That, when one British fleet was driving along the waters of Lake Champlain the shattered remnant of Arnold's ships, another British fleet, having broken through the obstructions at Fort Washington, was dominating all the broad reaches of the Hudson? That in the same months, and almost in the same weeks, when Gates was jauntily reaping at Stillwater and Saratoga the fruits of Schuyler's foresight, his great chief, whose place he dared hope to fill, was wrestling against odds at Brandywine and Germantown? These events do run parallel; and doubtless they cast light and shade upon each other, and mutually

act and react. But few carry in memory the connection. This apparent isolation of the Northern campaigns has its advantages. It certainly gives dramatic unity to the narrative; and it enables the mind, less burdened by multiplicity of interests and events, better to comprehend the field of action, the men, the movements, and the results.

And, first of all, we need to fix our attention upon the field of action; for this, perhaps, more than the foresight of administrators, and more than the skill of generals and the valor of soldiers, determined the fortunes of these Northern campaigns. It is almost impossible to appreciate the physical conditions of this region of country barely one hundred years ago. Draw a straight line, nearly east and west, from the boundary of New York and Vermont, through Saratoga, till it touches Lake Ontario at Oswego. Here is a tract larger than Vermont. More than six hundred thousand people live on it, and still it is not crowded. In 1777 there were scarcely twice as many hundreds. The map of the period writes across this tract, "Unsurveyed." You travel up and down the shores of Lake Champlain on either side; you find at every step prosperous towns and villages. But when Burgoyne sailed up that lake there were not fifty people on the west shore from Crown Point to Canada; and on the eastern shore, barely a half dozen or so of hamlets of a few log huts each. Lake George was a gem in an absolute wilderness, — an unbroken wood clothing its surrounding hills and touching its waters on all sides, except at a little fifty-acre clearing at Sabba' Day Point. In short, from the Connecticut to Lake Ontario there was one boundless forest, with scarcely the smoke of a white man's cabin rising from it, made rugged by steep

mountains and innumerable hills, and cut through on every side by swift-rushing streams. For a brief period, while the French held Crown Point and Ticonderoga, near to them one or two little villages, of perhaps fifteen hundred people, had sprung up. But at the close of the last French war they were deserted; and to-day the curious inquirer finds the old cellar holes, some of them amidst dense woods, which have grown up where life and joy once were. These vast solitudes had been the neutral ground and the battlefield for unknown periods; first, between the Six Nations and their savage foes in Canada; afterwards, between the British and French. In this ocean of verdure there were no roads, only narrow trails passable but to the feet of Indian scouts. So terrible was this wilderness, that Sir John Johnson, when in 1775 he fled from his baronial hall on the Mohawk to Canada, though his steps were directed by the best of Indian guides, was nineteen suffering days traversing perhaps two hundred miles, and reached Montreal in what is recorded as "a pitiable condition." Even the country south of this wilderness is spoken of as dark and fearful, full of dangerous defiles, and broken by morasses and easily made impenetrable. A journey of Mrs. Schuyler, from Albany to Ticonderoga, to see her sick husband, is described as fatiguing and exposing to the last degree; and Dr. Franklin, proposing to ride over the best road in the Province, from Albany to New York, with the most careful of drivers, and in the softest coach good Madam Schuyler could furnish, jocosely suggested the propriety of making his will before he started.

If now you turned your eye eastward, toward Maine, you would find similar conditions, or worse. After

you passed the narrow strip of civilization which hugged the mouths of the rivers and the Atlantic, you were face to face with primeval solitudes. Woods, slippery with fallen trunks, and dense with moss and undergrowth; rivers, continually broken by rapids; ponds choked with the decay and fall of vegetation for untold ages, — were everywhere. Even in Canada it was hardly better. Montreal was a little town of five thousand people; St. John, hardly more than a military post; Three Rivers, a village of perhaps a thousand. General Riedesel, passing through, says the country around the St. Lawrence and the Sorel was pretty, but utterly incapable of sustaining the army. These are not simply interesting reminiscences. Nature dominated in military affairs, and largely determined results. We recall a few instances. For six weeks Arnold struggled with incredible perseverance through the Maine forests. Had he been able to reach Quebec only three days earlier, he would certainly have taken it, and perhaps made Canada the fourteenth State in the Union. When Carleton reached Champlain with a noble army, a little fleet, not half so powerful as any petty fishing town on our coast could equip with a month's notice, was amply strong to bar his progress and ruin his campaign. And when on that same lake Burgoyne had undisputed command, a little strip of wilderness before him, and a long thin line of communication behind him, made advance to the Hudson for six weeks dangerous, if not impossible. Even then he did not sufficiently respect the perils of the wilderness. His instructions to Baum, when one thinks what the ways over the Green Hills must have been, ordering him to cross and recross Vermont, and bring back hundreds of cattle for food, and hundreds of horses to

mount his cavalry, read like the ravings of a madman rather than the instructions of a prudent general. And when he himself had reached the Hudson, and for whole weeks was so near the enemy's camp that he could hear his reveille, and had fought on the intervening ground two pitched battles, he was ignorant both of the position and strength of Gates's army; and it was not until after his surrender that he learned anything worth knowing. Stranger yet, when, September 18th, Major Brown attacked his communications and burned hundreds of boats and took hundreds of prisoners, it was not from his rear-guard and it was not from his scouts that he learned of this fresh disaster, but, ten days after, from a German cornet whom Gates released, and who brought to the British commander news which in the rebel camp was three or four days old. So clearly and vividly do all the circumstances of these campaigns prove that the Americans had no allies so sure as the strength of the hills and the wide solitudes of the forests.

The material of the opposing armies furnishes another interesting subject of inquiry. Of the American force, the bulk must have been New Englanders. Of them we have graphic sketches, drawn not always by friendly hands. They were the farthest possible remove from the traditional soldier. Coming out of the heart of society and life thoroughly democratic, they had no respect for titles. To them a captain or colonel was a fellow townsman with an epaulet added. The officers often shared their opinion, and preserved too little dignity. Thacher relates an amusing instance. A certain Massachusetts colonel, "a serious and good man," permitted his son to set up a cobbler's bench, and, in intervals of military duty, to pursue his trade

at his quarters. The officers of Wayne's regiment were disgusted. At first they only sneered; but one day one of their number, warmed with wine, entered the colonel's room, threw the bench out of the window, assaulted the colonel himself, and set the camp in an uproar. If we can trust Southern reporters, the New England military apparel was not, at its best, impressive. Here a dingy suit of old French war regimentals contrasted oddly with the homespun at its side. A battered cocked hat was sometimes added, while a motley array of rifles, fowling-pieces, and carbines completed the un-uniform uniforms. At Saratoga, even so much as this was not attempted, the rank and file appearing in ordinary farmer's garb, and the officers having little to distinguish them but different colored cockades. Their ideas of camp duty were the crudest. Schuyler reports that, when he came to Ticonderoga, the first sentinel he met left his post and went back to wake the guard; that the second suffered him to approach without opposition, and that with a penknife he could have overcome both and set fire to the block-house. They carried into war the traditions of the town meeting, and seemed to believe that there too the majority should rule; so that poor Montgomery was actually forced by the clamor of his soldiers to encamp on that side of St. John which his own judgment held to be both less safe and less healthy. Add now that they were civilians more than soldiers, liable to fits of homesickness, a disease for which, as an officer said, there was no remedy but a discharge, and one begins to see why strange reverses so often followed as strange successes, and why the defeats of the Canadian army were not half so bad as its dissensions and divisions and utter lack of sound discipline. Yet it was out of

just such material that a few months' real campaigning made splendid regiments, like that which, under General John Brooks, threw itself with headlong fury against Brayman's redoubt, and killed or drove out its defenders, and turned the 7th of October's fight into a ruinous disaster for Burgoyne. It was just such as they — men almost without discipline — who performed at Bennington the unheard of achievement of raw militia storming intrenchments held by veterans and defended by artillery.

It was in these campaigns that the New England farmers, so democratic in their feelings and so homely in their ways, first came into contact with the soldiers from other sections. The contrasts were sometimes sharp and wide. New York, with its few vast landholders and its many tenants, was distinctly aristocratic. Slavery had given the same tendency to the more southern States. In the troops from these sections there was more care for appearance, and the grades of rank were more distinctly marked. Graydon observes, "There were none by whom an unofficer-like appearance and deportment would be tolerated less than by a city-bred Marylander, who at the same time was distinguished by the most fashionably cut coat, the most macaroni cocked hat, and the hottest blood of the Union." Between such contrasted troops there could not but be some friction, — enough to exercise no very beneficial influence upon the campaign. Indeed, a clear observer testifies that "since the troops from the Southern States have been associated with those from New England, a strong prejudice has assumed its unhappy influence, and drawn a line of distinction between them."

Especially unfortunate it was, that, in addition to

all this, there grew up in the minds of Eastern soldiers a bitter hostility toward their New York commander. Everybody sees now that Schuyler was a man of stainless integrity, a true patriot, and that to his foresight and energy the country owed a great debt. But he was a punctilious man, who could not abide want of discipline, and in whose nostrils the very qualities which belong to raw militia were an offence. And so, while his earnest support of his native State in her strife with the Green Mountain boys had already alienated Western New England from him, his anger and rebukes, well enough merited, completed the breach, and half-hearted obedience was the direct result. That it should ever have been believed by any considerable body of men that General Schuyler was a traitor, and that he received the pay of treason by collecting silver bullets which had been fired into the American camp from Burgoyne's guns, looks almost too ridiculous for credence. It simply shows how deep was the distrust, and what a baneful effect it must have had on the conduct of affairs. So however superior Schuyler might be to his competitor in character, patriotism, and military ability, and however cruel it might be to rob him of the fruit of his labors, when things had come to such a pass that New England men would not enlist under him, or obey him with cheerfulness when enlisted, his removal became a cruel necessity. The story of the blind injustice of many noble men towards one as noble, is not a pleasant chapter in Revolutionary history.

Of the composition of the British army less needs to be said. Its veterans had, no doubt, the virtues and vices of mercenary soldiers. But little or nothing discreditable to them has been handed down. Possibly,

at this late day, in respect to the employment of Indians, we may abate a little the severity of our criticisms of the mother country. On the one hand, it is evident that the British generals looked with profound dislike upon their employment. Riedesel records his painful emotions; and Burgoyne undoubtedly drove them from his service by his humane efforts to keep them within bounds. On the other hand, the American record is not quite clean. It is certain that Stockbridge Indians were in Gates's army. Herkimer at Oriskany was helped by friendly Oneidas. More or less, St. Francis and Caughnawaga Indians followed Arnold and Montgomery. Even Washington questions whether, seeing that they will not be neutral, it would not be better to enlist Indians; and, in 1776, Congress actually voted that it was expedient to take two thousand of these savages into the service. It was perhaps therefore more owing to inability than to virtue that our escutcheon was not thus early smirched by barbarian alliances. Then, as now, we were glad to use the Indian, and reprobated his cruelty chiefly when it was turned against ourselves.

One would not willingly dismiss this branch of our subject without recalling a few men, who played their part in these campaigns with rare vigor and fidelity, and who did perhaps as much as others of wider renown to make them finally successful, but whose names, through early death or removal from service, have almost faded out of sight. And first let us mention with honor the name of John Brown, of Pittsfield, earliest of all the patriots to project the invasion of Canada, and through the long strife a good soldier, in counsel wise, in action prompt and daring. Yet how many Massachusetts men know who or what he was?

Two years before the breaking out of the Revolution there came to Pittsfield, then a little town of eight hundred people, a young lawyer of good family. So quickly he made his mark, that a year later he was chosen to represent the town in the first Provincial Congress at Concord. Less than two months after he took his seat he was selected, as the fittest man of them all, to go to Montreal to ascertain the sentiments of the Canadians, and to build up there a revolutionary party. That young lawyer, member of Congress and secret agent, was John Brown, then just thirty years old. His journey to Canada proved his hardihood. It was winter. For fourteen days he pressed forward, — now in a boat amid the broken and drifting ice of Lake Champlain, now plodding through the deep snows of the forest, and now wading in the freezing overflow of creeks and watercourses. Returned, he was with Allen at Ticonderoga. The following July he made another yet more perilous visit to Canada, and was four days within the enemy's lines, using his eyes well, and escaped capture only by leaping from the back window of the house in which he was concealed, and fleeing, pursued by many soldiers. He accompanied Montgomery in his advance, and by a daring movement captured the little fort at Chambly, and with it the very munitions of war with which his chief forced the surrender of St. John. Brown had always distrusted Benedict Arnold. That able, bad man reciprocated by withholding from him his merited promotion and loading him with foul charges, and then by his great influence preventing a fair court of inquiry. Justice denied, Brown resigned his commission, and published a card in which occurred these prophetic words: "Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it he

would sacrifice his country." Then followed a remarkable scene. Arnold said that he would kick Brown whenever he met him. The next day Brown strode into the dining-room where Arnold stood amid a group of gentlemen. "I understand, sir, that you have said that you would kick me. I now present myself to give you an opportunity." A pause. No answer. No movement. Brown turned on his heel, saying, "You are a dirty scoundrel," and left the room. But no private grievance could sour his patriotism. In the closing days of the campaign he joined General Lincoln, and by him was despatched with five hundred men to cut the British communications. Prompt as ever, September 18, 1777, he surprised the lines at Ticonderoga, released one hundred American prisoners, took three hundred British, and burned four armed ships and two hundred bateaux. After Burgoyne's surrender he lived three years quietly at Pittsfield. Then from the Mohawk Valley came a cry of distress. Sir John Johnson and his savage allies were on the war-path and near. In that valley, studying his profession, Brown had passed some of the pleasant years of early life, and he could not be deaf to the cry. At the head of the Berkshire militia he hastened forward; and on his thirty-fifth birthday, on the 19th of October, 1780, fell into an ambuscade at Stony Arabia, and early on the disastrous day dropped dead from a shot which his manly person had attracted. He died honorably, fighting for a country which he felt had not been just to him, while his traducer and oppressor, not two months before, had skulked down the Hudson to take refuge in the "Vulture," thenceforward to find his place among the living dead. So perished in early manhood the man who, more than any other, originated, and who bravely

sustained and helped prosperously to close the Northern campaigns of the Revolution.

The name of Seth Warner has not passed into so deep an oblivion as that of his contemporary, but it has been obscured by the reputation of men who have merited less and achieved less. To the popular mind Ethan Allen stands as the hero of the Green Mountains; and there is much to warrant it. His strong figure, his boldness, his frankness, his humanity, his partisan exploits, his power of putting his thoughts into language which you cannot forget, all tended to make him the popular idol. But he was rash and eccentric, with a high temper, incapable of obedience, and pursuing his own plans with obstinacy. His lieutenant, his equal in courage and patriotism, was a firmer, steadier, and more trustworthy man. On several occasions Warner did vital service. At Hubbardton he saved St. Clair's army, charging and driving the best British soldiers; and had not Riedesel reinforced Frazer with overwhelming numbers, he would have forestalled John Stark's glory, and made Hubbardton an earlier Bennington. At Bennington, when Brayman came up, the Americans had been thrown into confusion by their own victory, and it was the cry, "Reinforcements close by!" which arrested a panic. "Then," says an eyewitness, "in five minutes we saw Warner's men hurrying to help us. They opened right and left, and half of them attacked each flank of the enemy, and beat back those who were just closing around us,"—and the most brilliant victory of the Northern war was won. How hardy a soldier Warner was is shown by that march, with two hundred men on snow-shoes in the winter of 1775-76, across the trackless region between Vermont and the St. Lawrence, to join the American

army, then so enfeebled by sickness and defeats. But hard service and exposure wore him out, and he retired to die, old in body, at forty-one years.

One name we might gladly pass in silence. Had Arnold died in that mad charge of October 7, his name would have gone down to posterity, all his faults forgotten, as a pure patriot and a great hero, — so brilliant had been his career and so splendid his services. You can draw a line the day of Burgoyne's surrender. On the surface, all before it is glorious; all after it, shameful. Read the journals of Judge Henry and James Melvin of that dreadful march through the Maine forests. You feel as if the annals of ancient and modern warfare could furnish no story of endurance to surpass it. At Quebec he divided the honors with Montgomery, and wellnigh shared his martyrdom. In the naval battle off Valcour Island, so magnificent was his courage that he snatched more glory from the jaws of defeat than most win from victory. To his energy and reckless courage, more than to any other cause, Burgoyne owed his crushing defeat; and the verdict of time crowns not Gates, but Arnold, hero of Saratoga. To these add his minor achievements: his swift resolution giving the Americans the control of Lake Champlain in 1775; his cool audacity holding in check, almost without an army, the enemy after the repulse at Quebec; his skilful retreat from Montreal, himself the last man to leave the Canadian shore. What other general of the Revolution had twined for himself such a wreath of glories? Yet, to a discerning eye, beneath the fair surface were all his later faults. Popular with the private soldier, to his fellow officers he was tyrannous and overbearing and irascible to the last degree. Squibs and caricatures rarely fail to seize the salient

foibles of their victims. A bit of doggerel, written on the occasion of a sharp quarrel between Arnold and a subordinate officer, embalms his irritability:—

“Wynkoop is a plucky lad,
And Arnold is another;
Both can easily get mad,
And raise a tarnal pother.

“Old Gates, I guess, will set 'em straight,
Without appeal to Schuyler;
I only hope good Colonel 'Koop'
Won't bust his angry biler.”

The doggerel is worth quoting, if only to show how fast and far slang could travel a century ago; for it was only two years before that the first boiler explosion took place at Soho, and originated the derisive advice to angry men “not to burst their boilers.” But a fierce and arbitrary temper was not his worst quality. From the beginning he was destitute of integrity. The soldiers whom he enlisted to go to Ticonderoga he cheated out of their wages. Taking advantage of his power as military commander, at Montreal, he put sentinels at the shop doors of merchants, and took goods which were afterwards sold for his private emolument at Albany. So, from first to last, he was the same manner of man, — with skill and courage equal to all emergencies; with a despotic temper few could abide; with no rectitude to make him worthy of trust, and too self-centred to be a real patriot.

How refreshing it is to turn from these painful recollections to the memory of one whose presence gave even to the horrors of war a tender grace. No book on war experience is so attractive as the journal of Baroness Riedesel. The passionate love of her husband,

which gave her courage to cross the ocean and to follow him into the dangers and wild solitudes of a hostile land; her worship of him and her deep faith in his superior skill, so innocently expressed; her patient endurance of hardships and terrors to which she was all unused; her warm sympathy with the sufferings of soldiers, tending them with her own hands, and feeding them from her own stores; her tearful account of the death of brave men amid the roar of artillery, where shot pierced their last place of refuge, — all these details, so simply yet so touchingly narrated, give to her book perpetual interest. That story, told so often, and yet never once too much, of her ride with trembling heart with her little ones through the American camp; of the respectful, pitying looks of the rough soldiers; of that manly man stooping to kiss her children, and, with thoughtful kindness, providing food, shelter, and hospitality, — no nobler testimony has ever been given to the real worth of the plain men who won American freedom, or to the noble bearing of the men who commanded them.

The results of these three shifting campaigns! We have intimated them, — threefold. They substantially closed the conflict in New England. Tryon and Arnold, with cruel spite, might arrange forays which had but little use or meaning except to alarm the defenceless people of Connecticut. An English force might linger for two years more at Newport and conduct expeditions against neighboring towns which brought no credit to their authors. There might be a brief campaign on the little island itself; but the war, to all intents, had passed southward to new fields, — to New York, to Philadelphia, to South Carolina, to Virginia, there to

die. Again, these campaigns secured the independence of the American Colonies. Not merely, as some would intimate, because they made certain the French alliance, with all its vast aid to us and its vast strain upon British strength and resources, but because, as Professor Smyth so well states it, "the general conclusion from the campaign of 1777 was, that the country presented difficulties that were insurmountable, and that the enemy could not be brought to engage without his consent, — that the subjugation of the continent, therefore, was impossible." The patriot of that day might not have stated it in just such language; but he saw none the less clearly that if thirty thousand men on New York soil, beginning the campaign with the prestige of victory, could not ward off a capital disaster, and could hold nothing outside the range of the guns of their fleet, then this game of conquest was over. Not Valley Forge, not the reverses in South Carolina, not months or years of weary waiting, could remove him from this steadfast conviction. All the more the pity, he thought, that it should take the good King over the water five more years to reach the same conclusion.

But one result of the Northern campaigns is not perhaps in our day so clearly appreciated: that they bound the Canadian Provinces for one hundred years at least in willing loyalty to Great Britain. There can be but little doubt of the favorable feeling of the Canadians at the opening of the Revolution. The first action of Congress assumes it: "Voted, that General Schuyler, if it be not disagreeable to the Canadians, do immediately take St. John and Montreal." Well informed observers thought that nine tenths of the people favored the Bostonians. Even the Indians, especially those of the St. Francis and Caughnawaga

tribes, assured Major Brown that they had refused to take up arms against the Americans, and added, that, if they were obliged to fight at all, they should take part with their friends in New England. These statements were substantially correct. Brown himself owed his safety during his hazardous visits to Canada in no small measure to the friendship of the people, who kept him informed of the motions of the military. When Arnold's half-starved followers came straggling through the wilderness, they were received with open arms into the villages around the Chaudière, and fed, sheltered, and comforted. Some two or three battalions actually enlisted in the rebel service; perhaps a thousand in all. Moses Hazen, one of their officers, became a Brigadier General, and served with credit. These troops were called Congress's Own, and some two or three hundred of them followed the fortunes of their new allies and received grants of land, after the Revolution, from the State of New York. Such was the condition of things in 1775. And if, immediately upon the breaking out of the war, Congress could and would have followed Ethan Allen's advice, and sent forward at once a strong body of troops, there seems to be but little question that for the time being, and perhaps forever, Canada would have been annexed to the thirteen Colonies. At most, there were but a few hundred regulars in the Province, and no others came, or could come, for the space of a year. The bands of Loyalists who, under Colonel McLean, afterwards did such royal service, were not then organized. It is difficult to understand from what quarter strenuous resistance could have come. But the golden moment passed; and, as the aspect of affairs changed, the love of many waxed cold, and then turned into actual dislike. If

the cause of this change of Canadian feeling is asked, the first reply would be that Governor Carleton's wise and conciliatory policy had had its natural effect. His military skill some may question, but few that he was a sagacious, large-hearted administrator of government. He was firm yet mild, vigorous and at the same time lenient, and while he repressed the disaffected he also won them to his side. Then, as the campaign wore on, and the affairs of the Americans seemed to look more and more desperate, people began to doubt the wisdom of rebellion, and to hesitate about embarking in this sinking ship. Besides, the American soldiers played into Carleton's hands. What Arnold did by wholesale at Montreal, many of them did all over the country by retail. Peasants were threatened, and even branded, for asking payment of debts. Horses were taken by force or by threats, even by the privates. Certificates, unsigned and worthless, were given in pay for goods. To this was added the stupid folly of awakening the anger of the French peasants by insulting and robbing their priests. In short, in the American army, as indeed in all armies, there were men without reason, without integrity, and without respect for others' rights. So a change of feeling came, and, as such changes are likely to be, was thorough. And in 1777 the Province, with little exception, was entirely and earnestly loyal. So it was settled for then, — for a century. Whether it will ever be different, or whether for us or them it would be better if it should be different, it is not the business of an article which seeks to deal with facts accomplished to inquire. Enough that the campaigns of 1775, '76, and '77 found the Canadas disposed to be rebel, and left them glad to be loyal.

THREE EPISODES OF THE NORTHERN CAMPAIGNS OF THE REVOLUTION.¹

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONCORD LYCEUM, JANUARY 23, 1878.

ON the 19th of April, 1775, three hundred Massachusetts militia-men — mostly farmers — stood on the banks of Concord River, opposite Old North Bridge, and exchanged volleys with a detachment of British soldiers, and compelled them to retreat. By this act the Colony took up the gauntlet which King George had thrown down, and the American Revolution began.

The second audacious movement in that momentous struggle was made two days after, when ten thousand of the best British soldiers were shut up in Boston by twenty thousand half-armed militia, commanded by generals who had graduated from the lawyer's desk, the farmer's plough, the blacksmith's forge, the book-seller's shop, and the doctor's office.

A third, and if possible yet more audacious enterprise, was crowned with success just three weeks after Concord fight. On the 10th of May, as the first beams of morning were flushing the eastern horizon, Ethan Allen with eighty-three men surprised the strong fortress of Ticonderoga, — which within the memory of the assailants had rolled back in bloody defeat a

¹ This Lecture covers some of the same ground as the preceding article, but in many respects it is quite different, and so both have been printed. — EDITOR.

great army, and, as every schoolboy knows, they compelled the British commander by the authority "of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" to surrender. With this achievement began that invasion of Canada, which promised one hundred years ago to make real what is said to have been the dream of Charles Sumner, "that all American soil should be under American government."

Who shall worthily delineate the great plans, the heroic deeds, and the fluctuating fortunes which filled with incessant activity thirty long months? The skill of generals, the courage and endurance of soldiers, the patriotism of the people, made that whole region stretching along the banks of the Upper Hudson, by the shores of beautiful Lakes George and Champlain, down the Sorel and St. Lawrence to Quebec, and thence through the Maine woods to the Atlantic, true classic ground in American history. To tell the whole story would require volumes. All I can hope to do is to call attention to a few of its episodes. Or rather I would select and depict two or three striking incidents in the Northern campaigns of the Revolution. That you may the better grasp the true meaning of such incidents, and place them in right relations, let me attempt a concise statement of the causes which led to these campaigns, and, if I may, clearly outline the campaigns themselves.

In 1775 the colonists of New England and New York had come into a state of open rebellion against the apparently overwhelming power of Great Britain. North of them were a people whose history and traditions were altogether different from their own. They were the French Canadians, whose settlements, hugging the shores of the St. Lawrence and Sorel Rivers, made

up a sparse population of perhaps one or two hundred thousand people. By the fall of Quebec in 1759 these people had come under British rule, and their country was garrisoned by British troops. But at first sight this would not seem to imperil the Colonists. For between Canada and the towns on the Hudson and on the Atlantic coast there was then a broad strip of primeval forest, varying in width from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. A vast region! destitute of culture! without population! without roads! made rugged by steep mountains and hills! cut and slashed by swift running streams full of dangerous rapids and choked and made incapable of navigation by fallen trees! The Indian, with instincts sure as those of the wild beasts which roamed it, could thread its recesses with certain and steady step. The white scouts and rangers, taught in the rough school of their barbarous foes, had learned to imitate them. But to a disciplined army, with horse and artillery and stores, those pathless solitudes furnished an insurmountable barrier.

But in this barrier there was one weak spot. Take down your map. You find the great river St. Lawrence, navigable through its whole length, and flowing in a northeasterly direction at an average distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the English settlements of that day. Midway in its course, directly north of the boundary line between New York and Vermont, it receives the waters of a river, then known as the Sorel, now as the Richelieu or St. John. You ascend that river. Soon you are on the broad surface of Lake Champlain, of which indeed it is the outlet. But Lake Champlain by its connected waters of Lake George and South Bay reaches to within ten miles of the Hudson

River. Here then was an opening into the very heart of the country. The Indian named Lake Champlain "the gate of the country." It was. Over those placid waters, long before the foot of white man had trodden its shores, fleet after fleet of canoes had glided, bearing to and fro savage armies in the unceasing warfare which was waged between the Canadian Indians and the famous Six Nations of New York. Across those same waters had come Montcalm and Dieskau, and the other French captains, during that seventy-five years' struggle between England and France for supremacy in the New World.

Two strongholds, originally built by France and then held by England, dominated these waters, — Crown Point, which commanded the narrow neck of water between Champlain and South Bay, and Ticonderoga, built on the little river which connects Lake George with its larger neighbor. Whoever held the strongholds of Quebec and Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence, and St. John and Chambly on the Sorel, had a firm base for hostile operations against the Colonists close at hand. Whoever controlled the Lakes had an open door, through which to pour his troops into the heart of the Colonies, and down the Hudson to New York City itself, and thus dismember the confederacy. Behold in this the efficient cause of those three Northern Campaigns of the Revolution, which terminated in Burgoyne's surrender. The patriot leaders felt that they must possess Canada. Not because of any harm or good the peaceful French peasants might do them. But because they felt it to be a question of life or death, of freedom or bondage, whether that military gateway was open or shut, and whether that secure base of hostilities was held by the mother country or themselves.

Yet, singularly enough, the first steps towards the solution of this question were taken by individuals, and not by congresses or authorities of any sort. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts did indeed appoint a Committee of Correspondence, — Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren as usual at the head, — to inquire what was the feeling of the Canadian people. And this committee appointed that gallant soldier, Major John Brown of Pittsfield, — whose very name is forgotten in the State whose annals he adorned, — a secret agent to go to Canada and ascertain the temper of its people. This he did, encountering on his winter's journey, through snow and ice and flood, incredible hardships and no little peril. He reported that our neighbors were friendly, but so few in numbers, and so watched, that they would not dare to make a movement until an American army was on their soil. These remarkable words closed his report: "One thing I mention as a profound secret. The fort at Ticonderoga must be seized as soon as possible, should hostilities be commenced. The people of the New Hampshire Grants have engaged to do the business, and in my opinion are the most proper persons to do the job." This was three weeks before Concord fight.

When the 19th of April called America to arms, it was still private enterprise which struck the first blow. For on the last day of April two private gentlemen of Connecticut, Captains Mott and Parsons, started from New Haven with fourteen followers. At Pittsfield, Massachusetts, they were joined by Colonel Eaton and Major Brown with forty more. While at Castleton, Vermont, they found Ethan Allen and Seth Warner with ninety Green Mountain boys. So before one hundred and forty men, mostly plain farmers, Ticon-

deroga and Crown Point fell; and the keys both of New York and Canada were snatched from British hands. All this on private responsibility. Out of this bold act grew the "Three Northern Campaigns of the Revolution." Congress still hesitated, — hesitated so long that the conquest of Canada, a certainty in May, became a problem in September, and an impossibility in December.

The first campaign began thus. Early in September, 1775, General Montgomery left Crown Point with a force which should have been 5,000, and was 1,500, and sailed down Champlain. A fortnight later Benedict Arnold with 1,100 picked men started to reach Quebec through the Maine forests. By the middle of November, Montgomery had taken St. John, Chambly, Three Rivers, and Montreal, and was master of the St. Lawrence up to the walls of Quebec. By the middle of November, too, Arnold with a few hundred followers had struggled through those Eastern wilds, and from the other side was threatening the same stronghold. So far all had gone well. But on the 31st of December, in a desperate assault upon the town, Montgomery was slain and Arnold wounded, and the remnant of their forces hurled back in bloody defeat. That was the first campaign. Three months of victorious advance till success seemed sure. Then overwhelming failure in the last and heaviest stroke.

The second Northern Campaign of the Revolution began May 6, 1776. Then General Carleton, the English commander in Canada, heavily reinforced from England, assumed the offensive, and attacked the American army, reduced to a shadow of itself by hardships and the ravages of the small-pox. His forces, threefold in number, more than threefold in that ful-

ness and perfection of equipments which as much as aught else make military strength, easily pushed back the foe, and in quick succession recovered the Canadian towns; until, on the first of July, five thousand American soldiers, half of them sick, many dying, all hungry and in tatters, were back at Crown Point, so utterly miserable that the physician who visited them records that the sight brought tears to his eyes. October 11th, Carleton removed from his path the last obstacle to his advance by the defeat and destruction of the American fleet off Valcour Island, and a few days later he entered Crown Point. That was the second campaign. It was substantially a treading back by the British over the same ground from which the year before they had been driven.

The third campaign opened early in June, 1777; when, on the one hand, Burgoyne with a compact little army of 8,000, better furnished than any which had before stood on American soil, started down Lake Champlain bound, via Albany, to New York; and when, on the other hand, Barry St. Leger, with 1,750 men, regulars, New York Loyalists, and Indians, set out from Oswego to reach the same destination through the rich Mohawk valley. It ended with the disastrous retreat of St. Leger, August 22d, and Burgoyne's surrender, the 17th of the following October. Its incidents were the capture by Burgoyne of Ticonderoga, July 5th; the battle of Hubbardton, July 7th; that of Oriskany, August 6th; Bennington, August 16th; and Burgoyne's two fatal battles of Stillwater and Freeman's Farms in September and October. So closed the third and last of the great Northern Campaigns. A drawn game in some respects. But the advantage was with the Americans. They retained the keys of the Lakes.

They captured a great army. But they did not add Canada to the Confederacy. Far from it. In 1775 they found Canada friendly. They left her in 1777 indisputably averse to further intimacy, and the annexation of that Province was indefinitely postponed.

From each of these memorable campaigns I select one episode, — or rather I choose a single enterprise or encounter, — so complete in itself, that I may hope to make its purpose and real quality clear to your minds.

From the campaign of 1775 I choose Arnold's expedition through the Maine forests to Quebec. And this for two reasons: first, because of the astonishing nature of the achievement itself; and second, because the fortunes of the campaign hung on the success or failure of this expedition. If you recall the outline which I have just given, you will remember that in September General Montgomery with a very inadequate force started from Crown Point to invade Canada. He had to march or sail hundreds of miles, far away from supplies, far away from reinforcements, finding many strong posts to capture and an ever increasing foe to oppose, while at the end he would come face to face with the frowning citadel of Quebec. On such a venture did not success seem impossible? If now, while he engaged the attention of his opponents, a select force, secretly threading the forests of Maine and silently floating over its waters, should all unforeseen and from an unexpected quarter burst upon Quebec wellnigh stripped of its defenders, the fate of the Province would be sealed. This was the plan. We know now that it was a good one. It failed, not because of the stupendous natural or artificial obstacles,

but because a trusted messenger betrayed everything to the British commander weeks before Arnold could appear on the scene of action.

The story of this march has been told by Arnold himself, by Judge Henry of Pennsylvania, by James Melvin, private, and by several others. The commander was Benedict Arnold, standing then in the first rank both as patriot and soldier. He was about forty years old, short of stature, florid in complexion, physically a combination of activity, energy, and endurance. He was brave, not simply to temerity, but almost to madness; yet in the quickest rush of his passion he had that clear perception of every error of a foe which makes a true soldier. Insolent to superiors, overbearing to equals, by the private soldier he was beloved and trusted. His evil qualities, his dishonesty, his rapacity, his readiness to sacrifice even his country to revenge, had not at that time revealed themselves. Such was the chief. His officers were picked men. Daniel Morgan, the Virginia wagoner, at Saratoga was second in valor and conduct, — if second at all, — to Arnold. A few years later, by his defeat of Tarleton at Cowpens, he turned the tide of Southern war. Christopher Greene won glory by his stout defence of Red Bank against the Hessians. Henry Dearborn was first General and then Secretary of War. There was one volunteer whose brilliant talents and evil career have given him almost a world wide notoriety, if not fame. I speak with sorrow the name of Aaron Burr. The soldiers were worthy of their leaders. Washington with his usual magnanimity had spared from his scanty forces around Boston eleven hundred of his best troops, "rude and hardy, unused to the discipline of camps, but utterly fearless," is the report of one who was with

them. They were more than that, — patient of hardship beyond the capacity of ordinary men.

The expedition sailed from Newburyport September 13th. Five days after it was at Gardiner, near the mouth of the Kennebec, where the soldiers disembarked. Here were two hundred bateaux which had been built — so the story runs — in the preceding fortnight. Naturally enough, under hard usage they showed signs of weakness in almost as brief a time. However, as they were never paid for, though Colonel Colburn and his sons petitioned for generations to be reimbursed, perhaps they were good enough for the price. Five days more and they had pushed on to Fort Western, near the present city of Augusta. Another week brought them to the outmost verge of civilization at Norridgewock. Here their troubles began. Before them was a journey through an absolutely uninhabited wilderness, and upon the bosom of rivers whose course and character were imperfectly understood, but known to be impeded by many and dangerous falls and rapids, and broken by long and difficult carrying places. The second week in October they reached the head waters of the Kennebec. This was the easiest part of their advance. Yet Arnold writes, that the soldiers might well be taken for amphibious creatures, that of the hundred miles passed over they had waded half the distance, pushing the boats up the rapid stream by main force, and giving variety to their toil by bearing the boats and all their contents around rapids, and along paths narrow, often rough and steep, and sometimes choked by undergrowth.

Arrived at this point, they found this piece of work cut out for them. All they had — boats, provisions, ammunition, clothing — was to be borne on the

shoulders of nine hundred weary men to Dead River. This was the character of the portage. First four miles of carrying up a precipitous path to a pond, three quarters of a mile across. Then a second carrying place of a mile, to a second pond half a mile wide. A third carrying place of a mile and a half to a pond one and a half miles in breadth, succeeded. Finally, a fourth carrying place of four miles and a half—a considerable portion of this last through a mossy bog in which the men sank knee-deep and sometimes to their arm-pits—brought them to Dead River. Much of the way a path had to be cut through the primeval woods; and to-day a narrow strip of evergreen running in a thin line through an older growth of hard wood is said to mark the course and to be a monument to the industry of Arnold's soldiers.

Arrived at Dead River, the boats were paddled, poled, and pushed eighty-seven miles, having been taken out and borne around dangerous places no less than seventeen times. Many of the boats having been destroyed, the rest were so overloaded that a large portion of the troops marched on land following the course of the river. But what with tangled thickets to be cut through, rough pathless hills to climb, and miry swamps to ford, they found the way no easier on land than by water. No wonder that the soldiers by this time were ragged, their shoes worn out, and replaced by every kind of makeshift, and that even their skin, from bearing many burdens and encountering many thorns, was about as worn as their clothing.

The close of October brought them to the place called "the height of land," where on one side the waters flow toward the Atlantic and on the other to the St. Lawrence. Before them was the Chaudière River, most

aptly named "the Caldron." For, as one diary states, "every foot of its head waters was like a boiling pot." Here they resolved to leave most of their boats, and dare a march through an unknown forest. They might as well have left them all, for ere long the tumultuous water wrecked most of them. The biting wind which swept these highlands pierced through their thin and tattered garments; snow and sleet drenched them; and to put a climax to their sufferings they found that they had no meat remaining and only five pints of flour to a man. Two women, wives of petty officers, accompanied them in this tremendous journey. Their cheerfulness, their patient endurance, "wading," as is recorded, "without a murmur through the overflow of the Chaudière, where the thin ice had to be broken, and where they sometimes sank to their arm-pits," shamed the men in their lesser fortitude.

On November 4th, not having for thirty-two days seen the face of a strange white man, they came to the first Canadian villages. Absolute starvation had stared them in the face. Some had eaten nothing for two days; and then only a broth made from the flesh of two gaunt dogs, and a few worn-out moccasins. So closed this terrific struggle with Nature in her sternest aspects. The struggle with man was now to begin.

A week more and they were on the banks of the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec. Two hundred under Colonel Enos had deserted. Two hundred had been sent back, worn out or sick. Seven hundred gaunt, ragged, and almost spectral men stood in arms. A sorry crew, one would think, to threaten the Gibraltar of America. Yet despite all, the treachery of their messenger, their own weakness, the strength of the place, so great was the alarm, and so few the men to

defend, that it is admitted by British writers that, had Arnold struggled through a day earlier, or had he found boats in which to cross the day he did arrive, Quebec must have fallen. But the golden moment passed. So but for chance, which plays such part in all warfare, this most adventurous of expeditions might have ended, not in defeat, but in success. But for this, Canada in all probability would have been the Northern State or States of the Union; and questions of fisheries and duties would never have arisen to plague our rulers, and to strain the relations of friendship between us and our nearest neighbors.

From the campaign of 1776 I select the naval battle on Lake Champlain, off Valcour Island. You recall the course of that campaign. Carleton with his fresh army had swept before him the enfeebled American force as easily as a brisk October breeze does the fallen leaves. By the 1st of July he was at St. John. By the 1st of August he had within call a veteran army of ten thousand men. A few weeks later he had boats enough to float them over Lake Champlain. Could he have advanced then, what was there to prevent his occupying Albany in ten days? Of the five thousand Sullivan had brought back from Canada twenty-eight hundred were in the hospitals. To the dispirited remnant few recruits had been sent, and those not of the best quality. Plainly this wreck of an army could hardly have retarded the enemy's march a single day. What assistance could have come from the Southern army? None. On the 20th of August, Washington with scant ten thousand men was awaiting in his lines on Long Island the attack of Lord Howe with twice that number. On the night of the 29th, after a disas-

trous defeat, he was stealthily withdrawing his forces in that wonderful retreat across East River to New York. Had Carleton landed at Crown Point the last week in August, in all human probability he would have been in Albany in ten days, and for the time being at any rate severed New England from the other Colonies.

What hindered him? Arnold's little fleet. Judged by any ordinary naval ideas that fleet was simply contemptible. All told, it was not a match for one stout sloop of war. Its largest vessel was not bigger than a fishing smack, and its smaller ones were mere cockle shells. Its cannon were mostly little popguns, of three or four pounds or less! Its crew landmen, and its commodore with no more experience than could be gained in a couple of voyages to the West Indies. But so long as it was the only fleet it did its work just as surely as if every gunboat, sloop, or schooner had been a stanch ironclad. Two precious months were gained. When Carleton was ready to advance, Washington had stayed Howe's victorious progress at White Plains; confidence was in part restored; recruits had poured in; with winter so near, a hostile invasion looked too perilous to the British commander. So, without firing a shot, the American fleet had won all the fruits of victory. It was yet to win out of utter defeat much of the glory of victory.

Valcour Island was in the time of the Revolution a little wooded islet, perhaps two miles in length, and situated about midway in Lake Champlain. Between it and the New York shore was a deep channel, possibly a mile or so in width. In this channel Arnold placed his little fleet. He had sixteen vessels small and great, — if indeed the word "great" can be used, —

manned by four hundred and eighty-five men. The character of this fleet can readily be surmised, when we say that fourteen of its number were constructed from timber which three months before was standing in the forest; that the sides of several of them were so low that barricades of fascines had to be built to make them tenable. Not one man in five of the crew had seen salt water. The majority were not even fresh water sailors. The artillery was pig metal in July. So ignorant of the use of guns were the men that Arnold had to point with his own hand his cannon. Arnold was put in command simply because in his somewhat varied career he had had a few months' experience at sea; just as he was held to be a fit person to go to Quebec, because his excursions as a horse trader had given him some knowledge of the country, which old employment led the garrison of Quebec to salute him from the walls with the not flattering cries of "Horse jockey, old horse jockey!"

Arnold in later days has been severely criticised for his choice of situation. It is a sufficient answer to say, that never, until his own base treason set all hearts against him, was a lisp of complaint made. Besides, if in this narrow strait, where the enemy could not deploy his full force, he could not win victory, what was his chance out on the open lake? It has been suggested that Arnold, whose audacious mind, fertile in expedients never travelled in the ruts of other men's thoughts, hoped to conceal himself behind the thick shelter of Valcour Island; and then, when the enemy's fleet had passed, to pounce upon the flotilla of unarmed transport boats, lying forty miles north at the entrance of the Sorel, and destroy them, thus making Carleton's advance impossible. Nothing is more probable.

At any rate, on the 11th of October the British fleet passed Valcour Island on the Vermont side, and was rapidly sailing up the lake when the American flotilla was discovered, probably by the masts rising above the trees. At once the English ships turned, entered the channel from the south and put itself in the line of the American retreat. A conflict was now unavoidable. Very different was the quality of this fleet from that of the one which we have already described. It numbered thirty vessels. Three of them were well made war ships, built in England, taken apart at Chambly, carried round the rapids, and reconstructed at St. John. The tonnage and the armament of this fleet were three times that of the Americans. Seven hundred picked sailors manned it. The guns were worked by a detachment from the corps of artillery. The officers were of the best. Edward Pellew, afterward Lord Exmouth, rose to highest rank and a European fame.

But one result could come from a collision. Yet against this vast disparity the Americans struggled for hours until darkness closed around the combatants. The British commodore stationed his ships in a line across the narrow channel, and awaited the coming of morning. The largest American vessel had accidentally run aground and been burned. A smaller one had sunk. On the part of the British there had been a loss of two and perhaps three small gunboats. Night settled down upon the lake dark with cloud and mist. At its coming Arnold with his shattered fleet silently rounded the northern end of the island. Unperceived he sailed southward, and by morning was out of sight. Unfortunately, he had to sink two of his vessels, too far gone for repair, and to wait some hours to put the rest into

better trim. For on the 13th the enemy were descried coming on swiftly before a north wind. Arnold's own ship, that of Captain Waterbury, and four gunboats, having been seriously injured in the previous encounter, were overtaken. Waterbury at once surrendered. Not so Arnold. He fought for five long hours a retreating fight nearly surrounded by the enemy. Finally he ran his vessels ashore, set them on fire, and by a swift march brought his crew safe to Crown Point. Of sixteen vessels six were burned, three sunk, one was captured, and the rest took refuge under the guns of the fort.

One doubts whether ever before in the history of naval warfare a total defeat was received with the exultation proper to a great victory. But it is certain that the gallantry displayed on this occasion awakened the pride, heightened the courage, and increased the determination of the very side which had played a losing game. I have often heard an old friend tell the story of the battle, as he heard it from the lips of his father, who was a petty officer in Arnold's own ship. He used to say, that no language could describe the audacity, the desperation, the frenzy, with which Arnold fought, nor the coolness which he preserved in his maddest moments to take advantage of every error of a foe, or of any opportunity of time or position. It is melancholy to reflect that this man, standing on the pinnacle of fame, — trusted by Washington, admired by the whole country, capable of the best service, — was even then entering upon a course of personal dishonesty, of public peculation, and of injustice to fellow officers, which was surely leading him to that gulf of treason in whose black depths both fortune and good name should be buried.

I select from the campaign of 1777 St. Leger's advance and the battle of Oriskany. And first let me recall again the course of events. In 1775 Montgomery from Lake Champlain on the west and Arnold from the Kennebec River on the east met under the walls of Quebec, there in a crucial trial of arms to lose the day and the campaign. In 1776 General Carleton recovered all that he had lost in the previous year, and by the destruction of the American fleet removed the last barrier, and, victorious, closed the year at Crown Point, returning with the coming of winter to his headquarters at St. John.

You see then that the campaign of 1777 commenced under very different auspices from those which preceded it. There was no obstacle whatever between the British and American frontiers. In eighteen days after Burgoyne started from Canada to invade New York, he was within ten miles of the Hudson, and was only two days' march from Albany, having in the mean time defeated the best soldiers of his enemy, and captured his last strong fort, Ticonderoga. Nothing was in his way but the wreck of a defeated army, and roads, bad at their best, and now made by Schuyler their worst, and wellnigh impassable. Just at this moment, when the American general could not spare a man for side operations, when he knew that at any moment the best equipped army which ever trod our soil might assail him, when therefore every nerve was at its utmost strain to resist the attack from the front, tidings came of a fresh invasion from the west. What did this mean? Much or little? It meant everything that was perilous. It meant that the British authorities had learned the lesson of Arnold's forest march, and proposed to return a Rowland for our Oliver.

In imagination take down your map of New York again, and study the situation a little. Draw, if you please, a line directly north and south, twenty miles west of the Hudson and parallel with it. Outside that line is three quarters of the Empire State. And outside that line in 1777 there were not five thousand white people, all told. A few villages of the Six Nations and the aboriginal forests filled that whole vast space. Trace now the great artery of communication at this period with the Northwest. You started at Fort Oswego on the shore of Lake Ontario, paddled up the Oswego in your canoe, through Lake Oneida, then up Wood Creek. Here was a carrying place of several miles, across which you bore your canoe and goods to the head waters of the Mohawk. Floating down this stream you reached Albany, and were in the rear of Schuyler's army. To any one coming on this track with hostile purpose there was but a single obstacle. In the time of the French and Indian wars a work called Fort Stanwix was built on the carrying place between Wood Creek and Mohawk River, where the town of Rome now stands. Its object was to protect the primitive line of communication to which allusion has been made. Once it was a strong fort; but it had fallen into a ruinous condition. Such as it was, with crumbling bastions, a slender garrison, and deficient stores, it was the only barrier westward against invasion.

And now its value was to be tested. For on August 1, 1777, Barry St. Leger with a motley force of 600 regulars and 1,150 Loyalists and Indians started from Fort Oswego for Albany. In two days he was before Fort Stanwix, and had summoned it to surrender. The consternation of the people in those sparse and

feeble frontier settlements, at whose doors were seven hundred wild savages with scalping knife and tomahawk, and four or five hundred Tories with hate and revenge in their hearts, can only be imagined, not described. Had the execution answered to the plan, in other words, had twenty-five hundred regulars been given St. Leger, as the importance of the movement demanded, nothing could have saved the Colony. He would have reached Albany about as quickly as his men could have covered the intervening space. That was the opinion of Burgoyne; that was the opinion of Schuyler; and General Greene, no mean judge, coincided in their views. Even with what he had, he was a formidable peril. What saved New York was the battle of Oriskany.

The chief military authority of that region was Nicholas Herkimer, an old man of German extraction, already more than sixty-five, but still strong and vigorous, and skilled more in Indian warfare than in regular tactics. At the rumor of an invasion he issued an order commanding every well man between sixteen and sixty to appear, gun in hand, ready to march against the enemy, while all other male persons were to hold themselves armed to defend their homesteads. To this call a most remarkable gathering answered. Four hundred were from the militia of the county. Four hundred were volunteers from every grade of society, who came without any previous organization, simply with their trusty guns and brave hearts to use them, and fought as steadily and stoutly as veterans of a hundred fields. Eight hundred men from a community which could not have numbered half eight thousand souls. In that number were included doctors, lawyers, and members of the legislature. It was haying time;

but the farmers left their crops to their fate and came. To swell the ranks almost the cradle and the grave were robbed. Frequently from one household hurried grandfather, father, and sons. One family named Snell sent out nine, and left seven dead on the field. Many other families, whose names are preserved, furnished five and four.

When this little body had advanced to within ten miles of the fort, General Herkimer proposed to wait for reinforcements. He feared an ambuscade from superior forces, and, as the result proved, justly. But this did not comport with the adventurous spirit of his following. His officers fairly raged. They called him "coward," "traitor." The sting of all this was, that he had a brother, a nephew, and a brother in law who were Tories, and that he knew that his own loyalty was suspected. For a time he kept calm, saying that he was placed over them as a father, and would not lead them where he ought not. Then at last he gave the order, "March on!"

At the distance of a couple of miles the somewhat disordered troops plunged into a marshy ravine through which ran a narrow causeway of logs. Just as the nature of the ground produced some confusion from all sides came a deadly volley. Herkimer fell wounded by a shot which killed his horse and shattered his own leg. Careless of the suffering, he seated himself on his saddle, leaning against a tree. All through the struggle his clear tones were heard cheering and directing his men. Any other troops would have been seized with a panic and been lost. But these were men who had been accustomed to cultivating their fields with a loaded gun by their side, and to mowing their hay-fields in companies, with a sentinel and guard

to meet the Indian. So, with stubborn resolution, behind trees they stood their ground. Fortunately a heavy shower brought a pause to the conflict. The Americans took advantage of it to arrange two by two in a circle, and henceforth fought with a more equal chance. Five hours the combat raged. Then the Indians raised the cry "Oonah!" and retired, and the battle was over.

One element of terribleness cannot be omitted. The Loyalists who fought them were their own neighbors, who had gone to the same school, sat side by side with them in the same church, and tilled adjoining farms. An awful bitterness had grown up. It is the universal testimony, that these men fought each other with the ferocity of tigers. Even brothers who had been nourished at the same breast sought each other's lives. The field was won; but out of the eight hundred who marched on to it two hundred lay dead where they fell. Two hundred out of a community of a few thousands. Who shall doubt the tale, that there was mourning that day in all the loyal households along the Mohawk? Herkimer died a few days after, — tradition says, calmly smoking his pipe and listening to the 38th Psalm, "Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation." Two hundred of so little a company died. But they saved the state. The Indians had been told that these were "pudding-faced Dutchmen," who would not fight. But when twelve chiefs and nearly a hundred warriors fell, they lost courage. The Loyalists were in hardly better case. So when Arnold, advancing to the relief of Fort Stanwix, sent before him wild rumors, enlarging his scanty forces into many thousands, a panic easily seized the dispirited forces; and regulars, Loyalists, and savages left their encampment in headlong

102 NORTHERN CAMPAIGNS OF THE REVOLUTION.

retreat, — the Indians, it is said, recompensing themselves for their losses by tomahawking and scalping such of their white friends as straggled from the main body. I am a New Englander in birth and sympathies, and am not likely to belittle Bennington or John Stark. But I question whether Bennington was more remarkable in its features, or in its results more important, than the field of Oriskany; or whether John Stark is more worthy of remembrance than that patriot, hero, and martyr, Nicholas Herkimer, whose very name and the battle he won are omitted from the "Encyclopædia" published in the State for whose deliverance he died.

I have spoken of three striking events out of many just as striking, and my hour is exhausted. But it needs but these to show what a remarkable body of men it was which inaugurated and carried to a successful issue the American Revolution, — what courage they had, what endurance, what self-sacrifice, what force and skill to rise to the height of unforeseen emergencies. The more you examine, the more clear it appears that our independence was not an accident; but the work of those who were full grown men, strong in body, clear of mind, large of heart, devoted with no uncertain attachment to the principles of freedom. They were not either from one locality. The love of freedom, the courage to defend it, the fortitude to die for it, were sentiments widely diffused. Men of New Hampshire, men of Rhode Island, men from the banks of the Schuylkill and from far off Virginia, joined the men of Massachusetts and Maine in that dreadful march to Quebec. The heroes of Valcour Island were mostly from Vermont and Connecticut. And all the

sorrow and all the glory of Oriskany belonged to New York Germans. And if men of all nationalities and sections could unite then to make this a great country, ought we not to have faith that, however it may look to-day or to-morrow, men of all sections and nationalities will continue to unite to make it a greater and better country.

THE PLANTING OF THE CHURCH IN CONCORD.

PAPER READ IN THE MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH IN
CONCORD, MARCH 1, 1891.

CONCORD was the first venture of the Puritan inland. The little hamlets scattered along our rocky coast were indeed far away from civilized life; but they faced the open sea. This advance into the unknown aroused the imagination. Men said, "right up in the woods," as though the wilderness had swallowed up the settlement. The twelve miles' tramp from Watertown through the primeval forest, with its tangled thickets and wet swamps (weary and painful business enough, no doubt) is set down in the old chronicle as something "heroicall."

And clearly this experience did do its part to shape the character of the people, and of the church they gathered. An enterprise which landed a little band of men, women, and children on a bleak plain, a New England winter at hand, shelter to be built, fuel to be collected, provisions to be stored — while a broad strip of wilderness, in which there were no roads, nor even wood-paths, separated them from the rest of the world, — must have found or made brave hearts and resolute wills. Then consider the isolation, not to be measured by length of miles to be gone over, but by destitution of means of communication. In 1635 all Massachusetts Bay had but four thousand people. A pretty small centre of life, one would say. Yet from

that centre the new town was practically severed. This seclusion was a real condition. Writes Peter Bulkeley to the minister of Cambridge, "I would gladly hear how the common affairs of the church stand with you. I am here shut up, and do neither see nor hear." And to John Cotton he says, "I lose much in this retired wilderness in which I live. Help us with some of that which God hath imparted to you." Even thirty years later, when in every way the town had enlarged, it was said of his successor, Rev. Joseph Estabrook, "that he was too bright a star to be muffled up in the woods amongst the Indians." Can we wonder that "some faint-hearted souldiers" sought, if they did not find, fairer fields? That a little later the stoutest were ready seriously to consider Oliver Cromwell's proposal to emigrate to Ireland? Or that twenty years after the settlement Captain John Mason could write to John Winthrop the younger that "for the planting of Delaware a great supply was tendered from Concord per General Willard, Mr. Bulkeley, and, as I thinke, the most of that towne." But isolation has its good side. It forces human beings to depend upon themselves. Those who stayed through and lived through became strong and self-reliant men and women. From the beginning the parish was independent. In 1636, quite as soon as fitting shelter had been provided for their families, the people made arrangements to gather a Christian church, and to mark the occasion by proper religious services at New-town. Three days before, they invited the Governor and Deputy Governor to grace the occasion by their presence. Not only Governor Vane, but John Winthrop, "the wise and prudent," refused to come. The reason given was that the church had gone forward and

“had not come to them before as it should have done, and as others had done.” But all the same the people went right on, had their service, gathered their church, and settled their ministers. The incident is suggestive. It reveals in the fathers an independence which was not disposed to accept dictation even from those they loved and respected most. So it was not of chance that a century and a half later the children rose to the height of a great occasion. To original vigor, hardship, seclusion, and the habit of personal decision had added fresh power.

The first minister of this frontier parish — we use the words advisedly — was Peter Bulkeley. Until expelled by Archbishop Laud for non-conformity, he had had charge of the church in Odell, Bedfordshire, England. The tradition is, that before he left England he had selected the spot on which to plant his church. The resemblance in natural features between the new home and the old gives some probability to the legend. Odell, like Concord, is situated on the banks of a river so sluggish and crooked (the Ouse) that Thomas Fuller says that it is “more meandrous than the Meander.” The same green meadows, the same upland plains, the same tranquil stream, meet the gaze in the one case as in the other. The same with a difference. For here soil by nature thin, and perhaps wasted by the savage’s thriftless husbandry, and meadows clothed with coarse water grasses, were there replaced by fields rich with a thousand years of culture. Peter Bulkeley was fifty-three years old when he came in 1635 to New England. Up to the time of his migration his position had been one of ease, scholarly refinement, and influence. Ten years of his life, from sixteen to twenty-six, had been

spent, as undergraduate and fellow, in quiet study at St. John's College, Cambridge. Then upon the death of his father he succeeded to the benefice of Odell. He was "of an honorable family," one of whose branches boasted a viscount and another an Irish archbishop. "A very plentiful estate" was his, says his biographer. Even when it was sold, under the necessity of immediate removal, it brought him no less than £6,000; a sum which for practical purposes was clearly equal to \$100,000 in our day. Add now to external advantages that he was himself a man of mark. To use the homely words of Neal, "he was a thundering preacher and a judicious divine." So all that heart could wish, in fortune, in position, and in power to do good, he had. And all he gave up for conscience' sake. With wife and children he came to Concord; to live the first winter in a hut half burrowed out of the hillside; to spend the rest of his days amid surroundings which, to one so delicately bred, must have seemed rude and harsh; to minister to an outpost church which never numbered in his lifetime more than three hundred people; in such work to remain until in 1659 old age and death overtook him, and his body was laid away to rest in an unmarked grave. Not in the whole list of Pilgrim and Puritan worthies was there a more notable instance of the sacrifice of self to duty.

Can we look through the haze of two centuries and a half and discern the real man, and tell why one so removed by the conditions of his life from observation could not be hidden? One thing is clear: he had that indescribable quality we call personal power. In any company he would have been a quantity to be considered. That was the impression he made on his contemporaries. That is the memory which has lingered

in the traditions of the town. Says the historian Hubbard, at the great Synod held at Newtown in 1687, "Mr. Thomas Hooker and Mr. Peter Bulkeley were chosen moderators, . . . two as able and judicious divines as any the country afforded." "The Church is bound to bless God for the holy, judicious, and learned labors of this aged, experienced, and precious servant of Christ," writes Thomas Shepard of Cambridge. "Mr. Bulkeley was a masterly reasoner in theology; I consider him one of the greatest divines among the first ministers of New England," is what President Stiles records in his diary. "He was esteemed in his day one of the greatest men in this part of the world," adds Dr. Chauncy. His inherent personal force alone explains this wide-spread impression. A man of average gifts would have literally been lost in the woods.

It is equally clear that Peter Bulkeley was in temper and training, and, to the end of his life, in habit, a student. "His education was answerable unto his original. It was learned, it was genteel, and, which was the top of all, it was very pious." "He was a most excellent scholar, a very well-read person, and one who gave demonstration that he knew what should go to make a scholar." Such is Cotton Mather's eulogy. All that we know about him confirms the verdict. He must have brought with him across the sea what for those days was a great library, or else somehow gathered it after his arrival, to be solace and companionship in his exile. For in his lifetime he had "endowed Harvard College with no small part of his books." Yet at his death he left volumes which were appraised at seven hundred and fifty dollars. Nor did books or pen rest idle. At the very time when the fortunes of

the new settlement were at their lowest ebb, when to hardship and isolation were added discouragement and perhaps dissension, he sent to press his "Gospel Covenant." "One of the first-born of New England," they called it. This book easily commanded the intellectual respect of the men of his day. The subject, the line of argument, the method of Scripture reference, all belong to a past age. Few persons could summon up either the interest or the patience to read it through. Nevertheless the work has many passages which are weighty and impressive, and some lines which would be esteemed eloquent, wherever found. Here is a brief extract: "True holinesse toward God is ever accompanied by righteousness toward men. There is true holinesse, and there is false, lying, dissembling holinesse. How is one to be discerned from the other? Holinesse of truth hath righteousness going with it. But false holinesse thinks it enough to seeme holy toward God, neglecting duties of justice and righteousness toward men. It was not so with the holy apostle, who, speaking of his own conversation among the saints, appeals to their consciences, how holily, how justly, how unblamably, he had his conversation among men." Pretty direct, is it not? Pretty practical, not far away from the drift of the best religious teaching of to-day? The closing paragraph has been quoted more than once, but it is so full of dignity and pathos that it will bear repetition: "There is no people but will strive to excell in something. What can we excell in, if not in holinesse? If we look to number, we are the fewest. If to strength, we are the weakest. If to wealth and riches, we are the poorest of all the people of God through the whole world. We cannot excell (nor so much as equall) other people in these

things. And if we come short in grace and holinesse too, we are the most despicable people under heaven; our worldly dignitie is gone. If we lose the glory of grace too, then is the glory wholly departed from our Israel." Such was the strong spiritual meat with which the Puritan minister fed his flock, as they came on the Lord's Day from their rude huts on "one strait street under a sunny banke" to the equally rude meeting-house, which stood "on the hill near the brook on the easte of Goodman Judgson's lott."

To the last Mr. Bulkeley preserved his love and knowledge of the classic tongue. In his old age he wrote Latin verses, of which art he was pronounced to be "a competent master." However it may be as to the Latinity, the sentiments were elevated, as the following nearly literal translation of one written in his seventy-fifth year testifies:—

"Old age with idle days hath come : naught else
But useless weight I seem, yet grant, great God,
While I do live, my life may be a praise
Unceasing, and a glory to thy holy name.
May I not live and pay no homage meet;
But rather death soon end my fruitless years.
Among thy saints on earth I would declare
Thy words of life, or sing thy praise above.
In life, in death, may I be thine, O Christ!
My life is thine alone, and thine my death."

Add now to personal presence and power, and genuine scholarship, what is yet more important, good sense and sound judgment. Hardly had he reached his new home when the fierce Antinomian controversy broke out. It convulsed the whole of the little community. The wisest and the best were involved in it. It divided men one from another, and created great and

sometimes lasting bitterness. In our day it seems incredible that thoughtful and devout men and women should have accepted enthusiastically a doctrine whose essence was boldly stated by its founder in the phrase, "Good works do not promote salvation"; or, as its New England expounders stated it, "Sanctification doth not prove justification." But so it was. The saintliest of women, the purest of men, espoused doctrines which made all good conduct worthless in the sight of God.

"The Church of Concord seems to have been entirely free from this new species of delusion," remarks Simon Willard's biographer. If so, it must have been largely owing to the spiritual sanity of its pastor. Peter Bulkeley was undoubtedly a Calvinist, and honestly accepted the views of the religious body to which he belonged. But he evidently had a sense of proportion, a wholesome conviction that no Christian character is either symmetrical or sound in which faith or works are omitted. Indeed, the closing passage of the Church Covenant, attributed to him, — which runs thus, "We do solemnly promise before the Lord that we will carefully avoid all oppression, griping, and hard dealing, and walk in peace, love, mercy, and equity with each other," — does seem to justify the accusation that the Concord ministers "made much of the Covenant of Works," though few in our day would say that they made too much of it. Sound sense was never more evident than in his treatment of the celebrated John Cotton. Mr. Cotton and the members of his church refused to take any part in his ordination, or even to be present at the services. And apparently for no other reason than a subtle disagreement as to the relative place in man's salvation of faith and works. A grosser affront could hardly have been offered to one who had

given a lifetime of fidelity to Puritan principles. It might naturally have awakened, even in a forgiving nature, lasting resentment. But he would not suffer any coldness to grow up. Afterward he corresponded with his opponent, sought his advice, and apparently made him friendly visits. This was not because he had an impassive nature. When he thought the common weal was endangered, he could feel strongly enough and speak hotly enough; as when with a great deal more vigor than politeness, or even justice, he terms Mrs. Hutchinson "that Jezebell whom the Devill sent over thither to poison these American churches." It is reported of him, that he, — first of the Puritan ministers, — sought through systematic catechising to give orderly religious instruction to the young. This again would indicate the possession of a well-balanced mind, which no finespun theories could blind to the influence of Christian nurture in the formation of character.

Cotton Mather reports that Mr. Bulkeley in his intercourse with others had a manner at once kind and familiar and marked by dignity. The story of Ambrose Martin, which Mr. Walcott has preserved in his "Concord in the Colonial Period," certainly testifies both to his real kindness of heart and his wisdom. Ambrose Martin was a decayed gentleman, apparently in the evening of his days. He asserted — what with us would be a truism — that the Covenant was a human invention, adding some disrespectful words about ministers. For this petulance he was fined ten pounds, an enormous sum considering the value of money at that time. He refused to pay it; whereupon his cow was sold, and a levy made on his house and land, from all of which twenty pounds was obtained. The man's

obstinacy or sense of injury continued, and he declined to make any claim for the ten pounds overplus, unless the whole sum was returned to him. At this stage Mr. Bulkeley appears in the case. A petition written by him and signed by himself, his colleague, and thirteen citizens of the town, was sent to the authorities. It represented that Martin's course was to be imputed "to his infirmitye and weakness," and that his family were reduced to great extremity, and respectfully asked that his fine be remitted. Governor Endicott returned an icy negative. The money remained unclaimed for ten years, when probably Martin and his wife had ended their days in poverty. One cannot but agree with Mr. Walcott that in this transaction the minister and his people appear to advantage.

But simple friendliness of demeanor, or readiness to forgive, does not measure the sweetness and richness of Mr. Bulkeley's life among men. His wider relations with his neighbors and the public were equally large and generous. He brought six thousand pounds from England. Twenty-four years after, he had thirteen hundred pounds left. What had become of the rest? Had he spent it upon himself, living in the woods in a sort of baronial grandeur? Far from it. "Here he buried a great estate," writes Mather, "while he raised one still for almost every person he employed," bestowing farms on old servants when he dismissed them, then taking new ones to be in their turn treated in like manner. His latest biographer suggests that many of the first settlers of the town had been his tenants at Odell, and that he naturally felt a special responsibility for them. However that may be, it is certain that he did cherish toward all whom he had led into the wilderness a peculiar sense of responsi-

bility. For he buried in that wilderness more than a great estate, — great powers, great learning, and great eloquence. A passage in his last will, which I have never seen quoted, shows how profound was his sense of public duty; and that this liberality was not the child of lavishness, or even of sympathy for companions in a strange land. "It may perhaps be expected" — so runs the document — "that I should bequeath something to the publique use of the country; which practice I wish were observed more than it is by those that are of ability. But were my estate better than it now is, I suppose that I may be therein excused, in regard to what I have done formerly in the beginning of these plantations, wherein what I have done some few do know, but I will be sparing therein. This only I know and may say that which I did then was an helpe to a weake beginning." So the old minister of Concord was one of the first of New England to recognize the duty of men of wealth to the community, and to enforce that duty by his practice.

Few details of any life cross the chasm of two hundred and fifty years. But such as have reached us of this life reveal a man of strong and well-cultured mind, of firm opinions, of warm and occasionally intolerant feelings, tempered by sound judgment and calm self-control. It has been the good fortune of the quiet river town which the minister of Odell helped to found to have many jewels in its modest diadem. It can point proudly to names which have adorned the rolls of literature and the walks of professional life. But possibly in that bright list not one can take rightful precedence of this obscure minister of a handful of exiled men and women. From whatever point we view him, whether in respect to his native power, his

scholarship, his solid judgment, his liberality, his noble public spirit, or his sacrifice for conscience' sake, we come back from the contemplation with added respect for his ability, his motives, his character, and for the impress he left upon the life of the town when it was in its formative state. We feel that, if his lot had been cast in the centre of the Puritan Commonwealth instead of one of its struggling frontier villages, his influence and reputation would have been second to none of its remarkable body of educated men. As we close this notice there come to the mind the rude rhymes of his neighbor, stout Captain Edward Johnson of Woburn: —

“Riches and honour Buckly layes aside
 To please his Christ, for whom he now doth war.
 Why, Buckly, thou hast riches that will bide,
 And honours that excede earth's honour far.
 Thy bodies worne and days in desart spent,
 To feede a few of Christ's poore scattered sheepe,
 Like Christ's bright body, thy poore body rent
 With saints and angells company shall keepe.
 Thy tongue and pen doth to the World declare
 Christ's covenant with his flock shall firmly stand,
 When Heaven and Earth by him dissolved are.”

Peter Bulkeley died in 1659. The next year his son Edward succeeded him; and seven years after Joseph Estabrook was appointed his colleague. Of these two men, and of the condition of the church under their administration, little has been preserved; nor does tradition add much to our knowledge. Probably the prosperity of the town had increased. The great stress of hardship was over. With greater population, larger resources, and many additional comforts, plans of wholesale emigration were no longer likely to be pop-

ular. Nay, the place, with its broad plain, its softly rounded hills, and its gently flowing river, had come to look like home. Men and women enjoy themselves when their fortunes brighten. Nevertheless times of prosperity do not leave on the pages of either general or local history the same record as days of hardship and struggle.

So if the successors of the pioneer preacher had been in every respect his equals, they would probably have fallen into comparative obscurity. But they were not his equals. The elder Bulkeley was by nature a strong man. And he had been tempered, as they had not, in the fires of adversity. To leave behind a fair English home, and all its pleasant surroundings, indicated strength and cultivated it. Besides, the first minister of Concord had the advantage of the best intellectual training which England could give to her chosen ones. His son had only the instruction which scant libraries and ministers burdened with many cares could furnish, while his colleague was the child of the little College which could muster in all its classes only twenty-six pupils.

Edward Bulkeley was born in Odell. One year in advance of his father, at the early age of twenty, he came to America, tradition says to prepare for the coming of the rest. Probably he fitted, largely if not wholly, for the ministry under the direction of his father. What Rev. Thomas Shepard of Charlestown wrote on the blank page of his Book of Psalms suggests queries: "Mr. Edward Bulkeley, pastor of the Church of Christ in Concord, told me, September 20, 1674, that when he boarded at Mr. Cotton's house at the first coming forth of this Book of singing of Psalms Mr. Cotton told him that my father Shephard had the chief

hand in the composing of it." Now when and under what circumstances did he board at Mr. Cotton's? Not on his first arrival. For the Book of Psalms had not then come forth. Is it an improbable supposition that he was residing, as the custom was, with a pious and learned man, to be guided in his preparation for the ministry? In 1642 Mr. Bulkeley became the first settled pastor of Marshfield, whence he removed to Concord in 1658. Of this sixteen years' ministry literally not one fact is preserved, except that in the second year of it he was admitted to the freedom of Plymouth Colony. From 1660 to 1694 he did duty in whole or in part as pastor of the Concord Church. Then on account of infirmities he was relieved from all work, dying two years after, an old man of eighty-two, at Chelmsford.

What do we really know about this second minister of Concord? Very little. He is spoken of as "a learned and pious divine." He is even termed "famous." But such eulogy would naturally have been applied to any one who had continued his office blameless for half a century. Tradition reports that he was lame and feeble. The facts seem to confirm the legend. He had just passed fifty when he had to ask for a colleague. In the whole history of the parish, since Peter Bulkeley in 1644 took full charge, none other has been compelled by weakness to do likewise before a great old age.

The form of his dismissal from the First Church of Boston is peculiar. "Our Brother Edward Bulkeley was by the Churches silence consented to be dismissed to the Church at Concord by his and their desire." What is the force of those words, "by the Churches silence"?—that the step was so fitting that not a

spoken word was needed? Probably. But one wonders whether the First Church was quite weaned from Antinomianism, and whether it was not glad to be free of the son, lest he like his father might "make too much of the Covenant of Works."

In the Massachusetts Historical Collections for 1868 there is a curious paper. The author was Samuel Willard, Concord born and bred, minister of Groton, soon to be head of Harvard College; the date, 1671, twenty years before the outbreak of the awful delusion called Salem Witchcraft; the subject "a strange and unusuall Providence of God, which befell Elizabeth Knap." This poor creature was clearly sick both in body and mind. "Shee was in a strange frame," he writes, "sometimes weeping, sometimes laughing, making foolish and apish gestures." She was "violent in leapings and strainings, scarce to be held by three or four." She complained of pain in divers parts. In obedience to the superstition of the times, she attributed her troubles to a neighbor who "had come down the chimney." Finally she confessed that the Devil had frequently sought to bargain with her for her soul, though as yet she had been able to resist him. The simple faith of this son of Concord, his quandaries and questionings, show what hold witchcraft had upon the faith of intelligent and humane people. But the trouble became too heavy for him to bear alone. So he summoned in Rev. Mr. Rowlandson of Lancaster, and Messrs. Joseph Estabrook and Edward Bulkeley, to labor with the afflicted one. But the woman, or Satan, was too much for their combined forces. The narrative leaves the poor soul where it found her. All we gain is one little glimpse of our second minister, telling us that he shared in that delusion which was fated to

furnish such a sorrowful chapter for our Massachusetts history.

Mr. Walcott recalls two singular episodes in the life of the Church. John Hoar, lawyer, in 1668, was fined ten pounds for saying "that the Blessing which Master Bulkeley pronounced in dismissing the publique Assembly in the Meeting house was no better than vane babbling." While Philip Reed, "Physitian," in 1670, was fined twenty pounds because he said "he could preach as well as Mr. Bulkeley, who was called by none except a company of blockheads who followed the plowtail, and was not worthy to carry Mr. Estabrook's books after him." The remarks were not courteous, and certainly they were not discreet. But were they true? One production of Mr. Bulkeley has escaped the tooth of time, — his sermon delivered after the return of Captain Thomas Wheeler from Brookfield fight. It was a time to stir a man's soul. The whole Colony was convulsed. Every frontier settlement and every lonely farmhouse was in peril. Two of his parishioners had been slain. Two more came home so shattered that they lingered only a few months. The lot of these might any hour be the lot of his hearers. You read the sermon through from text to conclusion. There is not one throb of pathos in it. You cannot find an eloquent line, hardly an impressive sentence. It is a maze of Inquisitions and Instructions, of Applications and Uses, of Doctrines and Reasons, of Motives and Improvements, wherein the mind wanders and is lost. How could a tender human heart help breaking through the meshes of formality? And how was it possible for men, of rude speech possibly, but of strong and hot sympathies, to admire or approve such stiff and measured utterance?

With so little to guide it is not possible to speak confidently. Still this is certain. The younger Bulkeley has not left behind the impression of power which his father did. Apparently he had not his vigorous personality, his culture, or his great heart. Mather calls him "the worthy son" of a worthy sire. Clearly he was that. An honest, faithful, and devout man. But with all his real excellence one who did not rise much above mediocrity.

The rude and wellnigh brutal language with which Dr. Reed described the comparative merits of his two ministers deserved, as it received, condemnation. But was not his estimate, put in fitting words, substantially correct? We have not indeed many details of the life and character of Mr. Estabrook; hardly as many as of his colleague; but their testimony tends one way. He had clearly the advantage of a more systematic training. He came from his English home fitted for the University. The next five or six years he must have spent in general and professional study at the little College which John Harvard had founded. He seems to have occupied at Concord an assured position. Judge Sewall alludes to the part he took in several important religious services, once certainly with high commendation. Some thought, as we have seen, that he would have shone in a city pulpit; that is, if the Boston of 1700 could be called a city. Even the discourteous words of the physician, to the extent they disparage the elder, praise the younger minister. Finally, the obituary notice found in an old newspaper is so specific in its eulogy that we feel that real gifts and virtues must have been behind it. He was eminent, it says, in his skill in the Hebrew tongue; inde-

fatigably laborious in his ministry; in his preaching plain, practical, and persuasive; in his intercourse with his people grave, affectionate, and conciliatory. He had so much patriarchal dignity that his people loved him as a friend, and revered him as a father. In his latter days they called him "the Apostle." Perhaps no one of these scattered allusions makes singly a great impression. Combined, they create the feeling that, if he was not a remarkable man, he was one of good native power, of well trained mind, faithful and laborious, and personally winning; in short, an acceptable and useful parish minister.

Little or nothing can be gleaned from the town records to add to the scanty knowledge we get from outside sources. One or two items do show with what difficulties the parish labored, even when the stern hardships of the actual planting were over. Much as the Church might respect its minister, it was not easy to pay him. Only eight months after he took sole charge of the pulpit, November 23, 1694, by which the town saved fifty pounds heretofore paid Mr. Bulkeley, we find this statement: "Mr. Estabrook is unsatisfied in respect to ye yearly payment of his sallary, in regard to many neglecting to do according to that promised unto him." Whereupon the selectmen called a public meeting, December 10, when "it was further voted, whether they would give to Mr. Estabrookes thirty pounds in money, and fifty-seven in Corne, — at these rates, — Wheat 5*s.* pr Bushell, Rye 4*s.*, Indian 3*s.*, Barley 4*s.* This voat was read at least three times distinctly and voted in the affirmative by the whole assembly; and Mr. Estabrook aforesaid Being Present did declare himself fully satisfied." Five years after it was significantly added, "that all was to be good and

marchantable," as though occasionally a parishioner had brought "lean ears." To the modern clergyman three hundred bushels of grain, "marchantable" or otherwise, would be something of a burden. However, in those days the minister tilled the ground no doubt, and had his granary to fill. In May, 1711, Mr. Estabrook's health broke, and the selectmen were empowered "to assist him in preaching six months." But before they could carry out the kindly purpose the good man's work was over. The final record of him on the town book strikes with a chill. For in town meeting, October 9, it was voted "as for Mr. Joseph Estabrook's funerall charges the Towne did not see cause to allow anything toward the same." Let us hope this was because he left a good estate and his family did not wish an allowance. Otherwise it would look like cold ingratitude for forty-four years of affectionate service. But whatever the feeling which dictated this course, could the people have appreciated things as they were and were to be, — could they have looked back in memory over the seventy-six years of church life in which there had been unbroken peace, and forward in vision to nearly as many more years, disturbed by dissensions, partly personal, partly theological, — they would have thought that no testimonial to the worth, the fidelity, and the peaceable spirit of this good man could be too costly.

To fix a precise date when the work of planting and establishing a town or church may be considered to be complete is clearly impossible. For in some sense the process never ceases. But in a broad way we may say that the turning point in Concord history was at the close of Mr. Estabrook's ministry. Then it had ceased to be a frontier town. Beyond it was a whole circle of

towns, some of which had been nearly destroyed in King Philip's War, but which now were restored and prosperous. As one result, fear of the Indian, which must have darkened the experience of the former generations, had passed away. The means of communication had become more direct and easy; so that we read of trips from Boston to Concord and back in one day made with apparent ease. In short, it had ceased to be a little hamlet "right up in the woods." It was a busy town, interlocked by mutual interests with other towns. The population had largely increased, and could have scarcely been less than twelve hundred and fifty souls. Only one church in the town, none of its suburbs, Bedford, Acton, Lincoln, Carlisle, having as yet set up for themselves, in few periods of her history have so many people fallen to the care of one minister. The resources had increased in like proportion. Many things indicate this. Rude huts had been replaced by comfortable homes. The year 1711 saw the completion of what may be called the first permanent place of worship. The church of 1635 could hardly have been more than a rough log house. That of 1667 was either so hastily built, or of such unseasoned timber, that in 1709 it was going to decay. But the house of 1711 was built to last. Each generation has tried its hand at improving it; but the stanch frame abides. One more evidence of enlarging resources may be noted. That curious habit of collecting from each family its little portion of grain, with which to pay in part the minister, ceased upon the death of Mr. Estabrook. His successor not only received a larger stipend, but he received it all in cash. Thus in all outward ways the town and the church were firmly established. In numbers, in resources, in means of communication, in sense of

security, in enjoyment of comfort, there was manifest growth. It remained for the future to tell how much growth there had been in grace, how much diffusion of that divine charity by which they should walk together in peace and mutual helpfulness.

THE CHURCH IN CONCORD:
ITS PERIOD OF PERSONAL AND THEOLOGICAL
DISSENSION.

PAPER READ IN THE MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH IN
CONCORD, MARCH 8, 1891.

THE turning point in our Massachusetts history is found in that period between the years 1683 and 1692 when the Puritan Commonwealth lost its old charter and received a new one. For more than half a century all power, political, religious, and even social, had been in the hands of what were styled the freemen of the Colony. And who were these freemen? The Colonial Record of 1631 reads thus: "To the end, that the body of commons may be preserved of honest and good men, it is ordered and agreed, that, for the time to come, no man shall be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." By this enactment the Puritan church obtained control over every department of life, and used it. The power to vote, to hold office, to make laws, to execute them, to decide who should or should not dwell in the land, was all in the hands of a body of people who were estimated in the latter part of the seventeenth century to number hardly one fifth of the adult males in the community. Palfrey says, "The freemen of the Massachusetts Colony had the right to expel from their territory all persons who should give them trouble. In their corporate capacity they were owners of Massachu-

setts by a title to all intents as good as that by which any freeholder among them had held his English farm." The experience of Mrs. Hutchinson, Roger Williams, and others, testifies that they had the will to maintain what they held to be their rights. Men might think, but they could not speak, contrary to the ordinances. Religious differences might exist in the secret of the heart, but all expression of them was stifled. All amusements contrary to Puritan standards, all criticism of powers in church or state, were remorselessly punished. Here was a theocracy, pure, stern, without charity for minds that craved freedom and dreamed of progress.

Now all changes. The Charter of William and Mary in many ways curtailed the independence of the Colonists. But under it the widest differences of religious faith were tolerated. To the chagrin of the elders right in Boston, the Episcopalian, the Baptist, the Arminian, was permitted to rear his place of worship and enjoy it. The seat of authority too had shifted. The franchise was no longer confined to church members, but became the privilege of nearly every male inhabitant.

Meanwhile other changes, which could not perhaps be traced directly to any alteration of the fundamental law, had more slowly, but just as surely, come. The years from 1675 to 1725 have been called the dark age of education in New England. The fathers were many of them the fruit of England's best culture. The children, in their rude struggle with nature and the savage, could not hold on to the refinements. What was true of education was just as true of religion. The fervor of the zealot had passed away. Whitefield said it had sunk "into heartless formality." Sometimes it

was undermined by scepticism, and was hardly a form. Even the standards of morality seem to have been lowered somewhat. The celebrated Jonathan Edwards, describing the Northampton of his day, says, "The people, in general, I suppose, are as sober and orderly and of as good a sort as in any part of New England." Then he goes on to paint a picture of the disorderly, drinking, licentious habits of the young people of both sexes, which simply shocks you. Hutchinson affirms that the amount of this deterioration was greatly exaggerated by the severe ideas of ascetic Calvinists. Probably he was right. Still, the religious divisions and the moral retrogression were no doubt as real as the increasing desire for spiritual freedom and a more humane religion. The long, peaceful, and moderate ministry of Mr. Bulkeley and Mr. Estabrook had kept these things from coming much to the surface of Concord church life. But the ferment was there, ready to become active. This sketch of the conditions of life in the larger community explains the conditions of life which so soon manifested themselves in smaller communities.

November 19, 1711, John Whiting was called to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Estabrook, and on the 14th of the succeeding May was ordained. His ministry opened in sunshine; it closed in darkness. All the more is it needful that we should inquire who and what the man was. John Whiting was of strong Puritan stock. For forty years his father had been honored pastor of Southampton, Long Island. His mother was daughter of Deputy Governor Thomas Danforth of Massachusetts. His grandfather was Rev. Samuel Whiting, who for forty-three years was the

trusted teacher and guide of Lynn, which indeed assumed that name in honor of its pastor, who had been minister of Lynn Regis, England. His grandmother was daughter of Sarah Bulkeley St. John, and through her John Whiting takes his place in the list of the five ministers of Concord, who have had Bulkeley blood in their veins. To this clerical roll he could add of relatives and connections, near and far, at least a dozen more, while his marriage with Mary, daughter of Rev. John Cotton of Hampton, brought him into the family of the celebrated minister of the First Church, Boston. Dr. Holmes puts the Puritan clergy in the Brahmin class; and such lineage gave one standing in the community. It was not of chance that Judge Sewall rose at four o'clock that spring morning to ride "in Austin's calash" to Mr. Whiting's ordination, to reach home the same day not much before his loved Old South bell rang its nine o'clock invitation to welcome sleep. Nor was it of chance that, when Mrs. Sewall died, the Judge notes in his diary Mr. Whiting's comforting visit. These are the tokens of a good social and professional position.

But what sort of a man was behind the position? When John Whiting came to Concord he was thirty-one years old; but he had already achieved, as well as inherited, an honorable place. Graduating from Harvard in 1700, he had been its librarian from 1703 to 1706, one of its tutors from 1706 to 1711, and a member of the Corporation from 1711 to 1712. He must have had much personal attractiveness; for he was preferred by the Concord Church to Edward Holyoke, and Edward Holyoke was for thirty years one of Harvard's best Presidents, to describe whose virtues Mr. Quincy can hardly find language strong enough.

William Whiting says that his ancestor "as a preacher was quiet, modest, gentle, and persuasive." This is probably true. Certainly he was not one of the new lights; rather a man of refinement and learning than a Boanerges. But could we have been with the crowd which filled the old church on his ordination day, we should have found nothing but cheer and hope, and satisfaction that a new minister had come, of whom all good things could be said, and for whom all good things might be prophesied.

And for twenty-two years these expectations seemed to be fulfilled. In all that period not a line has been preserved which even hints at any feeling of dissatisfaction. We suspect, however, that the calm was deceitful. For in all those years, not only here, but throughout New England, the clouds of religious difference and of theological bitterness were surely gathering. November 19, 1735, the storm burst out of what seemed a clear sky. On that day a council met at Concord. It had been summoned by the church to hear grievances relating to the misconduct of its pastor, Rev. John Whiting. The decision was, that the charges were true; that the church had been too hasty in accepting its minister's confession of repentance and receiving him at once as a brother. It is pleased, however, to learn that he hath since behaved himself soberly and watchfully, and would not recommend his dismissal, but that he be put on probation till May. This misconduct spoken of was undoubtedly what was held to be, on occasions at least, too free use of wine. Sixteen months later the deacons were requested to see whether Mr. Whiting would join the town in calling another minister. To this he agreed; and, May 16, 1737, the town voted, forty-one to thirty-

three, to settle a colleague. But to this the church would not agree; and on the following October called another *ex parte* council. Rev. Joseph Sewall of the Old South Church has left a report so brief and racy that we cannot do better than reproduce it: "October 17, I set out for Concord with D. Henschman; rained, lodged at Mr. Hancock's. Next day got to Concord; visited Mr. Whiting. Mr. Hancock was chosen moderator. Council voted Mr. Whiting unworthy to be a minister of the Gospel, and advised the church to remove him from his office. After a public hearing, at which Mr. Whiting would not be present, as he had before refused to submit matters to the council. The crime, intemperance, 21st day. The result was read in the Meeting House. I prayed. I hope God helped me. The church then voted agreeable to the advice of the Reverend Council, eighty-three yeas, eleven nays. My brother Cooper was their moderator. October 23 I preached at Concord A. M. from Eph. 5 : 18, Be not drunk with wine. Endeavored to bear testimony against the sin committed. October 24, I returned safe."

No one can doubt that these charges were, to a degree, true. It is not to be believed that the good men who constituted the councils bore false witness. Besides, when the habits of the times are remembered, nothing appears more probable. Those were days when everybody drank, and freely. Consider the things that come down to us. Almost at the very time the town was dismissing its minister, its selectmen were paying for rum drunk by people who labored to save the South Bridge in a freshet. Mr. Sewall's own church furnished, every time he had a meeting of ministers at his house, so much wine that, if the brethren did not go home exhilarated, it was no fault

of the church. Even an ordination could not be satisfactorily completed without an ample supply of ardent spirits, amounting in one case, an antiquarian friend tells me, to more than two barrels. Many things we consider appropriate were omitted at Puritan funerals, but not, I suspect, intoxicating drinks. Every time the minister visited a parishioner it was held to be courteous, as the phrase was, "to take something." Rev. William Emerson, writing to his wife, then in feeble health, expresses his gratitude that a friend sends her a bottle of wine as often as once in two or three days. Amid this universal use, or abuse, how could it be otherwise than that now and then the best intentioned should occasionally pass the limit of prescribed sobriety? So I admit the error of the good man, for good man he undoubtedly was, — an error perhaps more than once committed.

But I do not feel convinced that he was in any general sense an intemperate person. You observe that the Council which condemned him was *ex parte*, and that the accused refused to appear before it. This fact of itself puts some doubt upon the verdict, or at any rate some limitations. Eighteen months later we get a glimpse of Mr. Whiting's own view of it. It was April 9, 1739. Mr. Bliss had been settled just thirty-three days. "The Church of Christ in Concord" met, apparently for the first time under his ministry, "to consider the affair of the late pastor," — really to call him to account, because he had made no confession of his fault, and did not attend communion. A pretty harsh proceeding, it would appear, for a young man of twenty-four, only a month in his seat, to press upon a man of sixty, already sufficiently humiliated. To the committee sent to labor with him, Mr. Whiting

made this temperate reply; "Friends, if the Church of Christ in Concord has anything to offer me, I desire that I may have it in writing and time to consider how to receive it. And I expect some satisfaction for the wrong which has been done (whether by any particular member, or the majority of the members present at my deposition) before I can (with due temper) sit down with the church at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper." The answer to this letter was his immediate deprivation of the privileges of a member of the church. At this late day it is impossible to decide what was the nature of the wrong which Mr. Whiting held had been inflicted upon him. Perhaps, in the language of the Council of 1735, he would have said that he had continued "to behave himself with sobriety and watchfulness," and was entitled to the lenity which that Council granted. Perhaps, with still more force, he might have complained that the church had proposed, and he had accepted, as the condition of peace, the appointment of a colleague, and then had not kept its agreement. At any rate, whatever his reason, he does not speak as one conscious that he is under just condemnation. Nor must we forget that one third of the people of the town then and ever after stood by him, defended him, and to his death really continued under his ministry; and that in this third were some of the best people. His after life to all appearance was both kindly and blameless. Our theory would be, that Mr. Whiting was a man of means, given to hospitality, no ascetic, probably fond of the pleasures of the table, and one who occasionally passed the limit of wisdom in his indulgence of the customs of the times.

We are the more inclined to this mild estimate, because it is clear that the whole story has not been

told; and that there were other influences beside the personal habits of any man which helped to produce the result. We have already pointed out to what an extent the freedom granted by the Charter of William and Mary brought to the surface religious differences, which heretofore had been compelled to remain unspoken. In the closing years of the seventeenth century these differences led to a struggle for the control of Harvard College. It ended in the defeat of the extreme Calvinists, and in the withdrawal from the Presidency, almost under compulsion, of Increase Mather, the leader of the extreme party. In 1701, Samuel Willard, who may be called a liberal orthodox man of the seventeenth century, took his place; and was succeeded in 1707 by John Leverett, who yet more fully represented the progressive spirit of the time. These things happened while John Whiting was in Cambridge, and it is clear on which side were his sympathies. So when the lines of divergence were being drawn, as in all those years they were, here and in every town in the Province, the party which represented the old views could depend upon the opposition of the minister of Concord, in the pulpit and out of it. Then, in 1734, — the very year in which mutterings against Mr. Whiting began to be heard, — came Jonathan Edwards and the great awakening at Northampton. It was the first and the mightiest of the revivals. It spread like a conflagration. That awakening did much good, and no little harm. Often it replaced in the religious life scepticism and formality by faith and enthusiasm, though of a sombre cast. It fought, frequently with success, the growing vices of the times. But in every direction it divided ministers and people almost into hostile camps. In Concord it

left bitter feelings, which it took forty years to banish. But in all its aspects, its high Calvinism, its intense and often vulgar excitement, its asceticism, and its tendency to minimize the value of early religious culture and of practical goodness, that awakening must have been repulsive to one of the disposition and training of the man who stood in this pulpit. He must have stiffly resisted its entrance into his parish. It is impossible to believe that this immovable opposition of the minister to the views of one wing of the church, and that the stronger, was not one of the reasons that led to his deposition. His habits might have furnished the occasion, but the cause was deep and fundamental. After his dismissal Mr. Whiting continued to live in Concord until his death, fourteen years later, May 4, 1752, preaching much of the time to the minority of his people, who seceded in 1743. The inscription over his grave is a sort of post-mortem protest against the action of his opposers. "A gentleman of singular hospitality and generosity," it says, "who never detracted from the character of any man, and was a universal lover of mankind." Wisely or unwisely, over all this story Shattuck sought to draw the veil of forgetfulness. But that veil has been rent by the publication of the Old South record. So justice to the man, if not fidelity to the truth of history, demanded that the story in all its aspects should be retold.

When the town met six days after the removal by the church of its minister, it did not confirm the action of that body. It simply assessed fifty pounds to carry on public worship. But its further vote, "to allow Mr. John Whiting his salary in full untill the 1st day of May next," showed that in fact his work as minister

of the town was over; and on March 7th following, without fruitless opposition from his friends, the vote of the church was quietly concurred in. The heat generated by Mr. Whiting's dismissal did not easily cool. It affected the life of the village for forty years. Even in respect to the matter of looking for a new minister there was a hitch. For on May 15, 1738, the town refused "to joyn with the church committee to agree with suitable gentlemen to supply the pulpit." Even when the church selected Daniel Bliss, thirty-two out of one hundred and two were found ready to vote against him. Nor did opposition cease with his call. Accusations were brought against him. The council originally called for his settlement had to be reinforced by two churches favorable to the pastor, and three favorable to the dissatisfied members; and it was not until March 7, 1739, that he was finally ordained.

Daniel Bliss, the new minister, was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, January, 1715, and was therefore only twenty-four years old when he came to what may properly be called the storm-tossed church of Concord. He had been educated at Yale College. His after course shows that he was in thorough sympathy with the theological opinions of Jonathan Edwards, and with the methods of church discipline adopted by that celebrated divine. In the church of Springfield, in which he was reared, he must have been a malcontent, as its minister, Rev. Robert Breck, was Edwards's ablest opponent in the Connecticut valley; and no doubt in such an atmosphere of controversy the religious convictions and feelings of the young man became fixed. As a church administrator, Mr. Bliss was clearly a believer in stringent discipline. We have already seen how stern were the demands which he

made upon his predecessor. This same aggressive policy was continued by somebody, as appears by the town record of May 17, 1739: "It was propounded in Town Meeting, whether the Town will build a pew in the Meeting house for Mr. John Whiting and his family, in case they will accept of it as their seat in the meeting house (they quitting the pulpit and the pew built for the ministry)." Four months later, "the Selectmen were instructed to take care to build said pew as soon as conveniently they can at the Town cost." November 27, 1739, "It was voted that the article relating to Mr. John Whiting's sitting in the pulpit be dismissed." Finally, January 3, 1740, the much delayed pew is reported built, cost three pounds, ten shillings. Two years later there was no relenting. Town meeting, May 13, 1742, Article 2 reads thus: "To see if the Town will make some Reasonable allowance to Mr. John Whiting for his support in his declining years, considering his former good services and present Indisposition of Body. Passed in the negative."

How much Mr. Bliss had to do with the action of his adherents in public meeting may be a grave question. But the strictness of church discipline fell not alone upon the late minister, whose errors might seem to justify it, but equally upon such of his friends as doubted the justice of his sentence, and on that account withdrew from steady communion with their brethren. For on August 26, 1742, the church decided that "John Hosmer, John Wood, Samuel Miles, and Joshua Brooks are not to be allowed communion with this church untill they offer satisfaction suitable to their crimes." These were good men and true, one of them a deacon of the church. And what were their crimes? Appar-

ently a steadfast assertion that Mr. Whiting had been wronged, a protest against the extreme views which they heard upon election, and absence from the Lord's Supper. This discipline may not have been any stricter or harder than was common in the early days of the Colony. But it was harder than men were likely to endure patiently in the time of larger liberty which had come. And so it proved in Concord. The following anecdote would indicate that Mr. Bliss's personal bearing was grave and stern. Said one of the late Misses Blood to a descendant of Rev. William Emerson, "You're of the old stock. Your grandfather, — no, your great-grandfather was a minister of this town. He came after Mr. Bliss. My mother used to say that when he first came and visited them they were scared, the children were so afraid of Mr. Bliss; but Mr. Emerson spoke to them and said, 'What good children you are!' and my mother said it was like the sun coming out from a cloud."

Yet beneath the forbidding manner a tender heart throbbed. In his diary he writes: "Our very dear son John died on the 16th of December, 1746, just about three quarters of an hour after nine o'clock in the evening. Of his age he was very much grown, had a white and ruddy countenance, a sweet and pleasant natural temper, of a quick wit and promising genius, on whom our hopes and affections were too much placed by raised expectations." Three years later, of his six months' old child he records, "a pleasant babe, a calm and quiet child, now, I hope, in endless rest."

As a preacher, Mr. Bliss had striking qualities. He replaced the somewhat formal utterance of the pulpit of that day by the fiery earnestness of the revivalist. Accepting to the utmost the stern dogmas of Calvin,

his soul was on fire. Woe was laid upon him if he did not preach the Gospel as he understood it. Sometimes he was moved to tears. Often he rose to solemn denunciation. His voice grew louder and louder, his gestures more extravagant, his calls to repentance more fearful and commanding. The effect upon his hearers was equally striking. An intense excitement ran through his audience, finding expression in groans and shouts and confusion, which offended and made hostile those of a calmer temperament. Thus Mr. Bliss by his faults, and possibly still more by his virtues, had the quality of character which sharpened and made permanent divisions already existing in the parish. Had he been a man of gentler make and quieter ways, with less enthusiasm and a more fully rounded judgment, things might have gone differently. As it was, he did the work he was fitted to do, and with no slack hand. He built up the church with the great body of earnest and susceptible persons. He cut off from the church many just and righteous persons, who could not find God either in the whirlwind or the fire.

John Whiting and Daniel Bliss were the antipodes of each other. They dwelt in different theological hemispheres with a different climate. John Whiting, bating his fault, whose reality and extent we cannot accurately determine, might almost have been the original of one of those rectors whose portraits George Eliot has so admirably painted. He was undoubtedly a cultivated gentleman, calm and refined in his ideas and manners, fond of the good things of this life, an optimist, who believed that through a Christian education we best become children of God, and reflecting his optimism in his peaceful, cheering, and no doubt some-

what formal utterances. Such at any rate is the picture of him which rises in my imagination. Daniel Bliss was like him in none of these things. He was a man of a thoroughly unblemished character, devoted to his ministry with a rare fidelity, one who believed that all his flock were by nature children of wrath, who had no faith that salvation could be attained by Christian culture, however faithful, but only by a stroke of conviction sharp and clear, like a flash of lightning darting out of the heavens. His whole aim, certainly in the beginning of his preaching, was to produce just such crises in the lives of his people. Ease, the comforts of life, the refinements of literature, in his case, retired into the background. I suspect that, if he could come back and walk the streets of Concord to-day with the mien he had, we should mark the grave, stern, sad, almost sour cast of countenance which we see stamped so often upon the faces of many of those early God-fearing and God-serving Puritans. When he died at fifty, just when more peace had come into his parish than he had known before, no doubt it was the sharp sword which had worn out the scabbard, — the fiery soul that had been too much for his poor body.

The divisions which had marked the settlement did not decrease with the passage of the months. They were the result of fundamental differences both of taste and opinion rather than of personal bitterness. The breach was widened by the coming of George Whitefield, who preached in Concord, stirred the people greatly, intensified the earnestness and deepened the convictions of the young preacher, with whom he rejoiced, and whom he pronounced to be "a child of God." At about this time Whitefield made his attack upon Harvard College as a seat of ungodliness. The only

ground for it seems to have been, that, in the progress of events, the College had ceased to be chiefly a seminary for the training of ministers, and had become a place of general intellectual culture. But whatever may have been the merits or demerits of this controversy, it undoubtedly awakened a great excitement throughout the Province of Massachusetts. In many quarters friendship for Mr. Whitefield changed into open hostility. Scores of ministers signed a protest against his statements. Rev. John Hancock, of the neighboring town of Lexington, refused to admit him to his pulpit. The flames in Concord were fanned to greater heat. Union, before difficult, now became impossible.

The internal history of the parish, from the time Mr. Bliss received his call, in 1738, to the time when the General Court, in 1745, gave his opponents liberty to establish a second church, has never been clearly written, and now it cannot be. But they must have been years of great confusion and strife. Life could not have been stagnant and dull. The entry made by Dr. Joseph Lee, who now first appears on the scene, in its very incoherence is probably the more descriptive and accurate: "More Prayers and more negatives. I am weary of writing the Prayers of our friends and townsmen that are oppressed and distressed in body and mind as well as estates, and hard speeches and cruel railings and all the arguments that I could make use of failed. Yea, my skill failed me, and I had no more to do for them but to Rite negatives, that I had no heart nor hand in, until they petitioned the General Court, who would hear the Prayers, and they could digest the Banns and Judge impartially in the matter." By 1742 and 1743 things had come to such a pass that

recourse was had to that great remedy in those days for parish difficulties, "a venerable Council." Three such councils were held; one *ex parte* council called by the church; one of the same kind summoned by the aggrieved brethren; and a mutual council, of whose members ten were supposed to be favorable to the minister and four to his opponents. This last clearly sought to be impartial, and to close up the breach. It found something to blame on both sides. It held that Mr. Bliss had been incautious and extravagant in his language and in his statement of doctrines; and advised him "to be humble under a sense of having given so much ground to many of his Christian brethren to be grieved and offended at him, and that he make a suitable acknowledgment of the things wherein he was blameworthy. . . . And now, as to the aggrieved brethren, we advise them, that upon his giving Christian satisfaction as above they return and set quietly and peacefully under the ministry of their Reverend Pastor. We fear," they add, "that corrupt principles contrary to the Doctrines have been and are espoused by some persons in this place, which have occasioned their stumbling at some truths which have been delivered them." It is impossible to conceive of a decision more absolutely fair and impartial. Mr. Bliss's errors were those of a man both of a dogmatic and an enthusiastic temper, who gave himself up unguardedly to extempore speech, while his opponents had certainly lost faith in some things that had formerly been accepted.

Shattuck, in his history of the town, furnishes most, if not all, of the materials necessary for a full understanding of the points of difference between the parties. But his account is so encumbered by unimportant

details, indeed the complaints of the aggrieved are so encumbered by such details, that the ordinary reader does not grasp the situation. If, however, you carefully examine, you will find that all that is really of weight can be reduced to five heads or divisions. Two of these are theological, two refer to rules of ecclesiastical order, and one only has a personal bearing. Consider the theological questions. The first concerns the doctrine of election. Mr. Bliss has left his own view on record. "The offer of the Covenant of Grace," he writes on the Church book, "is to all to whom the Gospel is preached, and all are laid under the obligations of it. Yet I suppose and preach that this Covenant is made in Christ for the elect only. Yet those (who are not elect) for not accepting the Covenant of Grace, when the Lord enters into it with men, I suppose and always hold them to be liable to a double damnation." That is, Mr. Bliss was a Calvinist, and one such as we rarely see now, and believed with John Calvin that God predestined only a few to be saved; while his opponents were Arminians, and held that the Covenant of Grace could be accepted by all. The second point of theological difference was this. Mr. Bliss maintained that no soul could be saved, or counted to be truly in the Christian fold, which had not passed through a process of conversion so sharp and distinct that it was fully conscious both of its character and time. Thus he accepted the revival method as essential at all times and with all persons. On the contrary, his aggrieved brethren held that the process of Christian education was the usual and the safe method of salvation, and the revival method the exceptional one. You observe that these divisions hardly touched any questions under discussion by Christian bodies to-day; and

that the members of both parties would be admitted into any church in our Commonwealth.

If we turn now to the breaches of ecclesiastical order, we shall find that the first accusation was, that he had preached in other parishes, not only without invitation from the pastors, but contrary to their wish. This is what is meant by the saying, "that he was not in charity with many neighboring churches." This seems a small offence to us. But under the old New England method it was a great offence. Witness this story of Dr. Osgood of Medford, which was told me by a father of the faith, long since passed to his reward. "An early Methodist had made arrangements to preach in Medford. As a matter of courtesy, he called on Dr. Osgood to apprise him of his intention. 'No, you are not going to preach,' was the surprising salutation. 'I am paid \$333.33½ to do the preaching of Medford, and I propose to do the whole of it.' 'But,' said his astonished visitor, 'I have engaged a hall for Wednesday evening.' 'I shall be there and preach,' was the Doctor's reply; and being a masterful man, he was as good as his word." Under this state of feeling, that Mr. Bliss should have, at the invitation of his own mother and friends, preached at Springfield, was counted a serious breach of church order; and the offence was repeated elsewhere. The second accusation was that he had introduced into his pulpit unauthorized and uneducated exhorters, to the great scandal of the Gospel. This action had the sanction of Whitefield's authority, and apparently that of Jonathan Edwards, but was not in accordance with the New England feeling of that period. The personal complaint of hasty and unbecoming language, and of statements inconsistent with each other, may be passed over in silence,

as they are natural, if not essential, to extempore address delivered under excitement. Mr. Bliss accepted the decision of the Council without protest, and made all proper acknowledgment of error, showing how little his conduct had its source in personal pride, and how much in deep-seated convictions. And had the ever-widening gap had its source in individual feeling this dignity and moral sincerity might have closed it; but division was inevitable. Two councils had indeed advised it. Every step toward it was however marked by difficulty. September 4, 1744, "The Town refused to free those who had seceded from Mr. Bliss's ministry from their proportion of tax, or to let them worship in town hall." May 16, 1745, it "appointed a Committee to oppose the petition to be freed from the proportion of Mr. Bliss salary." It also "refused to help the seceders to build a meeting house, or to grant the Town house, or to pay for their preaching." So these people appealed from the church and the town, and venerable councils, to the Great and General Court, which, January 19, 1745, wisely decreed a separation, freeing the aggrieved from all ministerial charges, from June, 1743, since which time they had maintained worship among themselves. Thus a second church was regularly organized in Concord. Its real name was the West Church. But in derision it was called, from its place of meeting, the Black Horse Church. About a third of the population appear to have belonged to it. According to Mr. Shattuck this church continued to live — largely under the charge of Mr. Whiting — about fourteen years. Then most of its members, who still belonged to Concord, went back to the old church. Some of the reasons are obvious. The death of Mr. Whiting in 1752 removed the one great personal

obstacle to union. The setting off of the precinct of Lincoln early in the forties, and its incorporation into a town in 1754, took into another municipality several of his strong supporters. Death no doubt removed others. The copy of the petition of Job Brooks, Jr., dated July 17, 1746, clearly points to the existence of a church at Lincoln before that date. The list of members made a year later clearly contains Concord names; while in May, 1751, the church voted "to receive any member of the Church of Concord who should be dismissed." So, with this haven of safety near at hand for all discontented souls or tender consciences, the expense of the West Church must have seemed to be needless. Finally, we may venture the suggestion that Mr. Bliss himself, like Whitefield, had softened his own methods, even if he did not modify his opinions. During the separation nothing occurred in the old parish needing to be noted except the adoption in 1749 of a new church covenant. The old one was undogmatic. The new one became distinctly so, by stating that an excellent compendium of Faith and Practice was to be found in the Shorter Catechism of the Assembly of Divines.

March 10, 1764, Whitefield made a second visit to Concord. The next morning being Sunday, Mr. Bliss by his request preached. The sermon made so powerful an impression upon him that Mr. Whitefield said "that had he studied a whole lifetime he could not have preached such a sermon." Mr. Bliss had reached the zenith. His intellectual powers and his spiritual vigor were at their best. Most of his opponents had been reconciled. At peace now with his neighbors, his own church seemingly united, the religious life of his people, if less exalted, perhaps more profound and

trustworthy, might he not look forward to many years of tranquil and useful life? But it was the last bright flash of the flame before extinction. Consumption claimed him, and two months later he died. We have already sketched his character. A man of beliefs dark and sombre, but genuine to the core, a man of earnestness such as is vouchsafed to few of earth's children, a man gifted with that divine quality we call eloquence, we may accept the eulogy of his successor and call him "a flame of fire," — yes, and kindled by a coal from the altar.

THE STORY OF A CONCORD FARM AND ITS OWNERS.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONCORD LYCEUM,
FEBRUARY 1, 1888.

IN a little sketch of Concord, which I wrote for Drake's History of Middlesex County, I alluded to a beautifully rounded little eminence filling the triangle made by the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet Rivers. One point of this triangle ends in a miniature promontory, known to children of our generation as Egg Rock. The hill itself was called by the early settlers plain North Hill. Since their day it has been variously termed Lee's Hill, Barrett's Hill, and Hurd's Hill, while in recent times a not very successful effort has been made to restore the Indian name, Nawshawtuck.

This little hill, and the woodlands, meadows, and arable land attached to it, make a tract of about four hundred acres, bounded chiefly by the two branches of the Concord River. It constitutes one of the few farms in Concord which very nearly retain their original character. Pieces of land have been added to it; pieces of land have been subtracted from it; but, in the bulk of it, the farm is what it was when, in the second division of the lands, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago, it fell to the lot of Major Simon Willard. I venture to ask attention to the story of this farm and its owners. The subject must have some

attractions for Concord men and women. The annals themselves show in what a wonderful manner, in the lapse of time, width and variety of genuine human interest get attached to one little parcel of ground.

We begin with the first owners, the Indians. A powerful tribe once occupied the whole region now known as Middlesex and Essex Counties, and could boast three thousand warriors. A mysterious plague in 1612 swept off nine tenths of these people. "They died in heaps," says the old chronicler. "The bones and skulls in their several places of habitation made such a spectacle that it seemed a new-found Golgotha." Then their chief, Nanepashemit, whom the historian styles "the renowned," moved from Lynn to Medford, probably for greater safety from hereditary foes. There he built a curious fort, of poles thirty feet long, driven into the ground in a great circle. But there his enemies found him and slew him; and there he was buried. His wife, Squaw Sachem, succeeded to his authority, and first perhaps in Massachusetts practically asserted and maintained woman's rights. With a sagacity worthy of a Christian potentate she confirmed her power by a second marriage with Webbacowet, whom the old Puritan, with no surplus of politeness, termed "the pow-wow, witch, priest, sorcerer, and chirurgeon of the tribe." What further we know about this woman is told by the Massachusetts Colonial Records, where it appears that for a mere pittance she sold land to the settlers of Concord, Cambridge, and Charlestown, and gave to one Jotham Gibbons the tract of land near the Mystic ponds, which she had reserved for her own use, to acknowledge (as she expressed it in her deed) "the many kindnesses she had received from his father, and for the tender love and respect which

she bore to the son, and desired that these be recorded in perpetual remembrance of this thing." Across the centuries no more touching eulogium has come to us than this simple testimony of the rude forest queen to the Christian charity and justice of Captain Edward Gibbons, of Boston, and of plain Jotham Gibbons, his son. In 1641 appears also a vote by which Cambridge is enjoined to give Squaw Sachem one coat every winter; and the next year another vote by which she was to receive from the same source, as a sort of primitive back pay, four coats and thirty-five bushels of corn. In 1644 she and four other chiefs put themselves, their subjects and property, under the jurisdiction of the Colony. On this occasion sundry grave questions and simple answers are duly entered on the public records. For entire honesty of statement we commend to your attention the reply made to requirement No. 3, which ran thus: "Not to do any unnecessary worke on the Sabath day." To which the straightforward savages said, "It is easy to them. They have not much to do any day. And they can well take their ease that day." She died in 1662, old and blind.

Of this broken tribe a feeble remnant under a sub-chief, Tahattawan, lived in Concord. Probably in all they did not number a hundred. For Higginson tells us, that "after the plague few Sagamores had three hundred subjects, some but fifteen, some only two." Their home was on the farther side of the stream from Egg Rock to Clamshell Bluffs. Behind was land for their rude husbandry; before, the river, which, as Mr. Hale has said of some other poor folks, was all the pork and beef barrel they had; on the hill, possibly a little fort or stockade. No doubt they were glad to

exchange land, which they could not occupy, for knives, hoes, and cloth, of which they were in sore need. The rest of their story is quickly told. They became Christians; pathetically asking "not to be moved far from the English, lest they should forget to pray." In their new home at Littleton they lived peaceably and honestly forty years. Then King Philip's War broke out. No chapter in our town history so shameful as that which tells of the treatment of this helpless people. By order of the General Court they were removed back to Concord. Only one man, John Hoar, rose above the prejudice and fear of the hour. (I presume that his place was on Lexington Street, where Mr. Alcott's house stands.) He permitted the poor exiles to put their wigwams on his grounds, took charge of them, employed them. There were but fifty-eight of them; only twelve were men, and these unarmed. "They were living," as Major Gookin reports, "very soberly and quietly and industriously." But neither their weakness nor their good conduct could save them from persecution.

The exigencies of the time had brought to the surface one Captain Moseley, a soldier of desperate courage, and an old West Indian buccaneer. The superstitious red men viewed him with a peculiar terror, for they said that he was a man with two heads. The fact was, he wore — what in New England in those days was not common — a wig. This wig, when he came into an engagement, he was wont to hang on a bush, and to keep, as the Indians affirmed, another head upon his shoulders, and to fight just as well as if he had the ordinary stock. Any one familiar with Cooper's novels will readily recall an incident in one of his Leatherstocking Tales, which was probably suggested by this

old tradition. This Captain Moseley had under him a company in which there were no less than twelve pirates, pardoned to fight Indians. He had signalized his promotion by an act of cruel injustice to the Christian Indians of Marlboro. To him certain of the townspeople sent secretly. He came. It was mid-winter. With the active sympathy of many of the citizens, it is to be feared, with the passive consent of most is certain, he snatched these poor people from the hands of Mr. Hoar, scattering their little properties, and hurried them to the bleak shores of Deer Island, there to spend the bitter winter and the inclement spring with no shelter but their tents, and no food but a scanty supply of corn, and the clams they dug from the sea-shore. It seems incredible, that within two months of this outrage, one of these very Indians, Thomas Dublit, volunteered to go on a dangerous mission to the hostile tribes to endeavor to secure the release of Mrs. Rowlandson. For this end he and another Indian made three expeditions. On the fourth he was accompanied by Mr. John Hoar, who succeeded, apparently with no little peril, in redeeming her, bringing her first to Concord and then to Boston. How many of these Nashobah Indians ever came back from their cruel exile, neither history nor tradition tells; but in 1734 only one was left. Thus the story ends of the first owners of our beautiful hill, girded by the quiet rivers. Their ample fields we occupy, and at their hands our fathers received nothing but gifts and friendly treatment.

The first white owner of the farm was Major Simon Willard. Not unlikely three quarters of Concord-born people now living do not know who Simon Willard was. Then it is time they did know. For infant

Concord owed more to him, perhaps, than to any other single person. He it was who selected the spot on which the town stands, and by his influence with the natives promoted its peaceable possession. He was one of the little band who made that painful march through thickets, and watery swamps, and unknown woods, which the old Puritan annalist so graphically describes. And he it was that in the dark and difficult days of the first settlement filled every post and performed every duty. Probably in all those early years he was its chief selectman. Certainly for eighteen years he was its clerk, and for fifteen years its Deputy at the General Court. From the beginning he was the military commander; and with two others made the legal tribunal before which all cases between man and man of moderate importance were tried. Last but not least, to him was intrusted the delicate office of selling strong water. For, however strange it may look to us, rum selling was then committed to men in high standing, and was itself almost a certificate of good character.

Nor was his work and usefulness confined within this single town. Possibly he was the most influential man in the county. All through his later years he held the office of Assistant. Now in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century an Assistant was a person with high and varied duties. In the General Court he was a Senator. To the Governor he was a Councillor. In the administration of law he was a member of the only Supreme Judicial Court of the period. To all these honors and labors Simon Willard was called for twenty-two successive years, and just as he died received the largest vote given for any one for his twenty-third term. Add now that in 1641 to him and two others

was given the whole charge of trade with the Indians; that in 1655 he was promoted to the command of all the military force of Middlesex County; that in almost innumerable cases he was appointed to settle bounds between individuals and towns, and in one case between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and adjust differences with Indians, whom the fathers, like their children, were not indisposed to oppress;—and you see that he was a notable man and trusted, not simply here, but in all the region about.

The facts of his life are simple. He was born in 1605, at Horsemonden, Kent, where a descendant found the ancient church in which he was christened, and a magnificent oak, more than three hundred years old, under whose shade he must have played. When he was four years old his mother died, when eleven, his father, leaving his son a good patrimony. At twenty-nine years he was married, in comfortable circumstances, with a promising business. Then, like many another, for conscience' sake, he left all. At Cambridge, by the Charles River, he bought a farm, built a house, and began to trade with the natives. A year passed, when he sold his property, turned his back on the comparatively settled life of Cambridge, and plunged into the wilderness to help plant a new town, there to live twenty-four years. His biographer intimates that the warm attachment which had grown up between him and Rev. Peter Bulkeley led to this change of plan. July, 1658, the selectmen of Lancaster, feeling the need of a ruling mind, thought "meet to order a letter of invitation to be sent to Major Simon Willard to come and inhabit among us." A similar invitation in a previous year had been declined. But eight months before this last call Mr. Bulkeley

had closed his career. Perhaps that weakened the tie which held him. At any rate he accepted the invitation, and sold his farm. For twelve years he was the controlling mind in Lancaster. Then he moved to Groton, where his son was minister. There King Philip's War found him. At seventy, with all the fire and vigor of youth, he took command of the Middlesex soldiers, trying, with a scanty force, alas! to protect the wide, helpless frontier. When Captain Thomas Wheeler and Lieutenant Simon Davis with a little band from Concord and the vicinity were surprised at Brookfield and besieged, and in the last extremity, it was their old neighbor who rode up with his troopers and friendly Indians and rescued them. March 14, 1676, while he was absent on service, his own house at Groton and sixty-five others were burned. One month later he lay dead in his new home at Charlestown, worn out, I doubt not, by the burden and grief of that dreadful war, too heavy for shoulders that had already laid on them the weight of seventy-one years. The first European who occupied the farm on the hill was a noble specimen of a noble race. Weighty in judgment, versatile, trusty, of kindly temper, of indomitable industry, he filled well almost every conceivable post.

His successor was a very different pattern of a man, — much more entertaining, I suspect, much less useful. The first glimpse we have of him is in the journal of one John Dunton, an Englishman, who made a trip through New England in the latter half of the seventeenth century, visiting Lynn on his way to Salem. In that journal he records: "About 2 of the Clock I reached Capt. Marshall's house, which is half way between Boston and Salem. I staid to refresh nature with a pint of sack and a good fowl. Capt. Marshall

was a hearty old gentleman, formerly one of Oliver's soldiers, upon which he very much valued himself. He had all the history of the Civil War at his finger's ends, and if we may believe him, Oliver did hardly anything that was considerable without his assistance; and if I'd have staid as long as he'd have talked, he'd spoiled my ramble to Salem." This Captain Thomas Marshall came to Lynn in 1685. But when the civil war between the Parliament and the King broke out, he returned to England, entered Cromwell's army, became a captain, and came back to New England covered with glory, a fact of which he was apparently quite sensible. A little before, Joseph Armitage built on the Saugus River one of the first taverns erected in the Colony. By a curious freak the sign of this tavern, an anchor, was painted a bright blue, and the place was familiarly known as "The Blew Anchor." This Blew Anchor Captain Marshall bought and kept many years. He must have been a person of some respectability, as the town of Lynn elected him no less than six times its Deputy to the General Court, and in the Indian wars put its soldiers under his command. He must, however, have had some weak spots, if we are to judge from his experience as a magistrate, entitled to perform the marriage ceremony. The Massachusetts Records state that on the 18th day of October, 1659, "Captain Marshall, of Lynn, was empowered to join in marriage such persons in Lynn as might desire his services, they being published according to lawe." But fifteen years after quite a different record appears. It says: "The Court being informed that Captain Thomas Marshall hath of late married some persons not legally published, on examination of the case, finds that he was abused by misin-

formation of some, and by his own overmuch credulity, and that he hath exceeded the commission by marrying people not living in the town, which might be occasioned by some mistake as to the extent of the commission, which the Court hath now more clearly explicated to prevent the like inconvenience; and judge meete to discharge the said Captain Marshall from officiating in that employment." What induced Captain Marshall to come to Concord, it is impossible to say. But come he did, and on the 29th of November, 1659, purchased Major Willard's farm for £210. But as nine days after the date of this deed he received authority "to sell strong water to travellers and other meet provisions," we exercise the Yankee privilege of guessing that he hoped to turn an honest penny by selling strong water at the place which Major Willard had established. Whether he was disappointed in his expectations, or was overcome by the temptation to make £30, we cannot guess. But for some reason in sixteen months he sold the place to Henry Woodis, or Woodhouse, for £240, and so passes out from Concord life. The last appearance of this veteran of which we have any account was as a witness in a trial about an old mill privilege in 1683. Six years after, he died, aged seventy-three. This third owner of the farm was evidently a good deal of a character. The title, which clung to him, of the jolly landlord of the Blew Anchor, was significant. The traveller describes him as a hearty old gentleman, full of innocent vanity. The town historian calls him a fine old Englishman, who kept open doors to all comers. Even the Committee of the General Court softens a little, and attributes his shortcomings to nothing worse than innocent credulity. One cannot but think that this easy-going and probably

rosy-cheeked publican found the grave Puritans of Concord uncongenial companions, and gladly got back to the Blew Anchor and to its cheery customers, who would listen to his long yarns about half fabulous exploits.

Henry Woodis was the first owner of Lee's Hill whom Shattuck records. Yet he is the very one of whom we know the least. He came to New England in 1650, so Savage affirms. He was in Concord in 1654, for in March of that year he voted in a minority of five against a plan to divide the town into quarters. Where he lived then, and what land he occupied, is not clear. But of the three hundred and one acres which he bought in 1661 of Thomas Marshall probably only two hundred and forty-three are in the present farm. Yet in 1699 he owned three hundred and fifty acres, and no new purchase of land is recorded. May we not fairly infer that before 1661 he already had a hundred acres of his own, and in the same region? Five years after his purchase, his house was burned, and his only son, an infant of a few weeks, perished in the flames; and so it was fated that he should be at once the first and the last of his name in the town.¹

During his fifty years' life here he filled some honorable positions. In King Philip's War he was first Quartermaster, then Lieutenant. For three years, from 1690 to 1692, he was Representative. In 1684 he was one of a committee appointed to extinguish the Indian title to the new grant, — now Acton. In 1699, an old

¹ Tradition adds that he lost in the great London fire the preceding September two houses more. I do not think that the building he lost in Concord was the one erected by Simon Willard, but one he himself had built and occupied before he purchased the great farm of Thomas Marshall.

man, he sold his farm to his son-in-law, Joseph Lee, reserving, however, one fifth for his own use. Two years later he died. Mr. Woodis was evidently a person of respectable ability and character. But he left no such impress on our history as did his predecessors. Yet he was more essentially a Concord man. Few, if any, of their descendants remain in the town, while many, if not most of the old families, have a few drops of Henry Woodis's blood in their veins. Lee, Cheney, Estabrook, Dakin, Davis, Wood, and Heywood are the names of some of the families into which his daughters and granddaughters entered by marriage.

The tragical death of his only son left Mr. Woodis without an heir to his *name*; and his estate, partly by purchase and partly as the dowry of his daughter, fell into the hands of the Lees, by whom it was held one hundred and thirteen years. Of this family we have now to speak.

Joseph Lee, the first, was the son of a settler of Ipswich, whose true name, tradition says, was Leigh, and not Lee, as we have it. How, in those days, — when practically Ipswich was as far from Concord as Chicago is now, — Joseph Lee and Mary Woodis met at all, and especially met frequently enough to contemplate matrimony, is the problem. But they did, and in 1678 were married. The Ipswich records say that Mr. Lee did not move to Concord till 1696, and then probably to relieve his father-in-law of the burden of his great farm. After Mr. Woodis's death he occupied the portion of the farm he had obtained, apparently making no effort to reclaim the fifth which had been bequeathed to the fourth daughter, Mrs. Dakin. Old age stole upon him, and in 1716 he gave his son Joseph one hundred and fifty acres, and his other

children the rest of his estate, and then died. That is all history or tradition records.

Joseph Lee, the second, was a physician. More ambitious than his father, he early set to work to unite the fragments of this grand farm. He purchased of Elinor Dakin the fifth which his grandfather had alienated; then his brother's and sister's portions, finally adding, in 1730, two adjoining strips. So the two hundred and forty-three acres of Thomas Marshall, which Mr. Woodis had made three hundred and fifty, became in his grandson's charge three hundred and seventy-five.

Joseph Lee, third of the name in Concord, physician, Tory, had by the middle of the century again united the farm. By what heirship, by what purchases, is not clear. That he practised his profession steadily is not probable. On the contrary, the numerous accessions of land which he made outside his farm, and outside the town, indicate that he had large business transactions and achieved wealth. Ever after he was twenty-eight, until the commencement of the Revolutionary War, his time and interest must have been a good deal absorbed by church quarrels. He was one of those who seceded from the First Parish, and formed what was called, in derision, the Black Horse Church, because its meetings were held in the hall of a tavern, near our present library, which had for a sign a black horse. This breach having been healed by the death of Rev. Mr. Bliss, another quarrel, more personal and bitter than the last, broke out. Dr. Lee sought admission to the church, and was repeatedly refused. Nine church members and others not of the church, under the title of aggrieved brethren, espoused his cause. What with interminable church meetings and innumerable church

committees and councils, mutual or otherwise, they kept the church and themselves in a turmoil seven years. The cause of this division was not, as we might suppose, doctrinal. A somewhat tattered document shows that the cause was practical and personal. This asserts that Dr. Lee had oppressed widows and orphans by undue delays in settling accounts and by exorbitant charges; that he gave way to his passions, vilely reflecting on his pastor; that he threatened and bully-ragged a committee who had done nothing but give him sound advice. All of which, as an *ex parte* statement, may be taken with a grain of salt. In the Revolution, the doctor, having much to lose, shrank from civil war, upheld the existing powers, in short, was a Tory. This was natural, and perhaps might have been excused. But that he stole down to Cambridge and betrayed secrets to the enemy could not be overlooked. To this he pleaded guilty. For this he was confined fourteen months to his farm, glad, no doubt, to escape with so light a penalty. One other trace of him I find in a letter of condolence to Stephen Hosmer, in which he speaks of himself as confined and deprived of the privilege of attending the funeral of a friend. Many curious traditions about Dr. Lee still linger, whose authenticity is not perhaps perfectly clear. One states that he had an apartment in which he kept a fire burning thirty years, thinking that he was on the eve of discovering the philosopher's stone. Another ascribes to him a violent and unreasonable temper, and tells of a certain valuable lot of ship timber, which he refused to sell, and suffered to rot upon the ground, because he could not obtain his price. Despite his troubles, and despite any faults of temper, he lived to a good old age, dying at eighty years, in 1797, and over his remains a stone

was reared which ascribed to him pretty much all of the Christian virtues. Dr. Lee has made a permanent impression upon the history of the town. He has made a permanent impression upon its very soil. For I think that the name Lee's Hill will outlive all its successors. I have no faith that he was one who would have had a tranquil life in any community, or have been popular. I picture him as somewhat selfish, a man of set opinions, and not a little resolute and pugnacious in the assertion of them.

It was while Dr. Lee was confined to his farm that one of the most interesting episodes in Concord history took place. I refer to the sojourn of Harvard College. When we consider how, sooner or later, everything seems to appear in this ancient town; that it first sheltered the Provincial Congress; that in 1786 it ran a narrow chance of being itself the State capital; that for the space of a few months it was, six years later, actually that; that in our own day it has been the home of two such opposites as the State prison and the School of Philosophy, — it may seem to be in the order of events that our great institution of learning should sojourn awhile amid its tranquil scenery. At any rate, it happened that when, by the siege of Boston, Cambridge became one armed camp, Harvard College was transported to Concord. The professors and students were scattered through the village, — twelve of the latter finding shelter in the venerable mansion of Dr. Lee. One wonders what sort of an impression this advent made upon the town. Here was a quiet village, quiet then beyond all our capacity in these days of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones even to comprehend. Within a mile of the church there could not have been more than seventy-five houses. To this

little hamlet came one hundred and forty-three students, with the five, six, or ten professors or tutors, with library and apparatus, with increased social life and excitement. Five hundred students billeted upon the modern town for a year would hardly be an equal burden. It is interesting to see what distinguished men were the result of this somewhat vagrant course of instruction. In the little class of forty-two, which graduated in 1776, I note the names of Christopher Gore, one of the ablest of the Governors of Massachusetts; Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of the same State; Royall Tyler, who combined in himself the somewhat incongruous distinctions of Chief Justice of Vermont and author of the first American drama which ever appeared upon the stage. To these might be added two or three others scarcely less distinguished. I question whether in the long and honorable list of Harvard any class has produced, according to its numbers, more able men than this very class which spent its senior year in our town. All the students did not escape the fascinations of the place, for Dr. Ripley, for sixty-three years minister of Concord, Dr. Hurd, for fifty-five years its physician, and Jonathan Fay, for thirty-three years its lawyer, were all members of the College in the year of its wandering.

Whether any of the Lee family occupied the homestead between the death of the doctor, in 1797, and the time when the property passed into other hands, in 1814, I am not sure. But as Tempe Lee, widow of Silas Lee, did not part with her right of dower until 1814, when William Gray gave her \$1,100 for the same, it seems probable that she is the female member of the family of whom a faint memory remains in the minds of those born early in the century. The farm itself

seems to have been owned jointly by his sons, Joseph and John. Then John became, by purchase, sole possessor. He conveyed it to his younger brother, Silas, from whom it passed finally out of the family. All these sons appear to have been men of more than usual ability. Joseph was ordained minister in Royalston in 1768, and preached his last sermon fifty years after his settlement. John was in Castine, Maine, as early as 1785, and was collector of the port from 1789 till 1801. Afterwards he was largely engaged in the lumber business, apparently to no profit. For in 1810 he conveyed the farm to Silas, as it would seem to protect his brother in the indorsement of a note of ten thousand dollars, which he himself could not pay. Silas was a lawyer in Wiscasset, Maine, about 1790, member of Congress in 1800 and 1801, United States Attorney for the State of Maine in 1802, and then Judge of Probate. As we have seen, he became owner of the farm in 1810. But one month later he mortgaged it for \$10,000, no doubt to enable him to pay the note for which he was bound, and at his death, in 1814, the mortgage not having been redeemed, the estate fell into the hands of the mortgagee. Before dismissing this portion of my subject, let me note, as an interesting case of persistence of the family type, that, while Dr. Joseph Lee was a Tory in the Revolution, his son John, in the war of 1812, was a Federalist to the verge of disloyalty, and his grandson John was in the War of the Rebellion in sympathy with the South and opposed to the government.

So William Gray, merchant of Boston, became the owner of Lee's Farm. One of the notable men of his day was this same William Gray, better known by the sobriquet of Billy Gray. Born in Lynn in 1750, he

was grandson of one of the three shoemakers of that town who kept journeymen. The boy himself was apprenticed to the same trade, and it is not unlikely that, if he had continued in it, with his vast energy he would have made Lynn before its time the great boot and shoe town. But health failing, he was put first into the employment of a Mr. Gardner, and then of Richard Derby, one of the great merchant kings of Salem, in the days of her great prosperity. A story is preserved of his boyhood, something of the George Washington and hatchet variety, in which the Salem lad appears at no disadvantage in comparison with the father of his country, but tells the tale of the breaking of a square of glass with such simple truth, that he receives from his employer as a reward a suit of clothes. Whether this story is veritable, or one of the myths which gather around great memories, I know not. But certain it is that his integrity, joined to a mind of wonderful capacity, enabled him to build up a business unparalleled in his time. He owned sixty square-rigged vessels, and his enthusiastic biographer exclaims that there was no country where his name was not known, and no sea not ploughed by his keels. He was a man of striking qualities. Through a long life he rose between three and four o'clock, writing all his letters, planning all his enterprises, before half the world was out of bed. As an employer he was just and generous. He never discharged a good servant, and kept many of his captains in his employ more than a quarter of a century. He first discerned the fine quality of Joshua Bates, the American partner of the Barings and the founder of the Boston Free Library, — taking him from his father's cart, which he was driving, into his counting-room, employing him in

confidential business, and so launching him on his great career. One adage, now of pretty wide circulation, may be credited to him. When asked what "enough" was, he replied "a little more." Mr. Gray might never have left Salem—in which case Lee's Hill might never have known him—had it not been for the bitter party feeling of the time. In early life he had been a Federalist. But when the embargo, in Jefferson's administration, went into effect, he separated from his party, opposing and defeating in town meeting a resolution of censure of the government. His motive could not have been a selfish one, for on account of this embargo act he had himself forty vessels rotting at his wharves. But those were days of savage party division. There was no measuring of words. He was called everything that the vocabulary of abuse could furnish. Salem became distasteful to him. He went to Boston, carrying with him his business. There the Democratic party took him up and chose him Lieutenant Governor. During the war of 1812 he lavished his wealth in support of the government. Mr. Drake says that it was his gold that fitted out the "Constitution" for that memorable cruise in which she took the "Guerriere," and forever dissipated the false ideas of British naval supremacy.¹ Mr. Gray died in 1825, the richest man in New England. It was in 1816, possibly in 1813 or 1814, that he became owner of Lee's Farm.

¹ An old merchant of Boston, but who spent his boyhood and youth in Concord, used to assert that the very timber of which the "Constitution" was built was cut from Lee's Hill, and that his own father teamed it to Charlestown. When we consider what a magnificent growth covered the hill, and that we know that Dr. Lee was in the habit of selling ship timber, the story looks probable enough, and it certainly adds a new element of interest to the spot.

He never, indeed, lived here, but employed a foreman to carry on his place. There was a very heavy growth of old timber. The late Mr. James Wood told me that he worked one winter lumbering for Mr. Gray, that fourteen or fifteen teams were occupied drawing to the river the great pines and oaks, — some of them two and three and even four feet in diameter, — and that an enormous raft was made, floated down the river, thence to Boston, there to be used in the building of his wharf, and in the construction of his ships. I suspect that, on the whole, farming without the eye of the employer did not prove profitable. At any rate, in 1821 he sold the farm for \$3,000 less than it cost him; and so closed the connection with the town of one of the most remarkable merchants which Massachusetts ever produced.

We have seen that up to 1825 the farm of which we have been discoursing had had in its varied history for owners an Indian queen, a fur-trader, an inn-keeper, two farmers, two doctors, two merchants, one minister, and one lawyer. It was now for a brief season to be the property of a judge. Samuel Phillips Prescott Fay was Concord-born, the son of Jonathan Fay. He graduated with high honor from Harvard College in 1798. A French war was then threatening, and a small army was gathered at Oxford in this State. Thither he went with the commission of captain. But the war never took place, and he returned to the study of the law which he had just commenced, was admitted to the bar, and early obtained a good professional reputation. In 1821 he was appointed Judge of Probate, and retained the place until ill health rendered him unequal to its duties, thirty-five years after. He was two years a member of the Governor's Council, and

twenty-eight years an Overseer of Harvard College. As he lived until 1856, he must have been known to many of the elder portion of Concord people. The unbroken testimony is that he was a man of good legal ability, absolute integrity, great urbanity, and much quiet humor. His ownership of the property was nominal, as he purchased it in 1821, and held it till 1825, not for himself, but for his sister's husband, Joseph Barrett. Still no account of the farm and its owners would be complete which omitted him.

Joseph Barrett, familiarly handed down in Concord traditions as Squire Joe Barrett, was a striking figure in the town in the first half of this century. On his father's side he was grandson of Colonel James Barrett, who commanded at North Bridge. On his mother's side he was descended from Henry Woodis, one of the early owners of the farm, and Joseph Estabrook, the third minister of the town. Through his paternal grandmother he claimed kindred with Peter Bulkeley. Indeed, it may be said that in every fibre of his body and every drop of his blood he was a Concord product, for I have been unable to find a single ancestor on either side who was not either of Concord origin or else a settler of the town. In person he was wellnigh of gigantic proportions, standing an inch or two over six feet, and weighing more than two hundred and fifty pounds. Many feats of strength are told of him, such as lifting barrels of cider and shouldering and carrying up stairs a bag containing eight bushels of corn. His size and weight did not lessen his activity. In the hay field, cradling grain, or holding the plough, especially when he took part in full dress and ruffled shirt at ploughing matches, few men could keep pace with him. He was a person of great resolution and courage. For

years he was a deputy sheriff, and displayed both his sagacity and fearlessness in the arrest of hard characters, which were by no means few, even in what many esteem to be the golden age of the republic. In 1825 Mr. Barrett became the owner of the Lee Farm, though, as we have seen, it was purchased for him and occupied by him as early as 1821. How successful an agriculturist he was I know not, but he must have been a notable one. Everything he did was on a large scale. His nephew, George M. Barrett, told me that he used to keep a flock of eight hundred sheep. To these he gave endless attention, himself caring for them in health and sickness, so that they knew him and followed him. At one time he engaged in the manufacture of cider, often having on hand more than five hundred barrels. Cutting and teaming of wood and lumber grew in his hands to large proportions. A story which has been preserved shows how great a business in this line he must have done. A man asked the Squire if he would be one of several to loan him a yoke of oxen, as he had a great load to move. "How many do you want in all?" was the reply. "Ten yoke." "If that is all," said the Squire, "you need not go round to the neighbors to gather such a little team, I will furnish the whole." The fact is that Mr. Barrett had in his barn at that very time twelve yoke of oxen and six or eight horses. It is not so wonderful that, in these days of horned scarcity, his son likes to have a good pair of cattle. As we have intimated, the squire was a mighty man in the hay field, taking the lead, and permitting no man to pass him. His confidence in his vigor and activity led him into a sort of dilatoriness, by which lateness to church, and especially to the stage-coach, was a rule of his life, and which

in a person of his genial ways only added a touch of humor to people's conception of him. In 1844 he gave the charge of the farm up to his son Richard, working afterwards as suited his fancy. He was driving a load of stone when the news came to him that he was elected Treasurer and Receiver General of the State. He jocosely said he could not possibly accept it, for he was engaged to work for Dick at ten dollars a month. However, he must have made a compromise with his employer, as he took and filled the office until his death, in 1848. It would be presumptuous for me to attempt any characterization of one known to so many by personal acquaintance. But this, I think, may be said: No one would be likely to attempt to depict the social and business life of Concord between 1800 and 1850, and omit from his picture the stalwart form and marked mental physiognomy of the twelfth owner of Lee's farm, Squire Joe Barrett.

Of the later owners of Lee's farm it does not seem needful to speak at any great length. From 1844 to 1852 it belonged to the son of the Squire, our townsman, Captain Richard Barrett, and was carried on by him. He sold it in 1852, and has for many years filled the position of Treasurer of the Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Samuel G. Wheeler, the purchaser, was a native of the State of New York, who in a long and active life had been by turns a manufacturer, a commission merchant, and a dealer in real estate. While he occupied the place he thoroughly renovated the old mansion, built the great barn, laid the stone walls, planted on the Acton road rows of elms, and so in many ways added to the value and increased the comeliness of the estate.

Four years passed, and the property had a new owner.

It would have seemed as if every variety of life and occupation had already come into contact with the ancient farm; but not so. The new owner, Captain David Elwell, was a retired sea captain, who in three-score and odd years had ploughed more water than land. He was a remarkably intelligent, active, and successful shipmaster, making long voyages, chiefly to the East Indies and Sumatra. It is remembered of him that he was the first American captain who ever sailed through the Straits of Magellan. In 1840 he retired from the sea, was for years Wharfinger of Union Wharf, and later Treasurer of the East Boston Dry Dock Company. At the advanced age of sixty-eight years he came to Concord. He filled the house with a great collection of curiosities gathered from many lands, and settled down in his new home. But in the winter of 1856-57 his house with all its contents was burned, and he moved back to East Boston. Nothing remained but the cellar and the great chimney. On this last there was, when I came to town, a half effaced inscription variously deciphered 1646 or 1656. It was no doubt the date of the erection of the building. A single Concord anecdote of Captain Elwell has been preserved, and indicates that he was a man who had his own ideas of men and things, and did not hesitate to express them. After the fire he stopped a while at the Middlesex Hotel. Captain Isaac I. Hayes, of Arctic celebrity, came to Concord, probably to lecture. Rightfully or wrongfully, the impression then was that he had in an unjustifiable manner deserted his superior officer, Captain Kane. Some one offered to introduce Captain Elwell to Mr. Hayes. "No," was the emphatic answer, "not to a man who deserted his commander." The boy of ten or twelve who heard the reply never

forgot the kind of wrathful indignation with which it was spoken.

Two more changes, and the history of the farm is completed. It passed successively into the hands of two grandsons of old Dr. Isaac Hurd, who in the last year of his college life, spent as it was in Concord, might well have frequented its goodly acres, and possibly lived in its venerable homestead. Again fresh vocations furnished fresh owners. Joseph L. Hurd was a commission grain merchant, having his headquarters at Joliet, Illinois, a State which only as far back as the time when William Gray owned Lee's farm must have been a wellnigh untrodden prairie; for in 1810 Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota together had only about twelve thousand inhabitants, or one person to every sixteen square miles. Charles Henry Hurd, the present owner,¹ came to the farm from an employment which would have filled our ancestors with astonishment, if not with affright. He had been a railroad man, a vocation which came into existence not half a century ago, and which in that brief time has wrought marvellous changes and accelerated material progress.

Nearly a quarter of a millennium has slipped away since the white man took possession of these acres. The old mansion, the old barn, all the old things of man's device, are gone. A modern house and barn of grand proportions have now replaced them. Perhaps the farm looks forward to another two hundred and

¹ [In 1891 the farm was purchased from the heirs of Charles Henry Hurd by William Wheeler, a member of an old Concord family, who for many years has been engaged in building water works in different parts of the country, thus adding still another profession to the list Mr. Reynolds has given. — EDITOR.]

fifty years of yet more varied history, to be rehearsed by some future chronicler to an audience yet to be. Who knows ?

This is an ancient story, and I think it not amiss to add to the chronicle what our Puritan ministers used to call an improvement. Rightly viewed this farm has been in itself a little world. All trades, all professions, all human interests, seem sooner or later to have come to it. The Indian, the fur-trader and planter of new towns, the Cromwellian soldier and inn-keeper, merchants, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, farmers, a judge, a minister, a sailor, a railroad manager, — all these have possessed the land, and for the most part have departed and left little trace of themselves behind. I count that nine different stocks or families have in two hundred and fifty years owned the farm, and that only two of them are represented in the town to-day, unless it be by remote side branches. But on the soil there are nothing but surface changes. The beautifully rounded little hill, the green meadow, the winding rivers, — these are just what they were two hundred years ago.

Instinctively, as I close, I recall Emerson's words, which seem simply concentrated history:—

“ Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
Saying, ‘T is mine, my children's and my name's;
How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!
How graceful climb those shadows on my hill!
I fancy these pure waters and the flags
Know me, as does my dog; we sympathize;
And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil.’

“ Where are these men? Asleep beneath their grounds;
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.

"The lawyer's deed
Ran sure,
In tail,
To them and to their heirs
Who shall succeed,
Without fail,
Forevermore.

"Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With the old valley,
Mound and flood.
But the heritors?
Fled like the flood's foam, —
The lawyer and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom.

"They called me theirs,
Who so controlled me;
Yet every one
Wished to stay, and is gone.
How am I theirs,
If they cannot hold me,
But I hold them?"

CONCORD FIGHT.

PRINTED IN THE UNITARIAN REVIEW, APRIL, 1875.

WHAT was there in the character and position of the town of Concord a hundred years ago, or in its relations to the larger interests and transactions of the times, to make it the object of the first really powerful, hostile movement of the British Governor? Any one who visits Concord now finds a neat, quiet town, of moderate size, girdled by low hills, and looking out upon broad green meadows, and upon the most winding and most tranquil of rivers. It is a pleasant town to see, and restful to the eye. To its own children it seems as towns are apt to seem, the pleasantest spot on the earth. To a stranger, no doubt, it does not differ essentially from scores of villages which nestle amid our hills, or sun themselves along our streams.

It is very difficult, therefore, in 1875, to appreciate that in 1775 this quiet town was one of the great centres, not only of intellectual life, but also of political influence and power. Yet so it must have been. Of all our inland settlements, in population it was almost the largest, in resources almost the wealthiest. As a shire town there came to it necessarily that continual excitement which stimulates in any community mental activity. Thither, five or six times a year, came the various courts of law, with their retinue of judges, jurors, lawyers, and suitors, numbering many

scores; and came, not as now, borne quickly there by the railroad in the morning, and as quickly away at night, but to make the town a home for days and weeks. Here conventions for all manner of objects of county interest were accustomed to gather. Here, especially, in Puritan fashion, in the meeting-house, the choice spirits of the county, or, as Paul Revere termed them, the High Sons of Liberty, met to discuss grievances, to deepen the love of freedom, and the purpose to resist oppression, and, above all, to ripen feelings of patriotism or indignation into wise action. It was not an unimportant circumstance either that Concord was the first settlement in the State off tide-water. For a time our fathers clung to the rocky and barren shores of that ocean which divided them from their old home. At Plymouth, at Salem, at Boston, at Dorchester and Roxbury, and at many other places on the seaboard, the germs of flourishing towns and cities were planted. But inland there was nothing but the wilderness and the savage. Not until fifteen years after that immortal voyage of the "Mayflower," in 1635, did a little band of Puritans cross the first barrier of hills which shuts from sight the ocean, and settle by the side of what the Indian called, from its wide meadows, the "grass-ground river." They named the new home Concord, — title strangely unprophetic of that bitter fight which ushered in the bitterer struggles of the Revolution! As a necessary result of this early origin, the town became one of the few hives from whose redundancy New England was peopled. Everywhere its children went. In all the towns along the seaboard of Maine, in the new settlements which were springing up in Southern New Hampshire and Vermont, in the younger villages of Middlesex and Worcester Counties, in far

off Connecticut, as it was then, there were men and women whose ancestral home was within the territorial limits of old Concord. So its name was a household word on the lips of many who never had seen, and perhaps never should see it with the bodily eye.

Thus, from various reasons, it happened that, in 1775, among all the inland towns in Eastern Massachusetts Concord was the most prominent, — the natural, as it was the political, centre of the great and patriotic county of Middlesex. It was a small town, as we estimate towns, never in its best estate before the Revolution having exceeded two thousand people. But we must not forget that Massachusetts, according to modern standards, was itself a small State.

It was no doubt on account of this prominence in character and position that Concord was, from the beginning, chosen to be the place for the first meeting of the First Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. In making this statement, we do not overlook the just claims of Salem. It was at Salem that the vote was passed which created that Congress. It was at Salem, too, that the General Court resolved to become a part of that Congress. But we repeat, in *its wholeness*, with *all* the members which constituted it, the Provincial Congress first met and transacted business at Concord. As the creation of a Provincial Congress drew after it by almost necessary sequence "Lexington Alarm," Concord Fight, Bunker Hill, and to no little degree the national independence, it is well to count the steps by which it came into existence. In the summer of 1774 thoughtful people saw that a break between the legislative and executive branches was at hand, — to be followed, inevitably, by a stern struggle for supremacy between the two. When that break took place,

where should the representatives of the people find a legislative home? Boston was dominated by a great British army. Salem and all the sea-coast towns would, in event of trouble, be at the mercy of British fleets. A town itself thoroughly patriotic, and surrounded by a population of the same temper, near enough to Boston to be in communication with its Sons of Liberty, far enough from it to be safe from the interference or threats of the royal Governor, seemed to be the first requisite. All eyes turned to Concord. A convention of the best men in Middlesex, held in its meeting-house, "Voted, August 31, 1774, that each town in the county be recommended to elect one or more delegates to attend a Provincial meeting, to be holden at Concord the second Tuesday in October." Suffolk County, in an equally important convention, held at Mr. Vose's house, Milton, September 9, recommended to its towns the same course. Cumberland County, in what was then the distant Province of Maine, added its voice to the same effect, September 22. And Worcester County spake with no uncertain sound. It advised "its towns to instruct the Representatives who may be chosen to meet at Salem, in October next, absolutely to refuse to be sworn by any officer or officers but such as are or may be appointed according to the constitution. And should anything prevent their acting with the Governor and Council, as is set forth in the Charter, that they immediately repair to the town of Concord, and there *join in a Provincial Congress with such other members as are or may be chosen* for that purpose." The General Court met at Salem, October 5, 1774, waited two days for the Governor to take the proper steps to qualify its members, — waited, as no doubt it expected to wait, in vain, — and

then proceeded on the 7th to elect John Hancock its chairman, and Benjamin Lincoln its clerk, and by the following votes to merge its own existence into that of the new and larger body: "Voted, that the members aforesaid do now resolve themselves into a Provincial Congress, *to be joined by such other persons as may have been or shall be chosen for that purpose*, to take into consideration the dangerous and alarming situation of public affairs in the Province, and to consult and determine on such measures as they shall judge will tend to promote the true interests of his Majesty in the peace, welfare, and prosperity of the Province. Voted, that the Congress be adjourned to the meeting-house in Concord." Arrived at Concord the second Tuesday in October, the first business was to reconsider the votes by which John Hancock was elected chairman, and Benjamin Lincoln clerk, and then to elect the same persons to similar positions under the titles of President and Secretary. Such action was had, no doubt, because the presence of additional members made the form of reorganization both respectful and proper. It is absolutely certain that in some cases such additional members were chosen. It is wellnigh certain that more than one half of those who were at Concord were not elected to Salem. The body thus reorganized and its successor for six months met alternately at Concord and Cambridge. The Second Provincial Congress was in Concord in March and April, 1775, and adjourned only four days before the encounter at North Bridge. By its sessions there it must have helped largely to make the town an object of interest to the friends, and an object of enmity to the foes, of freedom. In that old meeting-house, which, repaired and remodelled, alas! stands now on the same

church green, what words to fire men's souls were spoken, what policy to shape the destiny of the State was enacted! There Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, names memorable in the State and national history for the next generation, and with them Prescott, Heath, Ward, Lincoln, the first military leaders of the Revolution, played their part. Scarcely Independence Hall itself has more venerable associations.

As a natural consequence the committees of safety and supplies — the most important bodies which ever existed in the Commonwealth, to whom the whole work of arousing the people and preparing for their defence was intrusted, who were to call into existence soldiery, to find officers, to procure arms, to gather supplies, to appoint depots, to be, as it were, eyes and hands to all the rest — were constantly at Concord. They were there, John Hancock at their head, on the 17th of April, not more than thirty-six hours before brave men were massacred almost before his eyes on Lexington Green.

Very early in the history of these committees, it is stated that they ordered to be deposited in Worcester two hundred barrels of pork, four hundred of flour, and one hundred and fifteen bushels of peas; and in Concord, one hundred and thirty-five barrels of pork, three hundred of flour, one hundred and fifty bushels of peas, and fifty-five tierces of rice; and "Voted, that all the cannon, mortars, cannon-balls, and shells be deposited in the towns of Worcester and Concord in the same proportions as the provisions are to be deposited." These votes, so far as Worcester was concerned, were never carried into effect. But Concord became one great storehouse. Every farmer's barn,

the town-house, the court-house, the tavern shed, the miller's loft, all became extempore depots for provisions and munitions of war. Very likely in other places there were limited supplies. But gradually, in comparison with the means of the Province, a vast store was accumulated at Concord. Eleven hundred tents, ten tons of cartridges, eighteen tons of rice, eight tons of fish, many hundred barrels of flour, fifteen thousand canteens, a thousand iron pots, besides cannon and mortars, round-shot and grape-shot, canister and shells, spades, pickaxes, billhooks, shovels, axes, hatchets, crows, and wheelbarrows, wooden plates and spoons, cartouch-boxes and holsters, belts and saddles, and many other articles, made up this astonishing deposit. No doubt Concord was made such a depot because it was a large town, and had several military companies; because, too, it was near the probable scene of action, yet far enough away to be reasonably safe from any sudden attack. One cannot but think that the thoroughly trustworthy character of Colonel James Barrett, who was the sole custodian of these treasures, must have entered largely into the calculation. The committee were aware how precious was the charge committed to the brave old town. They enjoin Colonel Barrett to keep watch day and night. He must always have teams ready to transport away the goods at the first alarm. He "must not so much as mention the name powder, lest our enemies should take advantage of it." But such a secret could not be kept. Tories stole to Boston to tell it. British officers came thither in disguise, noting all the difficulties of the way, and seeking to find the places of deposit. Tradition says that Major Pitcairn visited the town. Finally, the committee was alarmed, and the day before the battle,

too late fully to accomplish their purpose, ordered that the munitions and provisions should be distributed among nine different towns. Meanwhile each patriot in Boston was a volunteer sentinel, watching every movement of General Gage, with eye quick to detect each change of military position, with ear open to catch the faintest whisper of danger. So that when the royal Governor resolved upon action, almost before he gave his order to Colonel Smith to march to Concord and destroy there the munitions of war, his counsels were known; and while the soldiery were embarking to cross Charles River, Paul Revere was taking that adventurous ride over which poet and historian alike delight to linger.

Why did the fight happen at Concord? It could happen nowhere else. With Boston for a centre, within a radius of twenty-five miles there was no other spot where Gage could strike to such profit. He might, indeed, in quiet villages find men to whom it was sweet to die for country; for brave hearts were plenty then. He might burn the humble homes of those who loved freedom more than safety. But such acts exasperate rather than weaken. But, at Concord, had the four hundred militia gathered on Ponkawtasset Hill held aloof, and left the Provincial stores to the mercy of the British troops twenty-four hours, Gage had struck a deadlier blow than if he had slain five hundred on the battle-field. The direction of his march was neither of accident nor of choice, but of necessity. When Revere knew that Gage was on the war-path, he did not have to ask whither to ride.

But what happened at Concord? A body of American soldiers, organized under legal authority, at the command of their officers advanced in military array,

received the fire of the enemy, and, when ordered, attacked and forced a similar body of British troops to retreat. This is what distinguishes the fight at Old North Bridge from all previous affairs. Not to speak of the troubles in North Carolina, there had already been in New England hostile incidents and meetings more than one, though they are fast being forgotten. The boy Snider, who was shot in Boston streets the 22d of February, 1770, was unquestionably the first Revolutionary martyr. But he was murdered, not by a British soldier, but by a British sympathizer, who, resenting the posting of a brother Tory, was driven home by a band of boys with many hoots and some stones, and in his fury shot a little fellow of eleven years who happened to be present. Eleven days after, the Boston Massacre followed. Here a squad of British soldiers fired a volley into a crowd of people, killing three and wounding eight persons, most of whom had committed no offence whatever. But the affair was so connected with previous quarrels, and with immediate threats and insults, that an American jury, rather than run the risk of injustice, substantially acquitted the soldiery. The next encounter in order is the burning of the "Gaspee," — one of the most gallant achievements of the whole period. The "Gaspee" was a British schooner of eight guns, which haunted the waters of Narragansett Bay, and, with little cause, and no evidence of rightful authority, stopped and harassed the vessels plying thereupon. This sea-wasp, pursuing a peaceful packet, got aground a few miles below Providence. John Brown, of that place, with others, fitted out eight whale-boats, which dropped down the river on the evening of June 9, 1772, and reached the stranded vessel a little after midnight. After a brief

struggle, the schooner was captured, her crew put ashore, and she burned. In the affray her commander, Lieutenant Duddingston, was wounded, and could justly claim that from his veins had come the first English blood shed in the contest. Captain Abraham Whipple led the Americans, and thus was engaged in the earliest private naval exploit, as three years later he commanded in the first public naval battle. But gallant as the achievement certainly was, it was a private expedition, and always disallowed by the Rhode Island authorities. Boston gave its celebrated tea party December 16, 1773. The festivities, though they closed with a masquerade and a libation to Neptune, need not be described. They certainly were not presided over by the authorities. February 26, 1775, Colonel Leslie stole out of Castle William with two hundred men, and made a rapid march through Marblehead, hoping to capture in Salem and Danvers certain military stores. He found the drawbridge between the two towns up. A scuffle ensued for the possession of two flat-boats. And North Bridge, Salem, might have taken its place in history instead of North Bridge, Concord. For Colonel Pickering was the best educated military man in the Province, and the Essex militia afterwards, at the close of that hot April day, showed of what stuff they were made. But neither party was anxious to precipitate hostilities. And Leslie agreed, that if, for honor's sake, he was permitted to march thirty rods beyond the bridge, he would abandon the objects of his expedition. About this time an affair of great seriousness took place at Westminster, the shiretown of Windham County, which then included the whole southern half of Vermont this side the mountains. Under the direction of some sort of a rude organization, the people of

Westminster and the vicinity took possession of the court-house, March 13, and refused entrance to the royal judge, sheriff, and their attendants. A parley ensued. It was agreed that the judge, without an armed force, should come into the court-house and discuss matters with the malcontents. This agreement was broken by the sheriff. For at midnight he appeared with a considerable party and demanded admittance. Being refused, he gave orders to fire into the building. One man was killed and one wounded. This was the first American blood shed by direct command of a royal official, when at the time no violence was offered or threatened. But, as there was then in Vermont no State authority of any kind, patriotic or otherwise, this affair too must take its place among volunteer movements.

Five hours before the fight at Concord, the first hostile meeting between organized American and organized British soldiers, each party acting under what it held to be legitimate authority, took place. Before sunrise on that morning, at the first intimation of danger forty to seventy minute-men (the exact number is uncertain) assembled by order of their captain, John Parker, on the little green in front of Lexington church. The promptness with which these men responded to the call, the courage which they displayed in a hot encounter later in the day, proves them to be entitled to the place of brave men among the bravest. As this party was drawn up across the upper end of the common, the sudden appearance of Major Pitcairn, his order to the Americans to disperse, and his quick command to his own soldiers to fire, made the quiet green the scene of a bloody massacre, and at the command of their captain the Lexington men dis-

persed, leaving one quarter, if not one third of their number, dead or wounded. There has been a long and often needlessly warm discussion as to whether any guns were fired by the minute-men in return for the fatal volley which they received. Authorities certainly differ. And it is not possible quite to reconcile the adverse affidavits. So the question can never be absolutely settled. But a candid weighing of all the evidence makes it altogether probable that, as the company dispersed, three or four, and possibly eight or ten, guns were fired. But, as a military encounter, the contest was hopeless from the beginning. Such shots as were fired were discharged, not only without the orders of Captain Parker, but in direct opposition to them, and were prompted by the impulse and courage of the individuals themselves. Beyond inflicting slight flesh wounds upon a soldier or two, they did no damage to the enemy, and scarcely delayed his onward movement. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." And it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the cruel affair at Lexington, in exciting sympathy, in arousing indignation, in giving courage to the timid, and in fusing all different feelings and opinions into one united sentiment of patriotism. It is with just reason, therefore, that the sons of Lexington, and the whole State, hold in solemn remembrance the brave men who fell that day.

The peculiarities of the fight at Old North Bridge, which divided it from all skirmishes or battles which had occurred previously, and which entitle it to distinct remembrance as an event of unsurpassed importance, are, that there every movement of the militia was made in accordance with the orders of those legitimately in command; that there, for the first time,

British soldiers fell before an American fire; and, especially, that there the invader was turned back, once for all, never to make another hostile advance on Massachusetts soil, unless the few acres enlargement of his prison house won by the awful slaughter at Bunker Hill be called an advance. Other places have, and justly, their sacred memories. But within the bounds of the original thirteen States there is no spot more interesting than the two secluded green slopes, with the quiet river flowing between, where the soldiers of the King and the soldiers of the people met in military array and exchanged fatal volleys.

"1775, 19 April. — This morning," writes the patriotic Concord minister in his diary, "between one and two o'clock, we were alarmed by the ringing of the bell, and upon examining found that the troops, to the number of eight hundred, had stolen their march from Boston in boats and barges, from the bottom of the Common over to a point in Cambridge near to Inman's farm. This intelligence was brought us first by Dr. Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard that were sent before on horses, purposely to prevent all posts and messengers from giving us timely information. He, by the help of a very fleet horse, crossing several walls and fences, arrived at Concord at the time aforementioned; when several posts were immediately despatched that returning confirmed the account of the regulars' arrival at Lexington, and that they were on the way to Concord." Such is the account of the first tidings of the invasion in the very words of one who was an eyewitness of the events which succeeded. It was probably about three o'clock before the town thoroughly comprehended its danger. The hurry, the confusion, the excitement, the alarm, which must

have filled this little village during the four hours in which it awaited the coming of eight hundred mercenary soldiers, can hardly be imagined, far less described. Every available man and team must be impressed to carry away or to hide the precious stores. The minute-men and members of the old military companies were preparing their arms and equipments for immediate service. Many of the women and children took to the woods for safety. Tradition preserves some simple anecdotes, which have not yet been recorded, and which reveal the varying humors of the time. Thus, one good lady, hearing that the regulars were coming, goes straight to the adjoining meeting-house, and takes the communion plate and buries it in her soap-barrel in her cellar, in the arch under a great chimney which is still standing. Another, getting ready to take her children into the woods, in her confusion went to her drawer and put on a checked apron, which in those days was the proper adornment on state occasions. This she unconsciously did over and over again, until, when she recovered her wits in her hiding place, she found she had on seven checked aprons. No doubt every home had its tale, both pathetic and ludicrous, to tell.

A little after sunrise two hundred armed men had come together. Three quarters were from Concord, a few from Acton, and the rest minute-men and militia from Lincoln. Their advance was stationed a mile toward Lexington, at the end of that steep ridge which skirts the village on the north. The main body occupied, "as the most advantageous situation," the high point of that same ridge, directly opposite the meeting-house. A little before seven, the advance came hurrying back, saying that the enemy were at hand, and

"their numbers were more than treble ours." A second position was now taken, "back of the town, on an eminence." This was probably somewhere on that high land which borders Monument Street, though some think at the extreme northern end of the ridge first occupied, which many years ago was levelled to give room for the court-house. "Scarcely had we formed," says the same diary, "before we saw the British troops, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing towards us with the greatest celerity." So high was the courage of our people, and so unwilling were they to retreat, that not a few insisted upon meeting the enemy then and there, though some estimated his numbers at twelve hundred, and none at less than eight hundred. Finally, Colonel James Barrett, who had been by the Provincial Congress put over all the forces in the neighborhood, and who about this time rode up, having been engaged since daybreak in securing the stores, ordered them to fall back over the bridge to Ponkawtasset Hill, a high eminence which overlooks the village, and there wait for reinforcements. This order was obeyed, as were all rightful orders given that day. By half-past nine the Acton minute-men, two small companies from Bedford, and individuals from Westford, Carlisle, Chelmsford, and very likely from other places, had joined them. They numbered, perhaps four hundred and fifty, perhaps three hundred and fifty, — more likely the last than the first. Meanwhile a small body of British troops occupied South Bridge. A hundred, under Captain Laurie, guarded North Bridge. A hundred marched by the river road to seek for stores at Colonel Barrett's, possibly to seek for the Colonel himself. The main body of five or six hundred remained in the centre, looking, to very little purpose, for munitions of war.

At this time smoke and flame, rising from the burning of cannon wheels, became visible to these anxious watchers upon the hill. What was it? Were the cruel enemy setting fire to their homes? They could not longer remain inactive. A hurried debate was had. And then Colonel Barrett gave orders to Major John Buttrick to lead the little force down the hill to the bridge, charging him not to fire unless he was fired upon. There has been a hot discussion as to the relative position of men and companies in this advance. We shall not enter into it, for it belittles and insults a great event. Whether the Acton men led, or marched side by side with David Brown's Concord minute-men; or, if they led, whether it was because they had a more forward courage, or, as Amos Baker of Lincoln testified, because they alone had bayonets with which to meet the enemy, if he should trust to steel rather than lead, — are questions which can never be settled. Enough that in fact the Acton men did occupy the post of greatest danger, and like brave men, as they were, held it firmly. But what swallows up every other consideration is the thought of the incredible courage which was in all these men. Was there not real courage in that Colonel, man of mark and position, foremost person of his town and neighborhood, with little to gain and much to lose, who, with his hair already whitening with age, sat there on his horse, and issued a command which was nothing less than flat rebellion, which could never be forgiven him except at the end of a successful civil war? Estimate for me, if you can, the courage of the last man in the last file of that little battalion; his physical courage who dared, with a few hundred militia, to march down to attack what he believed to be three times their number of the

best soldiers in the world; his moral courage who, a plain farmer perhaps, averse to quarrels, law-abiding, in obedience to his political convictions was ready to confront with hostile weapons the servants of him who till that hour he had held to be his legitimate sovereign! Merely to have contemplated seriously such a step stamps all these men as heroes.

What followed, everybody knows. The Americans marched down to within a few rods of the bridge, with wonderful self-restraint received a few scattering shots, which wounded Luther Blanchard of Acton and Jonas Brown of Concord, and afterwards a volley by which Captain Davis and Abner Hosmer of Acton were killed. Then rang out the startling order, "Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" And from all those silent pieces poured forth a volley. It was a deadly one. Out of a hundred men, according to Gage's official statement, three were killed, and nine wounded, and, by the American account, three killed and eight wounded. Of the killed, one died immediately by a shot in the head. One expired before his comrades reached the village, and was buried in the old graveyard. One, mortally wounded, was cloven through the skull with a hatchet by a lad, at whom, says Chaplain Thaxter, he had made a thrust with his bayonet. From the window of the house now occupied by the Hon. John S. Keyes, a little girl of four years was looking out. She never forgot how pleased she was to see the two hundred British soldiers march by in perfect order, with their bright weapons and scarlet coats and white pantaloons, or how terrified to see the same men come back, hurried, in disorder, muddy, a great many as it seemed to her, with limbs tied up and bloody. In the record of this hot skirmish, five names

stand out to receive peculiar honor. First, Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, a modest manly soldier of only thirty years, who could say that he had trained up a company, not one of whom feared to follow him, who assumed his position with a full sense of its gravity, and died first of all in the front rank; Major John Buttrick, of Concord, who himself, within sight and sound of his own home, led the advance, and at the right moment gave the word of command; Colonel John Robinson, of Westford, who, reaching the field before his own townsmen, as a volunteer walked side by side with Davis and Buttrick; Lieutenant Joseph Hosmer, of Concord, who acted as adjutant on that day, and by his earnest words, "Will you let them burn the town down?" determined that heroic march down the hill to the river; Captain William Smith, of Lincoln, who volunteered with his single company to attempt to dislodge the enemy from the bridge;— brave men were these, whose names must ever be connected with a memorable event, but possibly not braver than scores who that day played their part and are forgotten.

Here, perhaps, dramatic unity would close the story. For here ends the fight at Old North Bridge. The Americans pursued the retreating foe a few rods, until he was strongly reinforced, then, turning to the left, climbed the hill back of Mr. Keyes's house, from which they had in all probability descended in the morning. As it was evident that there was no intention to burn the town, the insane attempt to dislodge twice their number from what Emerson terms "the most advantageous situation" was not made. But the field of battle was really won. Irresolution and timidity had entered the British counsels; and, after various marches

and countermarches, at twelve o'clock they began their terrible retreat. Then a strong detachment of Americans hurried across the great fields, and at Merriam's Corner, a mile and a quarter below the village, joined the Billerica and Reading men in a fresh attack. Half a mile on, the Sudbury company came up, and there was a new struggle. On the edge of Lincoln, where then thick woods shut in the road, was the severest encounter of the day. And so the fight merged into that persistent attack and pursuit from all quarters of the British forces, through Lincoln, through Lexington, through West Cambridge, through Charlestown almost to the water's edge, and to the protection of the great ships of war. In Lincoln it was that Captain Jonathan Wilson, of Bedford, who had been on the field among the earliest, through a too adventurous courage, died. During this pursuit, too, three out of the four Concord captains were wounded. So somewhere in that long route, if not at North Bridge, these men sought and found their post of danger.

What were the results of the Concord Fight? If we look only at its immediate results, then we say, of itself it baffled the plans of the royal Governor. Had nothing occurred after the encounter at North Bridge, had Colonel Smith gone back peacefully to Boston, as over a parade ground, none the less he would have gone back defeated. He did not steal out from Boston, with the best soldiers of her garrison, and swiftly traverse the fields of Middlesex, that he might see the beauty of the country, — not even to slay, in unequal conflict, ten rebels. He came to ravage that Provincial storehouse and magazine which Concord was. And he failed. Quite likely great efforts had been made in the preceding weeks, and especially on the day before,

to deplete that storehouse. Certainly that morning, while awaiting his arrival, wonderful energy was displayed by the whole people in removing stores to places of safety. Every conceivable expedient was tried. They were removed to neighboring towns. They were concealed in thickets. They were hidden under straw and feathers, and even under manure heaps. Colonel Barrett took up a bed of sage in his garden, and there buried cannon and their wheels, and then planted his sage over them in the old place. One man ploughed long, deep furrows, and filled them with kegs of powder, and then turned the next furrows over them. Still there was an ample supply left, if only time had been given to find it. In one shed, within a hundred feet of where the light infantry marched, more than eight tons of provisions were stored. But the stout skirmish at the bridge, and the increasing gathering on Jones's Hill, broke the courage of the British commander, and his achievements bore about the same relation to his original purpose that the scratch of a pin does to the deep wound which lets out the life-blood from the heart.

In the production of those greater results; of that mighty wave of indignation, which, like a prairie fire, swept from before it every obstacle; of that wonderful uprising, not only of all Massachusetts, but of all New England, and, we might add, of all America, which made Boston, in one week, not a British conquest, but a British prison; of that unanimity of patriotism which was all that was required to make the Colonies unconquerable, — in the creation of these certainly each of the three great events of the day, the massacre at Lexington, the fight at Concord, the stubborn pursuit to Charlestown hills, did its part and had

its influence, — which most, who can tell? Enough that the 19th of April really created the nation. And each town which helped on that day rightfully claims its share of the honor.

One word, in closing. Emphatically — far more emphatically than is usually remembered — was the encounter at North Bridge a Concord Fight. Not one of the organized military bodies which shared with the old town her danger and her glory but were bound to her by closest ties. They were literally bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Just twenty-one years before that bright spring morning, the 19th of April, 1754, the whole western half of Lincoln for the last time was included within her bounds. Forty years before, Acton, and, forty-six years before, the larger part of Bedford, by her consent, and out of her broad fields, had been erected into separate municipalities. Carlisle, which had once gone out, was now, by its own request, back in the old relations. So it was Concord, — not the Concord of the narrow limits of to-day, but the Concord which the Puritan owned and planted, — that larger Concord which once found its religious, yea, and its political home, in the very meeting-house which, unchanged, saw the invader advance and retreat, — that original Concord it was which “fired the shot heard round the world.”

CONCORD DURING THE SHAYS REBELLION.

THE Peace of 1783 was a welcome event. By securing independence to the Colonies, it crowned with success the struggles and sacrifices of eight bitter years; and it brought to an end that drain of men and waste of resources which had become almost too great to be borne. The tradition is that the news of the ratification of the treaty was received everywhere with tumultuous joy. As the tidings spread from town to town all faces brightened. Neighbors grasped each other cordially by the hand. The bells rung out from the steeples. The pulpits resounded with thanksgiving. In the cities and larger towns there were bonfires and illuminations, and special gatherings and addresses. For the moment it seemed as if all troubles had passed away.

But the joy was of brief duration. The great expectation was followed by as great disappointment. To momentary harmony succeeded jealousy and heart-burnings and an honest sense of wrongs, which brought divisions into every community; so that within three years of the declaration of peace actual rebellion had appeared, and every Massachusetts man, and especially every citizen of a shiretown, like Concord, had to ask the question whether liberty regulated by law was a possibility.

The causes of that condition of things, which culminated in what is called the Shays Rebellion, are not hard to find. Those wild ideas of freedom and human rights, which are always generated in some minds amid the heat of a successful revolution, had, no doubt, their influence. Ardent and unbalanced natures came to expect an impossible deliverance from personal burdens, and an absolute personal liberty which was inconsistent with the continuance of the social state. Said Luke Day,¹ the ablest of the leaders in the Shays Rebellion, to the men whom he was leading against Springfield arsenal: "My boys, you are going to fight for liberty. If you wish to know what liberty is, I will tell you. It is for every man to do what he pleases, and to make other folks do as you please to have them, and to keep folks from serving the devil." Job Shattuck of Groton,² the leading spirit in the Middlesex department of the rebellion, said, in an harangue in his native town, "it was time to abolish all debts and begin anew." That there were a very large number who sympathized with these revolutionary expressions is certain. General Knox,³ in a letter to Livingston, estimated that nearly two sevenths of the people of the State were in favor of annihilation of all debts, both public and private.

But the chief source of disaffection was real poverty. The interruption of business, occasioned by the war, the depreciation of the currency, the difficulty of selling at a fair price any kind of property, made it impossible for honest and solvent people to pay their debts. But in those times debt was treated, not as a

¹ Holland's History of Western Massachusetts, vol. i. p. 296.

² Boston Centinel, September 16, 1786.

³ Debates of Convention of 1788, p. 400.

misfortune, but as a crime. The records of the old Concord jail reveal this astounding fact, that in the year 1786 three times as many were imprisoned for debt as for all other causes combined. No doubt the records of other jails and of other years would tell as painful a story. In many cases the prisoners were Revolutionary soldiers, whose fidelity to their country was the direct cause of their poverty. One peculiarly exasperating circumstance was frequently added. The prosecutors were disloyal men, who, having fled the country at the beginning of the war, now returned under the protection of the treaty to crush in the courts of law those whom they could not defeat on the battle-field. In one instance it is on record that a Concord man, Dr. Ezekiel Brown, who had served three years in the army, was arrested and put in jail for more than two years by a creditor, Frederick William Geyer, who was a Tory who had fled to England and there remained until the declaration of peace, and whose disloyalty was so notorious that his name appeared in a published list of absentees, headed by the name of Governor Barnard, who were declared by the State to be outlawed.¹

How strongly the town of Concord felt the injustice of this return of Tory refugees and creditors may be understood by a perusal of the following extracts from its instructions to its Representative, Joseph Hosmer, voted in town meeting, May 26, 1783: —

“Although with pleasure we anticipate the Blessings of Peace, yet when we look into the treaty formed and agreed upon by the Commissioners from the several warring nations for Peace, in their Fifth Article we find that the Congress of these United States are to recommend to the several States in

¹ Continental Journal, June 18, 1781.

the Union to make Provision for the return of those persons whom we call Tories, or Refugees, who in the beginning of the war chose their side and many of them with our enemies against us, and whom by our laws, which we call just, are excluded ever returning again, or enjoying any estate they left behind them, which is very alarming to us, and we would Deprecate their return as one of the greatest evils which could fall upon us, — We therefore must instruct you, Sir, to use your utmost endeavors that all these Persons, whose names are inserted in the laws of this Commonwealth, who are styled Conspirators and absentees, and all other persons that have since gone to our enemies, and have taken an active part with them in any way or manner whatever, might never return to us again, or enjoy any estate they left behind them; and that you use your endeavours that no compensation be made to any Person or Persons of the above description for any of their estates already sold, and to have all that are confiscated sold and applied to Public use."

Any person who carefully studies the internal history of this period must admit that the mass of honest and well meaning people had to bear a vast amount of real hardships, if not actual wrongs. There was a condition of affairs, therefore, which called for the exercise by all parties of the greatest candor, prudence, and thoughtfulness. But the misfortune of the times was, that the war had brought forward men whose courage and efficiency had given them position and influence, but who had neither that knowledge of affairs nor that natural moderation of spirit and clearness of judgment which would make them wise leaders in troubled periods. Such an one was Daniel Shays, the ostensible leader of the insurrection. Such were Luke Day of West Springfield, and Adam Wheeler of Hubbardston. Such certainly was Job Shattuck, the first man in the

Middlesex rising. These were all captains in the Revolution, of proved courage. They were probably men of reasonably honest purposes. But by temperament they were rash and obstinate, with habits of mind and with a training which unfitted them to meddle with great questions of law and statesmanship. With these to lead, and with a great mass of discontent behind them, it was hardly possible that the unhappy events of the succeeding months could have been avoided.

If the town of Concord was not disloyal, it was not because it had not its share of difficulties and poverty to endure, or because it did not feel its burden. One single fact is full of meaning. In the ten years succeeding the time when the town was reduced to its present limits by the setting off of a part to Carlisle, the population increased 269, or one fifth. In very nearly the same period the dwelling-houses were reduced from 193 to 188, and the barns from 174 to 142, while the number of acres tilled and the amount of stock kept were diminished in like ratio. Take another line of inquiry. From the declaration of peace until the beginning of the insurrection, a period of about three years, the suits brought against inhabitants of Concord in the Court of Common Pleas averaged nearly fifty each year, or perhaps one to every five families in the town. For the three years preceding 1770 in the same court the suits averaged less than seven, and this too when the population of the town before the setting off of Carlisle was a quarter part larger than at the later date. The caution displayed in town meetings in guarding against unnecessary expenses, the strictly just but as strictly economical spirit which pervaded its instructions to its Representatives, give us a clear indication of what was the real tone of feeling and the

real condition of affairs. Now the first impression these records make upon the reader is the evident poverty of our people. Thus, May 27, 1782, the town enjoins James Barrett to use his best endeavors that "no one member of the General Court shall receive pay as a member and a Committee from the Court at the same time." Again, "We instruct you in making grants to those who are servants of government, for a reward for their services, that you do not grant too large sums for the same, and thereby gratify an avaricious disposition in them, and make those places of trust lucrative." What the town's idea of lucrative pay might be, and how tight a rein it kept, may be understood by reading the vote passed just before Mr. Barrett's election: "Voted, that the person who should be chosen, should receive six shillings per day while in actual service, an account of which time he should bring to the Town, and if it should be that their pay should be more than six shillings per day, then in that case the Representative who shall be chosen shall be hereby directed to bring the overplus to the Town Treasury." The next year, 1783, Joseph Hosmer, member elect, is thus instructed: "Sir, in levying taxes upon the good people of this Commonwealth, you will be very careful and lay no more upon them under their present burdened circumstances than is of absolute necessity. . . . You will oppose all extravagant grants of money and salaries to servants of Government. . . . You will oppose all new grants of every kind for past services of soldiers and officers, but see to it that all old promises are speedily fulfilled." A year or two later it is suggested that the fascination of the town of Boston leads the General Court to hold long sessions, in which "there is a small proportion of

business done," and that, if the General Court should emigrate into the country, perhaps "business would be despatched with greater expedition, as the members would have but little to do other than that for which their constituents have chosen them. . . . And while money is scarce among us, we think that should the Court be removed the pay of the members might be reduced."

The town was as anxious to discover the causes of the existing poverty, and to remove them, as it was to prevent the creation of new burdens. Its action on the whole is creditable to the foresight and good judgment of those who directed its counsels. It uniformly discouraged the emission of any more paper money. It as uniformly encouraged a speedy return to specie payment. The scarcity of gold and silver was attributed largely to the extravagance of that portion of the community who, by speculation, or by successful privateering, or by fortunate contracts, had grown rich, while the mass had grown poor. Discarding the homelier domestic products, these people sought from abroad luxuries which could be paid for only in hard money. A letter from London, published in an August number of the "Salem Gazette" for 1786, speaks of this vast importation, not to be paid for without severe exertions by so young a country. It adds, that an American ship had come in recently freighted principally with specie. Very distinct notice is taken of this mischievous tendency in the instructions of the town to its old Representative, Joseph Hosmer, May 25, 1786: "We lament that measures have not been more effectually taken by the General Court to counteract the fatal tendency of that excessive fondness for foreign manufactures which has so remarkably prevailed in this State for years

past, which, while it has drained us of our money, has put a stop to our improving in useful branches of manufacture. The daily complaints which are made for the want of employment lead us to enjoin you to use your utmost exertions in the General Court, that such farther duties may be laid on these foreign articles, especially those which are articles of mere luxury, or which may be procured within ourselves, as shall lessen the quantity imported, and that encouragement be given, by premiums or otherwise, on articles of our own manufactures. . . . We are fully convinced that while the present system of trade is pursued . . . our distresses must increase and ruin overtake us." These extracts seem to open to us the very thoughts of the fathers. They desired to preserve moderation in counsel. They would use, even for the removal of heaviest burdens, only legitimate measures. Nevertheless they felt those burdens acutely.

How could it be otherwise? Eight years of war had greatly decreased the producing power of the town, and tasked in every conceivable way its resources. The varying value of the currency and stagnation in business made it uncertain whether what might be produced would be sold, and if sold, equally uncertain what would be received in payment. The following notice, which appeared in a magazine published in a neighboring town, gives a lifelike picture of the straits to which people were reduced in business affairs by the scarcity of good money: "Those who have contracted with the printer for wood are desired to bring it immediately. Indian Corn, Cyder, and Pork are likewise received from those who engaged or incline to bring those articles. They are wanted now, and will not answer if the bringing of them is delayed, as is too

often the case, until the printer is otherwise supplied. If not brought within four weeks, Pork excepted, Cash only will answer."

Added to all other burdens were heavy taxes. For 1780 and the five succeeding years the taxes averaged nine thousand dollars in specie. The town had then about half its present population. Only a generation ago¹ our valuation was less than one quarter what it is now; and in 1785 it could not have been over one twelfth as large. It is probable that a tax of one hundred thousand dollars now would be far less onerous than nine thousand dollars then.

But the time was at hand when no measures through the ordinary legal channels could satisfy. As early as 1781 and 1782 outbreaks of great seriousness had occurred at Northampton, at Hatfield, at Springfield, at Groton in our own county, and no doubt in many other places. In the summer of 1786 nearly simultaneous gatherings of extra-legal, if not illegal bodies, called Conventions of Towns to consider grievances, were held in most of the counties. Prudent and loyal men took part in these assemblies. But on the whole these conventions exercised a pernicious influence, increasing instead of allaying the existing disaffection. An address,² signed and circulated about this time by a body of gentlemen in Bristol County, shows to what lengths people of position and respectability were prepared to go:—

"Whereas the good people of this Commonwealth have for some time past been very much distressed and embarrassed by the too vigorous execution of the civil law even to

¹ 1840, \$626,810.

² Boston Centinel, August 12, 1786.

the ruin of many honest men and their families ; and whereas the honorable gentlemen of the Convention of the County of Bristol have petitioned the Great and General Court for some relief in that respect, but could obtain none ; and whereas the above calamity is daily increasing and threatens - to involve the great part of the people in beggary and ruin, unless speedily prevented, — Therefore, in order to prevent any farther progress of such destructive proceedings, we, the subscribers, do firmly agree, and engage to unite, as one man, and that we will to the utmost of our power oppose and prevent the sitting of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for the County of Bristol, or any other courts which shall attempt to sit for the purpose of taking property by distress, and all publick vendues of property taken by distress, even at the risk of our lives and fortunes, until a redress of the present grievances shall be obtained."

Thus encouraged, violent men proceeded to take violent measures. The first step was to stop in all the shiretowns the sessions of the Court of Common Pleas, by whose action alone debts could be enforced. But one wrong generally necessitates another to uphold it. To shield the leaders in these acts of violence from indictment and punishment, the next step was to forbid the sitting of the Supreme Judicial Court, which had cognizance of such acts. Open rebellion naturally followed, dwindling finally in the Western counties into mere rapine, and then coming to an ignominious end.

The action of Concord throughout these trying experiences was such as can be looked back upon with pleasure. The scanty details of a town record do not register the spirit which is in a people. The tradition is that, while many of the towns were openly inimical to the government, the sentiment here was thoroughly loyal. This is confirmed by the testimony of the his-

torian of the rebellion, who says that Middlesex was thought to be more ready than most of the counties to support the laws, and especially that it was believed "that the local circumstances of Concord made it an eligible spot for the serious exertions of government." There is not on record a single line which openly or covertly sustains violent measures. Language like the following,¹ written and voted in the heat of the difficulty, proves that there were men here who saw to the very heart of the disease of the body politic: "Many of the evils complained of we conceive to be erroneously called grievances, and that they are such as must be removed, if they are removed at all, by the revival of private virtue." As the narrative proceeds, it will plainly appear that, while the course of our people continued to be conciliatory, it became more and more resolutely loyal.

On the 29th day of June, 1786, the irritation in Middlesex County first assumed an organized form. On that day committees from Groton, Shirley, Pepperell, Townsend, and Ashby met at Groton. These five towns occupied the whole of that northwest corner, which, projecting from the main body of Middlesex, laps Worcester County on the north. Numerically these towns had then vastly more weight in the county than now. For they were a full eighth of the population, while to-day they are but a twenty-eighth. The soul and the body too of the Middlesex insurrections were in this little, and in a comparative sense remote locality. With one possible exception, all the leaders in the September riots were from these towns, and nine tenths if not the whole of their followers. Of those who in 1787 received pardon upon taking an oath of

¹ Instructions to James Barrett, October 12, 1786.

allegiance, one was from Framingham, fifteen from Westford, two hundred and ten from the five towns, and not one from the remaining thirty-three towns of the county.

At this distance of time it is not possible to ascertain the reasons for this condition of affairs. Presumably the nearness of these towns to that portion of Worcester County which proved to be the stronghold of disloyal action, and the closer social and political relations which grew out of such nearness, had something to do with it. This presumption is greatly strengthened when we consider that from 1767 to 1785 there was a persistent effort made by the towns on both sides of the border to erect a new county out of the fragments taken from the other two; and that the Middlesex insurgents in both their attempts to stop the courts had reinforcements from Worcester County. The burden of debt and taxation seemed to press with peculiar heaviness upon this locality. The principal business of many of the public meetings of these towns appears to have been to vote on the question of the abatement of taxes; twenty, thirty, and even fifty persons having in one of these towns (Groton) petitioned in a single year for such abatement. During the five years preceding the outbreak, the suits brought against the people of these towns must be numbered by hundreds, and almost by thousands, and exceed by many times those of any former period. In Groton one quarter, and probably one third, of all the adult male population were in that period subjected to the irritation and expense of a lawsuit.

But whatever the cause, the action of these towns had from the outset a revolutionary flavor. Early in 1784, Groton and Shirley appointed delegates to meet at

Concord with the committees of other towns to consider grievances. What became of this proto-convention, whether it really met, or whether Concord refused to entertain it, or whether it was a failure from the beginning, neither town record nor tradition tells. In the year of the outbreak all these towns refused to elect Representatives to the General Court, and were heavily fined on account of such failure to elect. This cut them off, and no doubt was intended to cut them off, from the ordinary and peaceful modes of seeking redress of grievances. Two days before the committees of the five towns came together, Groton, the largest of these towns, at a legal meeting, had a series of violent articles submitted for its consideration by sixty-eight of its voters. The following are some of the most striking of these articles: "5th. To see if the town will vote not to have any Inferior Court. . . . 7th. To see if the town will vote not to have more than one attorney in a county to draw writs, and that he be paid the same as the State's attorney. 8th. To see if the town will vote that there be a stop put to all lawsuits of a civil nature until there is a greater circulation of money than there is at present. . . . 13th. To see if the town will vote that the first holders of public securities shall draw their full sum and interest; and all those that have purchased securities shall give in on oath what they gave for the same, and shall receive no more of the public treasury, including interest. . . . 15th. To see if the town will vote to choose a Committee of Safety, to see that there is no more infringement made on our injured rights and privileges, and act anything relative to the above articles, or any other things, which may be necessary for the good of the public at large." What is interesting in these articles, as show-

ing the tendency to political disintegration which existed, is the obvious conviction on the part of their framers that one single town of a single county had a right to veto the laws which had been created by all, whenever they seemed to it distasteful or oppressive. After consideration, these articles were referred to a committee of five, of which Job Shattuck was one, with discretionary powers to act as they saw fit.

Two days after, the committee of the five towns met, chose Captain John Nutting of Groton Moderator, voted to issue a circular inviting the other towns of the county to send delegates to a convention to be held in Concord, August 23, "to consult on matters of public grievance and embarrassment, and also to find out means of redress." Twenty-one, possibly a few more, of the forty towns of the county were represented at the first meeting of this convention. Action in different parts of the county greatly varied. The towns in the northwest, as we have seen, called the gathering into existence. The central towns for the most part accepted the invitation, but in many cases limited their representatives by the most prudent and conservative instructions. The towns of the lower or southern tier either remained away silently, or, as in the cases of Medford and Newton, sent back spirited remonstrances and refusal. Concord appointed Isaac Hubbard, Captain David Brown, Jonas Lee, Joseph Chandler, and Samuel Bartlett its delegates, and then by direct vote instructed them "to oppose every unconstitutional measure that may be proposed by said convention, and strictly to adhere to the rules prescribed in the Constitution of this Commonwealth in all the transactions of the same; to oppose the emission of paper money, and to take every measure to encourage industry, frugality,

and good economy." The convention, having voted as a sort of preamble that it considered itself fully justified in its present mode of meeting by the Constitution, and that it would strictly adhere to the Constitution in all its proceedings, enumerated ten grievances (to which in October it added seven more), voted to publish them with an address to the people, and then adjourned to meet again in the same place, October 3.

But the conduct of affairs had now passed out of the control of conventions, constitutional or otherwise. Only six days after the adjournment of the Middlesex meeting, a mob, variously estimated from five hundred to fifteen hundred men and boys, armed with guns, swords, and clubs, assembled at Northampton. In the politest of language it informed the Court of Common Pleas, then about to open, that it would be inconvenient for the Court to sit for the despatch of business. A hint thus backed was equal to a command. The Court adjourned. The mob remained till midnight to guard against the return of the judges, and then dispersed.

One week later, September 5th, an armed gathering under Captain Adam Wheeler of Hubbardston surrounded the Court House at Worcester. The resolute Chief Justice, General Artemas Ward of Revolutionary memory, pressed forward until his clothing was pierced by the bayonets of the insurgents. Finally, unwilling to kill or injure him, the leader permitted him to address the crowd from the Court House steps, which he did with great power; but in vain, and the Court was forced to adjourn.

One week more and the Courts were to meet at Concord. Naturally its people were greatly disturbed,

and ready to use all proper measures to prevent the recurrence in their quiet town of the scenes of the last fortnight. A meeting was held, September 9, "in which, after seriously and deliberately conversing on the matter, it was voted that the late measures taken in the two counties, viz. Hampshire and Worcester, in putting a stop to the proceeding of the Courts of Justice in them, was alarming, and to declare our utter abhorrence of such riotous conduct; and farther voted to choose a respectable Committee to meet such from the other towns in this County, who may send such to use their utmost endeavors to calm the people's minds that meet on the next week for the stopping the Court that is to meet here." The committee chosen was Major Joseph Hosmer, the Rev. Mr. Ripley, Mr. Samuel Bartlett, Jonas Heywood, Esq., and Captain David Brown, "which Committee was by the Town enjoined as soon as may be to prepare a Circular, and lay the same before the Town for its acceptance." The meeting was adjourned half an hour "to give said Committee an opportunity to set." "At the time affixed the Town met and the Committee reported a Draught they had prepared, which was several times read and accepted by a full majority." The closing lines of the record of this meeting give us a vivid sense of the scantness of the time which remained in which to prepare for an emergency that, in spite of so many warnings, had evidently come to those people with a sense of unexpectedness. They run thus: "The Town then proceeded to choose a Committee to write several Coppys, as many as they could possibly disperse, and to send them to as many towns as they could by any means."

The following is the address:—

TO THE TOWN OF ———

GENTLEMEN, — Alarmed at the threatening aspect of our affairs, this town has this day held a meeting, and declared, unanimously, their utter disapprobation of the disorderly proceedings of a number of persons in the counties of Hampshire and Worcester in preventing the sitting of the Courts there. And apprehending the like may be attempted in this county and probably attended with very dangerous consequences, we have thought it advisable to endeavor, in conjunction with as many of the neighboring towns as we can give seasonable information to, by lenient measures to dissuade from such rash conduct as may involve the State in anarchy and confusion, and the deprecated horrors of civil war. We conceive the present uneasiness of the people to be not altogether groundless; and although many designing men, enemies to the present government, may wish and actually are fomenting uneasiness among the people, yet we are fully persuaded that the views of by far the greater part are to obtain redress of what they conceive to be real grievances. And since the method they have taken cannot fail of meeting the disapprobation of every friend of peace and good order, we cannot but hope, from what we know of the strenuous exertions which have been made by the towns around us, and in which those disorders above mentioned now exist, to purchase at the expense of blood our independence, and the great unanimity with which they have established our present government; and from what we know of the real grounds of their complaints, were lenient measures used, and a number of towns united to endeavor, by every rational argument, to dissuade those who may seem refractory from measures which tend immediately to destroy the fair fabric of our government, and to join in legal and constitutional measures to obtain redress of what may be found to be real grievances, they would be attended with happy effects. We have, therefore, chosen a Committee to act in concert with the neighboring towns, for the purpose of mediating between

opposing parties, should they meet. And we cannot but hope our united endeavors to support the dignity of government and prevent the effusion of blood will meet with general approbation, and be attended with happy consequences.

If the above should meet with your approbation, we request you to choose some persons to meet a Committee of this town, chosen for that purpose, at the house of Captain Oliver Brown, innholder in Concord, on Monday evening or Tuesday morning next, that we may confer together, and adopt measures which may be thought to be best calculated for the attainment of the ends above proposed. We are, gentlemen, with great esteem and friendship, your humble servants,

JOSEPH HOSMER,

in behalf of the Town Committee.

CONCORD, September 9, 1786.

There can be no doubt that the action of the town was hailed with satisfaction by all loyal people, and excited great hopes in the minds of those best fitted to judge of the situation. A writer in the "Massachusetts Gazette," on the very day of the riot, refers to the "measures taken by the town of Concord, calculated to prevent any disorder which might arise in the county this day by enlightening and composing the minds of such honest and generally well affected citizens as may have been misled by artful insinuation."

The course of the town was warmly approved by the State authorities. Governor Bowdoin, moved by the critical condition of affairs, had, September 8, called together such of the Council, Senate, and members of the Supreme Court as could be reached. The decision of that meeting was that force was the only resort. "After hearing," runs the report, "General Brooks and Mr. Hall, it was unanimously voted that aid exterior

to the County of Middlesex would be required to protect the Courts at their session in Concord Tuesday next. Also voted that the artillery companies of Dorchester and Roxbury be called to march under General Brooks to support the Courts, and that his Excellency order such companies from Suffolk as may be necessary." Still disturbed, the Governor called the same gentlemen together Sunday, September 10, at half past two P. M. Justice Savage of the Court of Common Pleas for Middlesex was stating "that the minds of the people were greatly irritated, and that they had expressed a determination to oppose the sitting of the Courts, and he apprehended serious consequences from measures that have been taken, and expressed a wish that lenient measures may be adopted." Says the clerk, "Captain Ingraham of Concord arrived this moment, and presented a copy of an address which the town of Concord at their meeting yesterday agreed upon." At once the whole feeling changed. It was the opinion of all that the marching of the troops should be stopped. Governor Bowdoin issued the following command:—

Boston, September 10, 1786.

Whereas the town of Concord have transmitted to me an attested copy of their proceedings at the meeting yesterday, which appeared to me well calculated to remove any expected disturbances at the opening of the Courts of Common Pleas, &c., in Concord on Tuesday next in an effectual and pacific manner, and consequently there will be no necessity for the aid of the militia. It is therefore, upon consultation, my order to you to suspend executing the orders you have already received from me, the whole of which I have thought fit to countermand.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

TO MAJOR GEN. J. BROOKS.

JAMES BOWDOIN.

Trouble was expected in Bristol County. A copy of the Concord address was despatched to General Cobb, with the suggestion that it might be wise to take similar measures in that county, for "it is considered of the utmost importance that no blood be shed." The warm and friendly letter of the Secretary of State to Major Hosmer lets us down into the real feelings of those in authority.

Boston, September 10, 1786.

DEAR SIR, — The address of the town of Concord to the several towns in the county of Middlesex does the town great honor; and I cannot but think that the measures you have adopted will have a happy tendency to conciliate the minds of the people, and be productive of great good. Your address came in a critical moment, which his Excellency communicated to the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, and several gentlemen of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, who were assembled by the desire of the Governor to consult on measures necessary to be adopted at this very alarming crisis of our affairs, who expressed their approbation, in warmest terms, respecting the proceeding of your town. And be assured that the measures that were taken in consequence thereof gave me the highest satisfaction; and as a convincing proof, I have set myself down this evening to express it to my good friend Major Hosmer, whose goodness of heart I have long been acquainted with through very perilous times. . . .

It is the greatest grief to see people, who might be the happiest in the world, adopt measures to sap the very foundations of our excellent Constitution. I am sensible that we are under great embarrassments, and there are grievances, but in my humble opinion they are most of them really imaginary. If a little more industry and economy were practised by the community at large, they would be very happy. But there are some idle people, going from county

to county, inflaming the minds of many, filling their heads with stories of the most improbable nature, sowing sedition, and making every attempt to overthrow our excellent Constitution. The stopping of the Courts of Common Pleas, in the several counties, is but a small part of their infernal plan, which many good people, who join these persons, are little aware of, but sooner or later they will be acquainted with it. I have not time to add farther, except wishing that the gentlemen who shall meet at Concord Tuesday next, upon the subject matter of your address, may have divine direction in their deliberations.

I am, sir, with respect,

Your friend and humble servant,

JOHN AVERY.

Hon. JOSEPH HOSMER, Esq.

Notwithstanding this official approval, after events proved that such a course, as a matter of policy, was a mistake. Wherever the mob was boldly confronted, as by Major Shepherd at Springfield, by General Cobb at Taunton, and by General Brooks at Cambridge, it shrank from the encounter, while the kindest appeals were listened to with contempt. Still, one cannot regret measures which were so full of the spirit of moderation and of respect even for the mistaken ideas of honest men. When the sword was drawn, it was with the consent of all thoughtful people.

In the afternoon of Monday, September 11th, a body of men and boys, numbering perhaps a hundred, marched into the square in front of the Court House. The real leader of this party was Job Shattuck of Groton. Associated with him, and altogether more noisy and forthputting, was Nathan Smith of Shirley. Oliver Parker and Benjamin Page of Groton were also

present and prominent. A brief account of these men will help us to understand what influences were then at work in the social and political life.

Job Shattuck was a man past mid-life, the son of a respectable farmer, and himself one of the largest land-owners in Groton. He had filled various places of trust in his native town, and near the close of the war had been for three years selectman. At the early age of nineteen he was one of the two thousand Massachusetts men whom Colonel John Winslow led to Nova Scotia to aid Colonel Monckton in that expedition against the Acadians to which "Evangeline" has given such painful immortality. A minute-man in the Revolution, he was at Concord fight, and in the battle of Bunker Hill. Promoted to a captaincy, he led a company to Boston after its evacuation, and later another to that campaign which closed with Burgoyne's surrender. Strong and athletic in person, skilful in the use of the broadsword and proud of the accomplishment, utterly insensible to fear, his position and means, his remarkable physical vigor, and his good war record gave him great influence over his neighbors and townsmen. But he had qualities which made his influence of no advantage to them. He was uneducated, by nature obstinate, and full of strong prejudices. In temperament he was what would be called a fighting man, ready to give battle to maintain an opinion or to resent a real or fancied injury. Added to this were ideas of liberty and personal rights of the broadest kind. That, when the necessary contraction of currency and burden of debt and taxation were working practical injustice in all quarters, he should be in the forefront of the insurrection was natural. That thirty years later, when all clear-sighted men saw how nearly that

insurrection had brought the experiment of self-government to a disastrous close, "he should look upon no act of his life with more satisfaction," may speak volumes for his honesty, but very little for his fitness to meddle with deep questions of political economy. He had already been engaged in an affair known as the Groton riots. In 1781 a State tax was levied, which, because it was to be paid in silver or its equivalent, was called "the silver tax." This tax Shattuck resisted. For two hours, with sixteen companions armed with clubs, he threatened and bullied the unfortunate constables to whom its collection was intrusted. Having pleaded guilty at the October term of the Supreme Judicial Court held at Concord, he was sentenced to pay a fine of £10 and the costs of prosecution. Such were the character and antecedents of the man who undertook to settle whether or not Middlesex County should continue under legal authority.

Nathan Smith was a man two years younger than Shattuck, forty-eight years old. He too had been a soldier in the Revolution and noted for daring. He was a great pugilist, and counted skill in that art the highest possible evidence of manly character. In one of his frequent fights he had lost one eye. He was quarrelsome in the grain, coarse in speech, and given to drink. Tradition, which rarely fails to preserve the salient points of character, remembers him as a glutton, who used every Thanksgiving day to eat a whole goose, and wash it down with the oil which had been tried from it in cooking. A dark stain was on his reputation. In January, 1783, he had been indicted for having in possession with intent to utter twenty counterfeit bills of £50 each. To avoid trial he absconded or else concealed himself. Loammi Baldwin, High

Sheriff of Middlesex County, testified that he had summoned him at his last place of residence, and by advertisement five weeks in Willis's "Independent Chronicle," and that he had publicly called him at the several Courts of General Sessions in the county. Thereupon the sentence of outlawry was pronounced. Where he was, and how he escaped arrest then and after the affair at Concord, is uncertain. The neighborhood story is that he had a secret closet in his own house to which he retired when officers of the law were in the vicinity. Certainly after the collapse of the rebellion he resided in his native town. His coarse and dissipated habits clung to him in later life. At ninety-six he died in miserable solitude, possessed of no property except a remnant of the pension which a forgiving country granted him.

Of the lesser actors, Oliver Parker and Benjamin Page were men not unlike Shattuck, as honest, hardly as persevering, and certainly not as influential. Parker was forward in the Groton riots, was fined £8 and costs, and ordered to recognize in the sum of £100, with sureties to keep the peace three years. He escaped conviction for his course at Concord, and died early in 1790, poor and deeply in debt. Page, for his part, was found guilty of sedition, fined £100, and ordered to obtain sureties to keep the peace in the sum of £200.

These were fair specimens of the mob who, for the space of a year, filled every part of Massachusetts with turmoil. They were mostly officers of the lower grades in the Revolution. They were all bold to recklessness, generally narrow-minded and obstinate, often needy, sometimes unprincipled, but more frequently sincere and patriotic according to their light.

But to return to the men whom we left standing in

Concord Square. Monday night a heavy rain set in, which continued through a part if not the whole of the next day. The insurgents found shelter in the Court House, in the neighboring barns, and in shanties or booths built of boards stripped from the fences. Tuesday morning they assumed something like military array, occupying the square in front of the Court House, and setting guards to keep people out of it. Such as attempted to pass through were treated with insolence, and in several instances bayonet thrusts were wantonly made both at horses and men. Several barrels of rum were on tap at convenient places, and a load of hay was procured for the use of parties from a distance who were expected to arrive. At nine o'clock Smith bestirred himself, and thus addressed the bystanders: "I do not know who you are, or from whence you have come. I am going to give the Court four hours to agree to our terms. I and my party will force them to it." During the morning small parties dropped in until the whole band was estimated to number two hundred. About half past two a man, acting as sergeant, with two drummers and fifers, went with a small party up Main Street, and returned in a half-hour at the head of ninety horsemen from Worcester and Hampshire Counties, who were under the lead of Captain Adam Wheeler of Hubbardston and Benjamin Converse of Hardwick. By this time, what with rum and what with natural temper, Smith became outrageous. He beat round with a drum for recruits, and with "horrid oaths and imprecations" declared that "any person who did not follow his drum and join his standard should be driven out of the town at the point of the bayonet, let them be Court, town committee, or what else." His threats, however, did not secure many

recruits. A short time after, he again addressed the spectators with still greater violence: "As Christ laid down his life to save the world, so will I lay down my life to suppress the government from all triannical oppression, and you who are willing to join in this here affair may fall into our ranks. Those who do not, after two hours, shall stand the monuments of God's saving mercy." Finally he became so savage that his own party had to interfere, and the Worcester leaders declared that, if he did not take back his words, they would go home and leave the movement to its fate. This seems to have suppressed him, for we hear nothing more of him for the rest of the day, or indeed for the succeeding months.

Meanwhile the Peace Convention met on Tuesday at Brown's Tavern, adjourned to the meeting-house, and organized by the choice of Isaac Stearns of Bedford, Chairman, and Samuel Bartlett of Concord, Secretary. Two Committees were appointed. The first, of which Rev. Ezra Ripley was chairman, was to inform the Justices of the Courts of the assembling of the Convention, and of its purpose to dissuade the armed force now gathered at the Court House from violent measures. The second Committee was "to confer with the armed men paraded before the Court House, and to know their views and designs in thus assembling. Some of the ablest and most influential men in the county were on this Committee, as can be seen from the list, — Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Hon. Joseph Hosmer, Hon. Eleazer Brooks, Colonel William Prescott, Colonel John Buttrick, Mr. John Bishop, and Mr. Samuel White. Dr. Bartlett of Charlestown was the father of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, who, by more than fifty years of faithful service in his profession, has become so thoroughly

identified with our town. He had himself been a surgeon in the public service, both by land and sea, through the whole eight years of the Revolution. He was a close friend of General Brooks, the head of the Middlesex militia, and was in his lifetime Representative, Senator, Councillor, and in all respects, in his profession and out of it, a man of mark. Major Joseph Hosmer was in many respects the most prominent man in the town, and widely known in the county. To a great old age he preserved the confidence and esteem of his neighbors, having been tried in about as many offices of trust as one man could hold or one town confer. Of Colonel John Buttrick it is only necessary to say that he was the man who at Old North Bridge on the 19th of April leaped into the air crying, "Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" The other members of the Committee were persons of the highest respectability. It was with just reason expected that the representations of this body would have a wholesome influence upon the insurgents. But the leaders of these, though earnestly requested, refused to send a Committee to the Convention, or in any way to point out how they wished a redress of grievances, saying, "they, and not the Convention, represented the County." No stipulations of any sort in favor of a peaceable opening of the courts could be obtained. Finally, at one o'clock this note was received:—

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of General Sessions
of the Peace and Court of Common Pleas for the County
of Middlesex, etc.

The voice of the people of this County is, that the Court
of the General Sessions of the Peace and the Court of Common
Pleas shall not enter this Court House until such time

222 CONCORD DURING THE SHAYS REBELLION.

as the people shall have a redress of a number of grievances they labor under at present, which will be set forth in a petition or remonstrance to the next General Court.

JOB SHATTUCK.

CONCORD, September 12, 1786.

Farther arguments obtained this trifling modification indorsed on the back of the original document: —

Half past 8 o'clock.

Since writing the within, it is agreed that the Court of Sessions may open and adjourn to the last Tuesday in November next without going into the Court House.

JOB SHATTUCK.

The Convention "then voted that Dr. Bartlett and his Committee should wait upon the Justices with the aforesaid writing, and likewise state the particulars of their conference with the armed men." Soon they returned, stating that the Justices would like the opinion of the Convention as to the opening of the Courts. That opinion was conveyed in the following communication.

That it be recommended to the Honorable Justices of the Court of Common Pleas and Court of Sessions to suspend for the present term the execution of all public business, on account of the armed force now paraded to oppose their proceedings.

By order of the Committee.

JOSIAH BARTLETT, *Chairman.*

The result of these interviews can be best told in the very language of the Judge, Samuel Phillips Savage, which gives, from the pen of one of the actors, a vivid picture of the furious nature of the mob, and unconsciously of his own courage and energy.

"Dr. Bartlett of Charlestown, a very intelligent gentleman, delivered the final determination of the mob. . . . To ripen an answer I desired the sentiments of the Committee, who were almost unanimous in the sentiment to give up effort to hold court. . . . I asked them to get the opinion of the whole body. . . . They returned with a paper which Dr. Bartlett said expressed the opinion of three fourths and probably of seven eighths of the gentlemen. . . . I then at the request of my brethren desired Dr. Bartlett to return to the mob for our answer, — that as the Justices of the Court were held in duress by a body of men in arms, they neither could nor would act. Which answer the Doctor declined delivering, assuring us that he was afraid, and told us, as did the rest of the gentlemen of the Committee, that such was the temper of those people that, unless something was done, they feared the house in which we were would be pulled down. We then after some pause very reluctantly consented to return the humiliating answer that we would not act."

In their report to the Governor the Committee say: —

"After many conferences with the armed men who were assembled in that town, and endeavors by every possible means to convince their leaders of the impropriety of their conduct, to show the ill consequences of shutting the doors of justice, to dissuade them from violence, this body cannot forbear to express their disagreeable and painful sensation that their endeavors to dissuade from rash and unlawful measures have been ineffectual. They declare their utter abhorrence of the measures adopted by the body in arms, and are fully sensible of the high criminality of such opposition to established authority, which, if not speedily prevented, must unavoidably involve the Commonwealth in calamities innumerable."

Holland, in his "History of Western Massachusetts," falls into a strange error in respect to the objects and

real conduct of this Convention. He says (Vol. I. p. 248): —

“ At this time a Convention was sitting in the town, and for the first time in the Convention movement direct communications were opened between the deliberative and armed bodies, and they acted in concert. It was the day appointed for holding the Courts of Middlesex, and the Convention and the mob joined in a message to the justices, informing them of their determination to resist any attempt to proceed to business. The Court was intimidated, and the object of the mob accomplished.”

More mistakes could hardly be crowded into so brief a space. In the first place this meeting of gentlemen at Concord formed no part of the Convention movement so called. It was not a gathering either to represent grievances or to do away with them. It was a voluntary, and from the briefness of the notice necessarily an informal, gathering of persons from the different towns of the county. The members of that gathering must have been largely persons whose influence from the first had been thrown against illegal measures. How the thing looked to the man who had direct charge of the conference with the rioters can be seen from the following entry in Dr. Bartlett's private diary: “Sept. 11, 1786. Elected by the Town as a member of a Convention at Concord to *quell* the insurgents who had assembled to oppose the Court of Common Pleas.” The ostensible and the real object of the gathering was to support government by withholding misguided, but as they believed honest men, from acts of sedition by candid representations. The call for the gathering had received the warm approval of the State authorities. “The deliberative body” in no other way opened

communications with "the armed body" than by using its utmost efforts to secure for the Courts peaceable possession of the Court House. The only sense in which it could be said "to have joined the mob in a message to the justices" is, that, when all peaceable efforts had failed, it stated to the Court what was a simple fact, that "any attempt to proceed in business would be useless and dangerous." It is easy enough to see now, with all the preceding and succeeding events too before us, that this Peace Convention was from the outset sure to fail. But it was a humane and Christian experiment; and to accuse those who took part in it of joining with the mob to intimidate the Courts is in the highest degree unjust and absurd.

At any rate, the slow, and, in a comparative sense, moderate course to which they had persuaded the leader of the insurgents did not satisfy his followers. Deliberation of any sort had not entered into their plans. A little after the middle of the afternoon the Worcester horsemen and a body of footmen marched up Main Street until they came to Jones's Tavern, where the Justices then were. They halted and faced towards the house in a stern and menacing manner. The Justices assured them that they should not attempt to open the Courts, as the presence of such an armed force made it impossible. Hearing this, the party marched back to the main body. In a few moments they reappeared, demanding that the verbal promise should be repeated in writing. The Justices at this point seem to have used a little art, and referred them to the clerk of the courts. He, on being applied to, declared that he was only a recording officer, and had no authority to give any such paper without express orders from the Justices. The Justices in the mean time had called for

their horses and ridden away, and when the insurgents came back again and in vain sought them, the air was filled with angry and violent complaints.

It is admitted that the mob at Concord was made up of far poorer material than composed the rank and file of similar previous gatherings. The ignorance of some of its members was so great that they believed that Governor Bowdoin received a salary of \$50,000, and stated this as their greatest grievance. The horsemen from Worcester County were indeed a body of strong and well equipped men. But the infantry was a motley crew. Forty or fifty were boys drawn from curiosity. The rest, poorly clad, drenched with rain, bespattered with mud, were properly as much objects of pity as of fear. Two thirds of them had muskets, half of which were furnished with bayonets. The rest had swords and clubs. A few had cartridge boxes. By five o'clock most of the guns were rendered useless by the rain, and three quarters of their owners by rum. At sundown it was thought that thirty could not have been brought into rank to resist an attack. Three or four companies of trustworthy militia would at any time during the day have swept the whole body out of town. Long before sunset, many of the rioters were worn out and anxious to return home, and were kept only by the strenuous efforts of the leaders. By Wednesday morning they had all disappeared. Thus ended this painful, and in some aspects ludicrous, episode in the annals of our town and county.

The Convention of Towns for the consideration of grievances, according to agreement, assembled a second time at Concord, October 3, 1786. But it came back diminished in numbers. Only eighteen of the forty

towns were now represented. Weston and Lincoln had dismissed their delegates, because, as it is quaintly reported, "they had no further use for them." The aspect of affairs was such, indeed, as might well "give pause" to thoughtful people. The insurrection had now reached a new stage. At first only the Courts of Common Pleas were to be stopped, that honest debtors might not be pressed too sharply. But in the last week in September, at Springfield and Great Barrington, the Supreme Judicial Court was interrupted and forced to adjourn. This dangerous condition of affairs seems to have had its influence upon the members of the Convention at Concord. The petition to the General Court, adopted previously to its final adjournment, was comparatively moderate in tone. It runs thus:—

Your petitioners, being chosen by their respective towns for the purpose of collecting the sentiments of those towns which they represent respecting their present grievances, and to seek relief in a peaceable, orderly, and constitutional way, — viewing with great abhorrence and detestation the late riotous proceedings of a rash and inconsiderate body of people, in opposing the sitting of the Courts of Justice, notwithstanding their leaders did falsely pretend to signify the voice of the people in this County in so doing, — and having collected the sentiments of the several towns which we here represent, do point out the following particulars as grievances and pray the honorable Court for redress, viz.:

1st. The sitting of the General Court in the town of Boston, which, for reasons we trust obvious to the honorable Court, is by no means adapted to expedite public business.

2d. That the Court of Common Pleas is burthensome, by reason of the extraordinary expense arising therefrom, without any considerable advantage to the people.

3d. That lawyers are permitted to exact such exorbitant fees to the great injury of many in the community.

4th. That the salaries of several public officers are greater than the ability of the people will admit of.

5th. The want of a circulating medium has so stagnated business that, unless speedily remedied, it will involve the greater part of the community in a state of bankruptcy.

6th. The taking of men's bodies and confining them in jail for debt, when they have property sufficient to answer the demands of the creditors.

7th. That the accounts of the United States are not settled, by which means we apprehend ourselves disproportionately burdened.

8th. That greater duties or imposts are not laid on superfluities imported from foreign nations.

9th. The manner of electing jurors, as to their qualifications and pay. Serving as jurors has been esteemed as a burden on the subject, which have been the means of filling our boxes with many men entirely unqualified for that business.

10th. That such heavy taxes are laid on lands, and no encouragement given to agriculture and our own manufactures.

11th. That our unappropriated lands are not disposed of toward the discharge of our domestic debt.

12th. That the moneys arising from imposts and excise are not appropriated towards the discharge of our foreign debt.

13th. That the registering of deeds under the present establishment is far more expensive than is necessary, as the same might be done in several towns.

14th. That the duties on writs and executions should be exacted of the debtors.

15th. The present fee table, as it now stands, being higher, in some instances, than is necessary.

16th. The present mode of collecting excise, as the same might be collected in the several towns at much less expense to the government.

17th. That the thirtieth article in the Bill of Rights in the Constitution is not more strictly attended to,—in admitting persons to hold seats in our legislature to enact laws, and at the same time hold and exercise the judicial powers of government, as thereby our government becomes a government of men and not of laws.

Your petitioners humbly beg your honors' attention to these our grievances, and pray for a speedy redress, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

By order of the Committee.

SAMUEL REED, *Chairman.*

October 9th the town of Concord met to consider the petition drawn up by the Convention of Towns, and voted to take up the same article by article. "The first, second, third, fourth, tenth, and sixteenth the town accepted as matters of grievance. The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and seventeenth the town considered that many of them were evils that ought to be rectified by the General Court."

In order that its Representative might clearly understand the mind of the town on these matters, a Committee was appointed to draft instructions. These instructions were submitted, read and accepted at an adjourned meeting. How firm and wise was the spirit of the town the following extracts will show:—"As this town has lately declared their utter abhorrence and disapprobation of the late disorderly and riotous proceedings of a number of infatuated people, in opposing by force of arms the Courts of Justice, and thereby aiming, apparently at least, to destroy all civil government, we now declare our full determination to support and maintain the constitutional authority of this Commonwealth, fully convinced that our obligations here-

unto are indispensable. In this determination we are, if possible, more fixed by the late violent and treasonable opposition to the sitting of the Supreme Judicial Courts of this Commonwealth, in some of the upper counties, as hereby we are more convinced that the designs and wishes of many in the state are not merely a redress of grievances, but a total change of our wise and happy Constitution of Government. . . . We are far from making light of many of the complaints of the people; but yet the consideration of the present perplexed and embarrassed state of public affairs is a powerful inducement to this town to avoid an unnecessary enumeration of grievances and evils, under which we apprehend ourselves to labor. The hands of government should be strengthened, not weakened." Wiser or more loyal words could hardly have been penned.

The fall term of the Supreme Judicial Court was to be held in Cambridge, October 31st. Government was now thoroughly alarmed. On the 26th, companies in all towns adjacent to Cambridge were warned to be ready to march at a moment's notice. On the 30th, four companies of artillery and three of infantry were called out. Early the next morning the troops to the number of two thousand poured in. The Billerica Artillery Company gained especial credit, having marched the day before all the way to Cambridge in a driving snow-storm. General Brooks, afterwards Governor, was in command. The adjutant was Colonel Hull, whose name is so painfully connected with the surrender of Detroit in 1812. This military demonstration accomplished its purpose. Not an insurgent appeared. The Court was opened. The Governor reviewed the troops, praised them, and then dismissed

them. "It was like a brilliant parade," says an eyewitness, and, waxing humorous, adds, "the military were like Cæsar, — *veni, vidi, vici*, — came, saw nothing, conquered everything." Concord lost one man by accident. And as it was the only death which was directly or indirectly occasioned by the Middlesex rising we chronicle it. William Heywood, a native of the town, a young man of twenty-four, was preparing to join his company. That he might clean his musket he discharged it; when it burst, and some of the fragments lodged in his skull; and after lingering a few days in great agony he died, November 3d. At this session the grand jury found bills against Shattuck, Smith, and Parker for treason, and Benjamin Page for sedition.

It was hoped and believed that the approaching session of the Court of Common Pleas at Cambridge would occasion no fresh excitement. The Middlesex leaders had promised to remain quiet. But as November 28th drew near, there were unpleasant rumors. Parties of armed men under Parker and Page came as far as Concord. Shattuck went on to Weston, where there were fifty or sixty more. The Worcester men advanced to Shrewsbury.

There was now an end of half-way measures. Warrants for the arrest of Job Shattuck, Oliver Parker, and Benjamin Page of Groton, and Nathan Smith and John Kelsey of Shirley, were put into the hands of Aaron Brown and William Scott. The immediate occasion of these warrants was the request of Judge Oliver Prescott, one of the best citizens of Groton, who stated that "they were dangerous persons, who should be restrained of their liberty." Resistance was expected. Rumor said Shattuck had fortified his house. Colonel

Benjamin Hitchborn with seventy horsemen volunteered to accompany the officers. Near Concord, Colonel Henry Wood of Pepperell joined them with thirty or forty more. Smith and Kelsey could not be found. Parker and Page were arrested very easily near Concord that evening. Shattuck for a few hours evaded pursuit. But the next morning it was ascertained that he had slept at a neighbor's house. Twelve or fifteen horsemen tracked him through the new fallen snow, and overtook him near the banks of the Nashua. With the reckless courage characteristic of him he resisted, — the story was, attacked his pursuers with a broadsword. At last a frightful wound, nine inches long, running obliquely across the kneecap and severing the capsular ligament, brought him to the ground. Even then he would not yield; and only after a cut which disabled his right hand was he captured. He was a pitiable object, stained with the mire of a swamp through which he had waded, covered with blood, and helpless. He was put in a sleigh and brought to Concord jail, and thence transferred to Boston. His capturers had ridden a hundred miles in the worst of weather between Wednesday morning and Thursday night.

All sorts of wild rumors were circulated. That Shattuck had been wantonly hacked to pieces, that his wife and children had been abused, and his house destroyed. There was a good deal of talk, too, about the harsh treatment received during his imprisonment, apparently without reason. For a time he was not permitted to communicate with his friends. But he was placed in an upper room usually given to poor debtors in Boston jail, in which was a fireplace and some means of ventilation. He had good bedding, a nurse, and was attended by the best surgeons that

Boston could furnish. Finally, at his own request, he was put under the care of Dr. Kittredge of Tewksbury. His wounds not healing properly, and his health suffering from confinement, he was in April, 1787, released on bail. In May he had his trial for high treason. There were accusations of a packed jury. S. Hoar was foreman and Captain N. Barrett a juryman. There could be but one verdict, — guilty. He was sentenced to be executed June 28th, reprieved to 26th of July, then to September 20th, and finally, on the 12th of September, was pardoned by Governor Hancock, who had succeeded Governor Bowdoin. Ever after he was a good citizen, and apparently respected by his townsmen. While his political course must be condemned, and while he certainly was rash, obstinate, and a dangerous man, there is no reason to doubt that he was brave, honest, and in his intentions patriotic. The crutch which he always had to use, and the stiff fingers of his right hand, were the penalties which he paid for his errors. He died, January 13, 1819, aged eighty-four years.

What part the men of Concord took in the closing scenes of the Shays insurrection cannot be stated with any precision. All that is known is that our part of the Middlesex quota of General Lincoln's army, under the command of Captain Roger Brown, was attached to the regiment of Colonel Harry Woods; that between January 19th and February 26th it marched almost to New York line and back again; that a bounty was raised by subscription; and that the town voted "to provide the families of those soldiers that were gone with the necessaries of life, while absent, if asked for."

It has been very often assumed, with very little reason,

that the Shays Rebellion, though defeated on the field, really accomplished the objects for which it was undertaken. That this and other troubles convinced thoughtful people that a stronger national government was a necessity is probable. But a stronger government of any kind was the last blessing for which the insurgents were seeking. Some slight modifications were made of the State law, supposed to be favorable to debtors; such, for instance, as reducing the fee table and omitting in each county one session of the Court of Common Pleas. But even these trifling changes did not work well, and the laws creating them were repealed. In respect to most of the special grievances, the insurrection literally accomplished nothing. Even imprisonment for debt, the most real and the most unjustifiable of them, lingered for a generation. Probably the outbreak followed the natural law, and retarded rather than forwarded real reforms.

The year 1787 brought a great political overturn. Governor Hancock was elected chief magistrate of the State by nearly four fifths of the votes, while three fourths of the House of Representatives and two thirds of the Senate and Council were from the opposition side. This result was to some extent owing to the great personal popularity of John Hancock. In part it was the penalty which Governor Bowdoin had to pay for resorting to strong measures when they alone were sufficient. But more than all else, it proved the existence of a wide-spread dissatisfaction among classes of persons who were not willing to go to the extremity of civil war. And perhaps it is the most triumphant vindication of the real wisdom of Governor Bowdoin's course that the very men who were elected from a feel-

ing of opposition to him, when called to administer government, were forced to accept and sustain his policy.

In this political overturn Concord assisted, but not with the same unanimity as was shown elsewhere. She threw seventy-five votes for Hancock and forty-three for Bowdoin. But if she helped to change men, she refused to change measures. She had never uttered a stronger condemnation of violent men than is contained in what proved to be her last instructions to a Representative.

TO MR. ISAAC HUBBARD : —

SIR, — The critical period in which you are appointed to represent this town in the General Court points out to us the importance of a strict adherence to the principles of our Constitution, while we express our sentiments on those measures we suppose necessary to be adopted. With real sorrow we have seen, in the course of the year past, an attempt made by wicked and unreasonable men to destroy that Constitution we have so lately established, and to interrupt the execution of those laws without which our lives, property, and everything dear and sacred, would be insecure. We should be wanting in gratitude should we neglect, on this occasion, to express our hearty approbation of the wise and spirited measures adopted by the legislature for preventing the calamities which of late threatened this Commonwealth, and for supporting the dignity and authority of our government, and for the effects which have happily followed those measures. We conceive it to be highly expedient that a similar line of conduct should still be preserved, in order to perfect peace and tranquillity among us.

The happy privilege enjoyed by us of choosing annually our rulers, men from among ourselves, who must share equally with their brethren the weight and burden which may

be necessarily laid, and who are responsible to their constituents for the faithful discharge of their duty, must greatly aggravate the folly and madness of those who, under pretence of procuring a redress of grievances, have drawn the sword against their own government and laws; especially as our representatives, if they are men of ability and integrity, may remove every real grievance complained of. Many causes concur to render our present situation critical and distressing. The debts contracted in the late war, public and private; the decay of public faith and credit; the want of public and private virtue; the shameful neglect of economy, frugality, and industry; and unbounded fondness for foreign luxuries, fashions and manners, with a restless, impatient and unreasonable jealousy of our rulers, — are the causes of our present unhappiness; to remove which we conceive no effectual remedy can be applied, unless as a people we tread back the steps that have led us to our present unhappy situation.

The want of confidence in public promises requires that every exertion should be made, when promises are made by public bodies, that they should be held sacred and inviolable. To restore public and private virtue, those in higher stations (whose manners are readily copied by the lower classes of men) should set the example and all endeavor to revive and practise that honesty and simplicity of manners that have hitherto been the characteristics of the inhabitants of this state.

There is certainly need of economy and prudence in the expense of government, as far as consists with the preservation of the same; that every encouragement be given to our own manufactures, and that such further duties be laid on foreign luxuries as shall tend to stop their importation. And that our government may be preserved and respected, it is necessary that the laws should be punctually executed. To provide some way of raising supplies for the public expenses, which shall be less burdensome on the landed interests, is an

object we particularly recommend to you. And we especially instruct you to oppose the emission of paper money. When any matter of importance is to be transacted, respecting which the mind of your constituents is not known, you will have recourse to them for direction. At the close of the session, or at the end of the year, in order that your constituents may have the fullest information of the doings of the legislature, as well as the reasons therefor, that you be ready to satisfy them. And in every respect, that you make the Constitution of this Commonwealth your rule, and the happiness of this and the United States the end, in all measures adopted.

By order of the Committee,

EPHRAIM WOOD, *Chairman*.

CONCORD, May 28, 1787.

With the nation, and with the town no less, the period from 1783 to 1789, from the declaration of peace to the adoption of the Constitution, was a period of transition. Amid great doubts and perils, our people were emerging from a position of vassalage as Colonies to an assured place as a great and free nation. It is a happy circumstance that the last full expression of the town upon public affairs should give us, as in a mirror, the true portrait of our people at that turning point of their history. Their ardent loyalty to the country for which they had sacrificed so much, their deep respect for law and Constitution, their admiration of the simple and as we are apt sometimes to think stern virtues of the fathers, their democratic contempt for luxury and ostentation, their unwillingness to gain even great public advantages except according to exact legal precedents, their disposition to hold public servants to a strict account, — all these qualities are clearly exhibited in this interesting document. And

with it we close a period scarcely less important than that of the Revolution itself.

¹ At first the Shays Rebellion was a tumultuous rising of exasperated people to get rid of heavy burdens. Then it was a more organized effort to prevent the punishment of those who had engaged in such risings. Finally, it became rebellion pure and simple. Leaders were chosen. Martial law was proclaimed in the camps. Travellers were stopped and searched, and those active for government held in custody. Shays sent a circular letter to the selectmen of the towns in Hampshire County, requesting them to hold the men of their respective towns ready to march at a moment's notice, armed and equipped, properly officered, and with sixty rounds of powder to a man. He even issued a proclamation for the arrest of those who resisted his authority. Luke Day summoned the troops under General Shepard at Springfield to lay down their arms, promising that upon their so doing they should be permitted to return home on parol. This was war; and it needed only vigor and forces enough to make it bloody and fatal war. But, as often happens with our Saxon race, when the danger looked greatest it was least. At the outset, so many were miserably poor and suffering that they felt ready for anything, while the great mass of the people looked on supinely, if not sympathetically. But the troubles, the outrages, the drunken violence, the increasing confusion, of the last four months had sobered people. The great body ranged themselves on

¹ The latter part of a lecture on the Shays Rebellion, delivered before the Concord Lyceum, January 31, 1877, is added to the above paper. — EDITOR.

the side of the law, and all but the desperate or criminal deserted a sinking cause. The first plan of Shays was to gather his forces at Worcester and thence to march to Boston, and by force to release Shattuck and his compatriots. To this end twelve hundred actually gathered there in the month of December. But the attitude of the government and the bitter winter awed them. They retreated westward, so cast down, so thinly clad, so footsore, so hungry, that some of them dropped dead in their tracks; and all along the way the doors of the friends of government, in pure human pity, were thrown open to receive the forlorn creatures. The story which is told of Dr. Bancroft, then the young minister of Worcester, sitting on his doorstep, the key of his house in his pocket and telling Shays, when he marched into town and in the conscious pride of power demanded entrance for his followers, that no rebel should pass through his doorway except over its owner's prostrate body, furnished a strange picture to have its original in the heart of law-abiding Massachusetts.

All this time government had not been idle. A force of forty-four hundred men had been called out and placed under the command of that Revolutionary veteran, General Benjamin Lincoln. For this army the country towns furnished provisions, and a voluntary subscription of the merchants of Boston supplied the money necessary to equip it. With two thousand men, the levies from the Eastern counties, General Lincoln began his march on January 19th, 1787, and reached Worcester on the 22d. Here tidings came which filled him with alarm and hastened his steps. Shays, Day, and Parsons, the most resolute of the insurgents, had gathered two thousand men, half of them, report said, old Continental soldiers, and had marched to

attack Springfield arsenal, then held by General Shepard with only nine hundred men. The assault was actually attempted. General Shepard warned off the insurgents, then fired over their heads, then gave them a volley. Four fell dead, and the remainder scattered almost instantaneously. When General Lincoln reached Springfield the next day, the danger was over. Shays with two thousand men took a strong position on two hills in Pelham. His home was here, as the doggerel song declares: —

“ My name is Shays, in former days
 In Pelham I did dwell, sir,
 And I was forced to quit that place
 Because I did rebel, sir.”

There was for several days a correspondence going on, while the rebels secretly withdrew to Petersham. Then occurred the one remarkable event of the campaign. On the night of the 3d of February, Lincoln's army marched in a winter's storm from Hadley to Petersham. There was no track. A furious north wind whirled the snow and hail in clouds over the bare hills. Yet between seven in the evening and nine the next morning the troops made over thirty miles. A great achievement for veterans! Almost a miracle for green militia! The rebels were completely surprised. Some were abed, and escaped half naked. Some were cooking their breakfasts, and left their kettles hanging on the cranes over the fire. An old Middlesex sergeant used to tell, with great glee, that he himself ate Shays's breakfast, which that arch-rebel had left spread at his headquarters. Lincoln might, had he chosen, have made great slaughter. He did take one hundred and fifty prisoners. The rest did not stay their flight until

they found safety under the jurisdiction of neighboring States. The rebellion was over.

The rebellion was over, but rapine took its place. From the security of neighboring States bands of men stole in, ready for anything which promised revenge or plunder. Petty larceny, burglary, arson, varied the life of the devoted citizens of Berkshire and Hampshire. The account of a score or more of acts of open or secret violence has been preserved. In the month of February five or six men entered the house of Nehemiah Kellogg of Egremont, knocked him down, half stripped him, insulted his sick mother, while he escaped by leaping from a window and running barefoot in the snow two or three miles to a guard of soldiers. In March, stores and barns in Egremont and Sheffield, belonging to friends of government, were set on fire. In June, a gentleman in Lanesboro woke up to find a band of men armed with muskets in his room, who beat his hired man, fired at his apprentice, robbed his house, and departed, threatening to return and do worse. A writer says: "The human mind grows melancholy, beholding the situation of these counties, so deplorable. Father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend. The whole country is in arms, and there is a cessation of all business."

One plundering expedition rises almost to military dignity. A certain Captain Hamlin with one hundred and twenty-two men crossed the New York line. These marauders passed through Stockbridge, pillaging right and left. From one man they took military stores and a relic in the shape of a wampum belt received from a friendly Indian; from a poor seamstress, a pair of silver buckles; from a store, liquors. Still advancing, bearing with them no little booty and some prisoners, they

came to Great Barrington, where similar scenes were enacted. At Great Barrington they required the jailer's wife to show them the jail, jokingly saying that they wished to see if it was strong enough to hold their prisoners. As the good lady, who seems to have been of the Revolutionary type, carried them from cell to cell, she sung for their edification these appropriate words:—

“Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.”

This prophecy, in respect to some of them, was fulfilled very shortly, as inside of five hours they were tenants of the cells which they had so jocosely examined; for a hundred militia from Great Barrington and Sheffield collected under Colonel John Ashley, pursued the now retreating robbers, and overtook them in Egremont, within three miles of the New York line. A sharp skirmish ensued. Two of the militia fell. Four of the invaders were killed, thirty including their captain were wounded, and fifty captured, and the band broken up. Colonel John Ashley had that mingled persuasion and vigor which are at the root of all discipline, as the following anecdote shows. During the Shays Rebellion he was in command of a company, whose term of enlistment had expired. He called a parade, represented as eloquently as he could the need the State had of their services, and added that he did not want any cowards with him, and that he was going to see who were brave and who were cowards. He would give the word, “Shoulder arms!” “Then let every brave man bring his musket to his shoulder, and let every coward slink back out of the ranks.” Pausing a moment to see the effect of his eloquence, he drew his sword and added, with a strong oath, “But remem-

ber that I'll run the first man through the body who leaves the ranks. Attention, fellow soldiers, shoulder arms!" Up went every musket, and there was not a break in the ranks. How equitable this was moralists must decide, but that it was thoroughly Jacksonian every careful reader of the campaign at New Orleans must admit. It was at this skirmish probably that he gave the order which tradition preserves; when, having entreated his misguided opponents to return to their allegiance, and they had interpreted his leniency to be a symptom of fear, he called out, "Pour in your fire, my boys, and God have mercy on their souls!"

By September, 1787, arrangements had been entered into with the neighboring States to repress marauders. Pillage had ceased. The military were withdrawn. After a year of as nearly utter anarchy as a civilized State can experience, Western Massachusetts rested. The greatest forbearance was exercised towards the offenders. All the rank and file, upon taking the oath of allegiance, were received back to citizenship. Six or seven of the leaders were sentenced to be hung, but after a few months' probation they too were pardoned. That this leniency was wise as well as merciful is clear. For almost at once these men, who had threatened the stability of government, sensible of their errors, settled down into orderly and industrious members of society, and nothing remained of the Shays Rebellion but its memory and its lessons. Of some things you cannot speak bitterly. The folly of the insurgents is palpable; their sin against the social state not less so. But folly and sin alike so had their root in the debt, in the misery, and in the disappointed hopes of overburdened men, that good people condemned with a strong sense of compassion, and gladly tempered justice with mercy.

One result may be fairly traced to these troubles; and that was the increasing desire for a stronger central government, which contributed to the acceptance of the Constitution of the United States. Said the Hon. Jonathan Smith of Lanesboro in the Massachusetts Convention for the ratification of the Constitution: "I have lived in a part of the country where I have known the worth of good government by the want of it. I am going to show you, my fellow farmers, what were the effects of anarchy. People took up arms, and then, if you went to speak to them, you had the musket of death presented to your breast. They would rob you of your property, threaten to burn your homes, oblige you to be on your guard night and day. Alarms spread from town to town. Families were broken up. The tender mother would cry, 'O, my son is among them!' Our distress was so great, that we should have been glad to snatch at anything that looked like a government for protection. Had any person that was able to protect us set up a standard, we should have all flocked to him, even if he had been a monarch. Now, Mr. President, when I saw this Constitution, I found that it was a cure for these disorders. *It was just the thing we wanted.*" Multitudes thought the same. And so, rejoicing in this great nationality which sectional jealousy and civil war have not been able to destroy, we can believe that to found it and to consolidate it was required, not only the bold prescience of Samuel Adams, and the wisdom of Franklin, Jefferson, and the rest, and the valor of Washington, Greene, and so many more, but, under God, the folly also of those who projected and the rashness of those who carried on the Shays Rebellion.

MY MEMORIES OF CONCORD IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

MARCH 17, 1886.

MEMBERS of the Old Concord Post of the Grand
Army of the Republic:—

You well know that it was with unfeigned reluctance that I consented to address you,—that I, who had been a partaker neither in your perils nor your glory,—that I, who had only observed while you achieved, and sympathized when you suffered,—that I should undertake to say anything to you of that great controversy in which you were actors, seemed presumptuous indeed.

I see that I was mistaken. You only ask me to speak of *my* memories of *Concord* in the Great Civil War. Other men will tell of experiences on the tented field. Other tongues will depict the courage and endurance, the sadness and the brightness, the many failures and the final successes, which make up the immortal story. My part is a humbler one;—to recall the thoughts and feelings which filled all minds and hearts in one quiet New England town; to report with what varied emotions we sent our brothers out in an ever lengthening procession; to remember with what mingled anguish and exultation we received back our dead who had found it sweet to die for country; to narrate how our women prayed and worked, and worked and prayed again, if so be they might bring one added comfort to tent or hut on bleak hillside, or soften one

pang of the sick or dying in hospital. Yes; my part is to try to make live again that wondrous four years' experience which held us all in its grasp, and gave a great gravity and a fresh moral dignity to mere living.

But it is not an easy thing to do. In any completeness it is an impossible thing to do. The emotions which give greatness to such a time; the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the relief; the consecration to a holy cause which counted no sacrifice too great; the courage which defied all danger; the faintness of heart in the presence of unexpected calamity; the solemn triumph when tidings of a great victory came; and that awful moment when the blood seemed to stand still in our veins, as across the wire was borne the doleful message that our good President had been basely slain, — these are not things which can be printed in books, or written on formal records of town or State. In their depth of meaning they are written only in the hearts that felt all the august greatness of the hour.

I am looking back over twenty-one years of unbroken peace, — years which have made great events look unreal and shadowy like dreams, — years in which a whole generation has grown up, to whom Bull Run, the Seven Days' battle, Donelson, Missionary Ridge, Gettysburg, and that long siege of Richmond, are hardly as familiar as Thermopylæ or Marathon or Cæsar's Gallic Wars, or Alexander's march across Asia. Forgive me if, in my retrospect of facts around which the mists of age are even now gathering, I sometimes err. Forgive me if, in recalling memories about which a hundred books might be written, my story seems fragmentary and rambling.

Let me go back for a moment to events which preceded by a few months the actual opening of the war.

Twenty-seven years ago, in 1859, on the very ground now occupied by the Massachusetts Reformatory, was held what was called the great State encampment. Twenty-seven years ago! More than half my audience either had not come into this troubled world, or were in the first years of innocent childhood. Owing to the sickness of Father Taylor, I was appointed Chaplain at headquarters. It had not been my fortune to come before into close contact with the militia of Massachusetts. The whole thing impressed me greatly. The gathering of six thousand armed men, their exact manœuvres, the reviews, the martial music emphasized by the roar of cannon, all furnished me a fresh sensation. I was not alone in my feeling of interest. Tens of thousands of people from all parts of our own State and from neighboring States thronged to see the sight. Concord has rarely been more thoroughly alive than when those thousands tramped, in what seemed an interminable procession, from the muster field through our dusty streets to the site of Old North Bridge. I have often wondered whether the gift of prescience was granted to Governor Banks, so that in imagination he saw the forces already gathering for the mighty contest, and was seeking to prepare us to do our part. When we consider that he carried his plan into execution contrary to the advice of many, who feared lest disorder and riot should come in the train of such a gathering, we are inclined to think so. At any rate, that muster had a clear connection with the Civil War, and exercised a powerful influence upon it. It is hardly too much to say that the military zeal which it created and the well knit organization it fostered saved, not indeed the country from ruin, but Washington from the feet of foemen. It enabled

Massachusetts in April, 1861, in the brief space of seven days, to send the first five regiments of well armed and well disciplined troops to the front.

Fifteen months after this encampment the air was full of hostile threats, which many thought would prove to be but empty words. Then it was whispered about that Governor Andrew, with that large statesmanship which knows when to transcend law to save the law, was without any legal enactment purchasing uniforms, and gathering arms and military equipments. Then too we were told, as a profound secret, that a messenger had been sent to our Concord Artillery to ascertain how many of its members stood ready to march at a moment's notice. These were the foregleams of that conflagration which was so soon to envelop the land.

The 19th of April is the epoch day of Concord. April 19, 1689, Lieutenant John Heald led a Concord company to Boston to aid in the overthrow of Andros. Eighty-six years later, April 19, 1775, Major John Buttrick gave that order which cut the bond that united this new realm to the mother country. Eighty-six other years rolled away. By one of those striking coincidences that so frequently appear in history, upon the anniversary of the very day and almost of the very hour, April 19, 1861, our company departed for the war. I find it impossible fitly to describe the scenes which took place at the time of that departure. From the moment that the tidings came that a shot had been fired at Fort Sumter, we, in common with the whole community, were in a state of feverish excitement. All usual occupations seemed tame. All duties for the hour gave place to the duty of the citizen and the

patriot. With the fall of Sumter the excitement deepened. Would our company be called out? And if it were, how many of its members could and would go? Natural questions these, and, no matter how sincere the love of country, in many a home dread questions. For these fifty-one soldiers were not hired substitutes. They were out of the heart of our homes, our sons, our brothers, our neighbors. I mention the first three names on the roll, Prescott, Derby, Buttrick. You see how essentially representative of Concord that company was. As soon as it was known that our men were to go, a subscription was started to care for them while in the field. In less than twenty-four hours, I think, almost we may say without an effort, five thousand dollars were secured. William Munroe, a name ever to be held in honor here, was sick in Boston and very feeble. When I called to see him he seemed to forget his weakness. He asked question after question, and when I dared not stay longer, he begged me to put his name down for a liberal sum. Sick or well, he would not, he said, have his name absent from that list. That was the spirit of our *men*. Nor were the *women* in any respect behind them. With the call of the company, they organized what afterward became the Concord Soldiers' Aid Society, to supply any needed comforts to our men. In the first thirteen days in May they met six days, having often over one hundred present. Even the children did their part. It is recorded that Miss Dillingham's school sent sixty-four crash towels, and Miss Bean's sixty bags containing thread, pins, needles, and the like; while later I note gifts from every school in the town. We had several meetings in the Town Hall. The excitement was simply tremendous and overpowering. For men to

meet was like coming in contact with jars charged to the full with electricity. How well I recall the march of our company at one o'clock on that April afternoon to the station. The old homely depot was crowded with men and women. We literally greeted the brave fellows with cheers and tears. I hardly know of which the most. One instinctively recalled those touching words of Ezra when the foundations of the second temple were laid: "Many . . . wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

We watched the cars until they disappeared behind Walden woods, then walked silently home, and the first chapter in Concord's Book of Memory of the Civil War was complete. A humorous little incident, I recollect, relieved the tension somewhat, and at the same time showed how thoroughly the interest had pervaded the community. The next morning a little fellow, not over six or seven years, whose father was in the company, walked up to the station, and with perfect seriousness asked the station master to furnish him a ticket to Washington, as he was going to the war. So even the babes were patriotic.

In July the company was back after the disastrous encounter of Bull Run, leaving four of its number in a rebel prison. As the soldiers, dusty and grimy, with their uniforms torn and faded, marched wearily down the street to a bountiful repast and a loving reception at the Town Hall, the wide difference between play war and the real stern article was pretty clearly taught. In November of the same year there came a fresh stir in the town. Captain Prescott, whose tender heart shrunk from the sight of human suffering, had said

after the carnage of Bull Run that he never could behold another battle. But he could not escape the sense of duty. Making his headquarters at our Town Hall he proceeded to enlist what became Company B in the 32d Regiment, an organization in which there were forty Concord men. By November what was hot and feverish in feeling had pretty much passed away, and we with the rest of the North had settled down to a long, hard pull. So there was little excitement, but a great deal of interest. A general desire was felt to do all we could to promote enlistment and to increase comfort. The record of the Soldiers' Aid Society reads, "The ladies met several days in November and worked for Captain Prescott's company." One branch of industry was probably for the first time pursued. I mean the knitting of mittens with one finger as well as a thumb. The company was to be stationed at Fort Warren for a time, and winter was at hand. So one hundred mittens were made and marked on the wrist with the initials of the owners. I know not why it is that, when the thoughts are most grave and serious, any amusing fact stamps itself so deeply on the mind. But, with a quarter of a century between, I recall nothing more clearly than the difficulty with which my good wife succeeded in placing the initials of John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart Sherwin on the little circlet of the wrist of a seamed mitten.

Essentially the same experiences were passed through when Company G of the 47th Regiment went, under the command of Captain Richard Barrett, to New Orleans. This was very largely a Concord company. I count on its rolls the names of Barrett, Buttrick, Wheeler, Ball, Heywood, Clark, Farrar, Hosmer, — names as old as the town itself, and which in all the two hun-

dred and fifty years of our history have been apt to come to the front when danger has been near. In the list of the Massachusetts Volunteers appear more than one hundred and seventy Concord names which are not included in the three companies to which I have alluded. But they are scattered through so many regiments that I can only mention the fact and pass on.

It must ever be a just cause of pride, that we did not to any extent resort to the purchase of substitutes to fill the quota of the town. Indeed, I am not sure that we resorted to it at all. The courage and patriotism of our young men saved us from that. But we had ample opportunity to see what the substitute business meant. One of the district drafting stations was at the Court House, now the Insurance Building. Thither came men, seeking for money, to take the place of those who had had the fortune to be drafted. One afternoon it was rumored that a body of New York roughs in the guise of laboring men had thus enlisted, and that, now they had obtained their money, an effort would be made during the night by their fellow roughs to release them. I remember that I asked Captain Moore how he knew they were roughs. "By their hands," was his reply. "They are dressed like honest mechanics, but their hands are as white and delicate as a lady's." At any rate our company was called out. The old agricultural building in which these precious recruits were housed was sedulously watched. During the night sundry whistlings and cat-calls, supposed to be signals, were heard. But nothing more happened. Early the next day the men were sent to Boston. The only tangible result was this. A man who sometimes did chores for me found hidden among the boards of

Captain Barzillai Hudson's lumber-yard three or four suits of coarse clothes. The theory was, that they were put there to replace the regimentals in case any recruit escaped. They were never called for, and I suspect that the tailor's bill of the fortunate finder was for a year or two light.

Before I dismiss this matter of enlistments, let me allude to a striking feature in the experience of our good town. I should say that we were constantly coming in contact with what we may call heredity of patriotism. Long words these. Translated into common speech, they mean that the same love of country, the same devotion to freedom, and the same readiness to be sacrificed for a good cause which distinguished the fathers, were found in equal measure in the sons. The men who left a good lot in England, and for conscience' sake planted the wilderness, the men who fought at North Bridge, had worthy representatives in the great Civil War. The record is certainly a remarkable one. I have studied carefully the list of Concord volunteers. I have added thereto the names of such as my memory recalls, who enlisted from other places. Hardly one of the old patriotic families fails to be represented. Three certainly of the direct descendants of Colonel James Barrett, the Revolutionary commander, were in the war, two of them holding commissions. Adjutant Joseph Hosmer had unquestionably as many more. How many of the stock of Major John Buttrick entered the ranks, I dare not say. I can count up at least half a dozen. While Simon Willard, Dolor Davis, William Emerson, John Hoar, Thomas Flint, Nehemiah Hunt, Thomas Brown, John Ball, George Wheeler, John Melvin, Joseph Merriam, Robert Blood, George Hayward, and I know not how many

more, had enrolled in our army men of their name and lineage. I hold that this is not of chance. The grand old history, the patriotic memories, somehow get into the blood. Amid what in us is selfish and limited they generate qualities akin to themselves. Heredity of martial spirit too seems to have marked those towns which were most closely connected with the first Revolutionary encounter. For, account for it as you will, this is simple fact, that more than twice as many men from Lexington, Acton, and Concord in proportion to numbers were promoted to be officers than from any other towns in Massachusetts. I do not think this either was of chance or favor. It was the direct result of constant and proud remembrance of the deeds of the fathers, — of what may be called a noble historic sense, feeding martial fire and patriotic purpose. Not in vain is honest town pride! Not in vain are stately anniversaries! Not in vain do we pour into the attentive ears of the children the story of the virtue and the valor of their sires!

Many interesting recollections are connected with visits made by myself and others to the front. I begin with the earliest. Just before the first battle of Bull Run a party of our townspeople went from Concord to Washington. What followed shows how unaware our people were of the gravity of the situation; how little they dreamed of the long, heart-breaking conflict which was before them; and what a hold upon their minds had the theory of a thirty or sixty days', or at most a six months' war, which was to close this slight unpleasantness. The cry, "On to Richmond!" was the true child of this sanguine temper. When tidings came that a fight was imminent, large numbers, members of

Congress, public officers, and others, started across Long Bridge over to Virginia to behold it; just as we might go over to Lowell to see the circus or to Framingham to the muster. Of course our people were not to be behind these in enterprise. So three or four of them chartered a carryall and two smart horses, and, taking a Congressman for a passenger, set out. But alas! when they drew near the scene of action, what met them was not victory but defeat. In all my reading or hearing I have received no such vivid account of what a defeat is as I gained from the lips of these gentlemen. The teamsters, who followed the army closely with supplies, first took fright, and turning their wagons around, and lashing furiously their mules or horses, fled helter-skelter towards Washington; meanwhile to lighten their load tossing out here a bag of coffee, or a chest of tea, and there a box of hard tack. The civilians could do no otherwise than follow them. But the narrow roads or wood-paths were now filled with the *disjecta membra* of the Commissary Department. So they went bumpety bump, now up, now down, each step a hair-breadth escape until a refuge was reached. Then followed the soldiers, gaunt, weary, dusty, discouraged. So "On to Richmond!" had come to a disastrous conclusion.

It was just about a year later that Dr. Bartlett went to Harrison's Landing on the James. It was after what is variously termed the Seven Days' battle or retreat which began north of the Chickahominy and ended at Malvern Hill. The Doctor went to look after some of our sick men. The time had passed when people visited the camps for a sight. The war had taught us something. A few days before the Doctor started, I had a conversation with an English lady,

who had been for several years a governess on one of the plantations on which our army was then encamped. "The soldiers have a terrible time before them," she said. "No white man dares to remain there in the summer months, the malaria is so fatal." So I was prepared to hear sad accounts. But to me, all unaccustomed to the ravages of war, the Doctor's tale was sadder than my expectations. "As I came down to the landing," said he, "every available house, barn, or shed was filled with the sick and wounded. More than three thousand lay wrapped in their blankets awaiting transportation, — no roof over them but the stars, no couch beneath them but the damp earth. They lay so closely together that in the twilight I had to pick my way carefully and with difficulty lest I should tread upon these helpless folks." It was on this occasion that the Doctor brought home on a furlough Captain, afterward Colonel Prescott. So sick was he when he started that he had to be carried to the boat. The moment he got outside the James he began to recover, and a few days of clear Northern air completely restored him. Of this Harrison's Landing, Colonel Parker writes, "If there be on the face of the earth a place intended for breeding pestilence, the country about Harrison's and Westover was ordained to that use. For weeks one third of the command (then having only six companies) was on the sick list. . . . Not less than one hundred and fifty men, or one fourth, never returned to our colors."

In the fall of 1864 I received an invitation from my friend and classmate, Mr. Knapp, who was at the head of the Washington department of the Sanitary Commission, to go to the front and examine their work. I have elsewhere given a full account of that intensely

interesting trip, and shall here mention only two or three incidents. Let me illustrate by one scene how the love of home kept fast hold amid all these strange excitements. I was in Harewood Hospital near Washington perhaps an hour and a half. In the middle of the floor was a young soldier. He had lost a leg in one of the battles, but had nearly recovered, and was hopping about on two crutches. He asked me if I knew anything about Boston. I told him that I had lived two thirds of my life in Boston or its vicinity. "Where?" he asked. "On Fort Hill." "Well, I too lived at the foot of Fort Hill. Did you ever go to the old Washington Grammar School?" "Yes, five years." "So did I." "Did you know this and that street, and this and that blind court and alley?" "Certainly; I have played coram and I spy in them all many times, and chalked with my own hands all the corners." The moment he was satisfied I was a genuine article, he adopted me, followed me round as though I was one of the family, plied me with all sorts of questions, and evidently had an hour of pure delight, simply because I reminded him of home, and could recall the old familiar spots.

As I went to the front, what struck me was the difficulty I experienced in getting within the lines, and the absolute freedom which I apparently had from all observation when once the magic barrier had been passed. When I went on board the transport, the sentinel saluted me, "Your pass, sir." When I left the boat, another sentinel repeated the salute, "Your pass, sir." Thrice going from City Point to the camp the old demand met me, "Your pass, sir." But once inside you went where you pleased. One evening I walked idly toward headquarters and saw General

Grant sitting in the dusk under a tree, and actuated by curiosity approached within a stone's throw before I was stopped. Once more I saw General Grant. He was riding apparently to the front, — on a good horse, I am sure, for his staff were behind trying to keep up with him, and a good way behind too.

On the way down in the government steamer I had abundant evidence what comfort soldiers get from an article which my soul hateth, I mean tobacco. The boat was full of men returning from a furlough or from hospitals. They had laid in a good stock of the weed, and before night the deck was in such a state that there was hardly a clean place on which to put your foot. I slept, I remember, on a settee with a chair for a pillow, and was not reminded of spring beds and feather pillows. On the return the case was different. The poor fellows who were going home on furlough evidently had exhausted their stock. The deck was as clean as a lady's parlor, that is comparatively. A Michigan lieutenant, observing that the night was cold, courteously offered me one of his blankets. I fell into conversation with him. He said he had been a British sergeant and fought at Alma and Inkermann. I said, "Then you have seen just as severe fighting before you came to America as since." "You are mistaken," he replied, "Alma and Inkermann were child's play compared with what we have seen since we crossed the Rappahannock." I give the remark for what it is worth.

The first thing which struck you as you advanced was the field hospital. A wonderful sight! A city of tents, arranged in perfect order, with streets and paths between, clean swept of all rubbish every day. Within were six thousand sick and wounded, six hundred of

them colored men, carefully and neatly tended. It was Sunday. I do not think that the whites were, as the boy said, "overly devout." Very cheerful they certainly were, and the convalescent, so far as the rules permitted, no little given to jokes and sky-larking. The blacks, on the contrary, were grave and subdued, such as could read poring over their Bibles. In the afternoon some two hundred of them crept from their tents and listened to a very earnest exhortation from a black sergeant, who murdered the King's English in a fearful manner. I was somewhat taken aback when in twenty minutes he suddenly stopped, turned to me, and said, "Brudders, I sha'n't no more expatiate on this matter, as we have a brudder minister from Boston who will speak to you."

One more scene. Monday morning, I think, I rode out to the advance stations of the Commission. On the way I met a sad procession, — a train of ambulances bringing in nearly one thousand wounded men from the disastrous fight at Ream's Station. The road was rough, very rough, — so rough that I, though in a good express wagon, found on my return that the jolts which threw me against the forward seat had taken from each knee a piece of skin as large as an old-fashioned copper cent. In fact a road across the humps of a Virginia cornfield is a trifle worse than a corduroy. Your movements are at any rate more unexpected. These wounded men must have suffered inexpressibly. Yet not one groaned loud enough for me to hear across the intervening space of fifteen or twenty feet. To endure takes manhood perhaps more than to achieve.

One is forced to recall two painful subjects, the return of prisoners of war, and the burial of the dead.

When the men taken at Bull Run came back we made it a joyful occasion. They had suffered many hardships and deprivations. To insufficient exercise was added bad food. Young pig soup or stew as a steady diet is probably neither healthy nor nutritious. The constitution of one of them certainly was greatly undermined. But they looked so much better than we feared, we were so glad to see them again, that we did not permit any clouds to darken our pleasure. But as the war went on the pain grew greater than the pleasure. You all recollect the poor fellow who came home a wreck from Andersonville, and whose bones rest in yonder quiet cemetery. (Charles Nealey.) When you asked him about his experience, he feebly answered, "Don't ask me any questions. I have suffered enough. Let me die in peace, forgetting all I can forget." And so in silence he faded away. How much these sufferings were of necessity, and how much of human passion and cruelty, we do not care now to ask. If we cannot forget, let us try to forgive. Phil Dolan, Captain of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, who had himself suffered much, who told me that for many days his sole ration for the twenty-four hours was a square of corn-cake not more than half as big as your hand, and whose sickness and death date back to his imprisonment at Danville, always felt that in Virginia at any rate these privations were, to a considerable degree, of necessity. He liked to tell of a venerable Southern minister, who used to bring them soup and such other comforts as his narrow means permitted. When they said anything about North and South, he would say, "Stop, boys, do not talk politics; I am a Southerner to the marrow of me, but you are my brothers, and I want to do all I can for you. Let me! let me!"

My first soldier's funeral! How well I recall it! A stranger to me, a citizen of Maine, had sickened and died before he saw the foe, or could strike one blow for the cause to which he had given his life. (James S. Fernald.) A young woman, his wife, a boy of less than a year, a few sympathizing neighbors, a connection or two, were with us as we laid him away in our quiet graveyard. Then other occasions came in rapid succession. There was one of our best young men who succumbed to the deadly malaria at Harrison's Landing. (William J. Damon.) Born to the possession of means, comforts, and luxuries, when asked why he did not hire a substitute, he replied in words which we should never forget, "How can we hope to save our country if no one enlists who has anything to lose?" I think it was from the hotel we buried one who was in the South when the war broke out, and who with great risk and hardship stole through the rebel lines and enlisted in an Ohio regiment. (Charles H. Wright.) After Gettysburg there was brought home one who had an historic name. (Francis Buttrick.) He was scarcely more than a boy in years. When he enlisted in Captain Prescott's company we were all struck by his attractive face and his modest and unassuming manners. From the Trinitarian Church we buried two of three sons of one family who perished in the war. (Asa H., John H., and Samuel Melvin.) When Captain Barrett's company returned, a young man, justly dear to all the boys of the town, who had escaped all the perils of the foe and of the Louisiana marshes, was struck down by the perils of peace within a day's march of home. (Erastus H. Kingsbury.) But I cannot further specify.

If I choose out the name of Colonel Prescott for a

little more extended notice, it is not that I claim that his patriotism was any more pure, or his sacrifice more complete, than that of many another who sleeps in a nameless grave. I choose it because by character and position he is the fitting type of the patriotism and sacrifice of the town. It was a beautiful day in June, a slight haze giving softness to the air, the grass beneath our feet green as an emerald, the trees full of unspoiled foliage and blossoms, when yonder church was crowded in every part by those who wished to pay their meed of respect. As I looked on his manly form, a conversation I had with him three years before came back vividly to my mind. We were walking across that little sandy strip which is now our common. "You know," he said, "I hate war; a battle is dreadful to me. Do you think it to be my duty to go back?" I replied, "This is a question whose affirmative answer may cost you your life. I cannot advise you." He did go back. Quickly he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel, and finally Brevet Brigadier General. In the Wilderness he commanded a brigade. For weeks he ate, fought, and slept without change in the same clothing. Finally, after many dangers escaped, he fell gallantly leading his men in the first assault on Petersburg, June 18, 1864. "Have I done my duty?" was his dying word to his division general. "Always," was the reply. So duty carried him, as it carried many another, to scenes they loved not. And duty simply performed softened the last pangs and hallows the memory.

You ask, perhaps, why recall painful scenes? Because, in the language of the ancient writer, "the memorial of virtue is immortal." We have no right to permit the waters of oblivion to bury the names and

memory of our dead heroes. It is our business to teach our children and their children that in this historic town there were men who emulated their sires. We are forgetting soon enough. We are permitting the pomp and pleasure of this world to remand the heroic and the self-sacrificing qualities into obscurity. To remember the days when men took their lives in their hands for duty's sake and their country's sake will do us no hurt. Perhaps none of you will sympathize with my feeling, but to me there was an august sadness in a soldier's funeral shared by few other occasions. The rest of us go when our time comes, when in the great Divine order our work is done. But in that war men left behind home, chosen employment, agreeable surroundings, all that makes life desirable, and died before their time, because they felt it to be their duty so to do. I cannot forget it. I do not wish to forget it. To my eyes the meanest life thus lost takes on some nobility.

I turn to one aspect of our Great Civil War which is altogether fair and attractive. I mean the women's work. A whole generation of girls have grown up since those days. I wish that I could show to them how cheerful, how persistent, how laborious, the devotion of the mothers was. We have seen that almost immediately after the departure of our first company, a Concord Soldiers' Aid Society was organized to care for our men. This in the nature of the case was in its intent temporary and limited. But the record, October 1, 1861, reads, "The Society was reorganized, and the same officers were chosen *for the war*." From that time for the next three and a half years not a week passed in which there was not a large meeting for

work. When there was a great demand two whole days were given up. On one occasion it is noted that four successive days were devoted to such employment. Not less than fifty or sixty, often over one hundred were present. Many women did as much work at home as in the hall. I have alluded to the interest felt by the children. In several of the schools the great reward of merit was permission in school hours to ravel lint. I have myself been in schools where half the pupils, boys as well as girls, were engaged at it, having won the privilege by good conduct and good lessons. The results were commensurate. Five thousand dollars were collected by the women and spent in materials for their work. Much more was given in cloth and goods. Forty thousand different articles were sent forward. Consider what that means. At most one hundred persons were in a position to work steadily. Perhaps one hundred was the highest average of those who did work. Then each one furnished not far from one hundred and twenty articles, great and small, every year. Each thing was carefully examined before it was sent, and then stamped with the name of the society. No slipshod work could pass muster.

I am tempted to repeat in substance what I have said in my sketch of Concord about bandages.¹ Our women made bandages a specialty. All the good soft cotton cloth in the town was considered proper prey for them. In some homes, at the close of the war, a piece of cotton four years old a yard square would have been a real curiosity. On one or two occasions, enterprising women went into neighboring villages, where Soldiers' Aid Societies were not, on foraging expeditions, and came back with great baskets of spoil in the shape of

¹ Drake's History of Middlesex County, 1880.

old sheets and pillow-cases. Twenty thousand bandages were made, and they were good ones, soft, strong, well rolled, each with three of the *best* pins in them. Twenty thousand! Enough, if unrolled and placed in a continuous line, to go from Boston to Fitchburg. When I went up the James, in 1864, in a little government steamer, we stopped a moment by a great hospital ship, which towered far above us, and was just weighing anchor. I looked up. On the upper deck was a gentleman who saluted me, calling me by name. I recognized him. He was an old friend, the surgeon in charge of the wounded and sick on board. I think it could not have been three weeks before that he had written me a letter stating what a blessing a box of Concord bandages had been, replacing the cruelly stiff and harsh ones which the government had been able to furnish, and then mentioning with great commendation the fine sharp-pointed pins. I had a letter from Mr. Knapp of the Sanitary Commission at about the same time, in which he stated that the first bandages which reached Sheridan's army after his great victory at Opequan and Fisher's Hill were from Concord. One thousand wounds, he says, were dressed by them. The next morning the surgeons kept coming in saying, "Can you not give us some more Concords? They are the best we ever laid hands on." This was a proper recompense for that decision, early made by the Society, and steadily adhered to, that nothing should go forward which the women would not be willing to send to their own husbands, brothers, or sons. I shall not attempt to enumerate the other articles which made up this great list. Time would fail me to do so. I want only to say one word about the general impression the meetings of this Society made on my own mind. I

hardly missed being present a few moments at any of them, — never, I am sure, when I was in town. They fascinated me. There was such a pervasive feeling of a really noble purpose, of work done for good and worthy ends, that you felt better by contact with them. Much hard and wearing labor was given. But I doubt whether you can find a woman who was a faithful member of the Concord Soldiers' Aid Society who does not look back with genuine satisfaction to the days and weeks given to its service.

I was in a car bound to New York when a newsboy came through shouting, "Sheridan's great victory at Five Forks! Richmond taken!" Of course there was a great excitement. The tidings seemed too good to be true. But as their veracity became more and more clear, everybody congratulated everybody. The sun seemed to shine brighter and the horizon to grow wider. Then followed Lee's surrender. The war was over. A few days or weeks might elapse before all the scattered forces of the Confederacy should imitate the example of its central army. We had yet to pass through that Saturday, the blackest day in my memory, when we heard of the atrocious and meaningless murder of our great and good President. But the war was over. The great burdens would be lifted. The mighty strain might cease. Such of our sons and brothers as war and disease had spared might come home.

As I look back upon those four years of irrepressible conflict, I cannot feel that they were an unmixed evil. They destroyed forever that one institution which perpetually put apart and kept apart the North and the

South. That of course. They knit us as never before into one strong nationality. Few will deny that. They demonstrated that a republic can, as it were by one stamp of the foot, summon out of the ground an army, and then by one wave of the hand send it back whence it came. So quickly our farmers' boys, our mechanics, our clerks and professional men, became accustomed to the panoply of war; and so silently the great array melted into the ranks of civil life, leaving but little trace of itself. All this we see and admit.

But as memory carries me back to those days, I feel that in a higher than any material sense the war was not an unmixed evil. Great burdens had to be borne. Great gaps were made. Great sorrows were endured. But we were lifted out of ourselves. Mean and petty things were in abeyance. We felt our own pulse beat with the nation's pulse, and quicken or stagnate with its rising or falling fortunes. Yes, it was a great thing to live then. Life had the dignity which comes from consecration to large duties.

The memories of Concord in the Great Civil War are not therefore all sorrowful. How can they be, when they tell of simple devotion to great principles, of beautiful love of native land, of power in men like unto ourselves to do, to dare, to suffer, and to die that the nation might live?

I thank the members of this Grand Army Post for the pleasure, sad and solemn often, and for the renewed inspiration which has come to me, as at your bidding my mind has gone back through all the distractions of these later years, and communed with the mighty memories of a mighty past.

A FORTNIGHT WITH THE SANITARY.

PART OF AN ARTICLE PRINTED IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
FEBRUARY, 1865.

FOR three years I had been a thorough believer in the United States Sanitary Commission. Reading carefully its publications, listening with tearful interest to the narrations of those who had been its immediate workers at the front, following in imagination its campaigns of love and mercy, from Antietam to Gettysburg, from Belle Plain to City Point, and thence to the very smoke and carnage of the actual battlefield, I had come to cherish an unfeigned admiration for it and its work. For three years, too, I had been an earnest laborer at one of its outposts, striving with others ever to deepen the interest and increase the fidelity of the loyal men and women of a loyal New England town. I was prepared, then, both from my hearty respect for the charity and from my general conception of the nature and vastness of its operations, to welcome every opportunity to improve my knowledge of its plans and practical workings. I therefore gladly accepted the invitation which came to me to visit the headquarters of the Commission at Washington, and to examine for myself the character and amount of the benefits which it confers.

The evening of August 23d found me, after a speedy and pleasant trip southward, safely ensconced in the

sanctum of my good friend Mr. Knapp, the head of the Special Relief Department. Starting from that base of operations, I spent two crowded weeks in ceaseless inquiries. Every avenue of information was thrown wide open. Two days I wandered, but not aimlessly, from office to office, from storehouse to storehouse, from soldiers' home to soldiers' home, conversing with the men who have given themselves up unstintedly to this charity, examining the books of the Commission, gathering statistics, seeing, as it were, the hungry soldier fed and the naked soldier clothed, and the sick and wounded soldier cared for with a more than fraternal kindness. I visited the hospitals, and with my own hands distributed the Sanitary delicacies to the suffering men. Steaming down the Chesapeake and up the James, and along its homeless shores, I came to City Point; was a day and a night on board the Sanitary barges, whence full streams of comfort are flowing with an unbroken current to all our diverging camps; passed a tranquil, beautiful Sabbath in that city of the sick and wounded, whose white tents look down from the bluffs upon the turbid river; rode thirteen miles out almost to the Weldon Road, then in sharp contest between our Fifth Army Corps and the Rebels; from the hills which Baldy Smith stormed in June saw the spires of Petersburg; went from tent to tent and from bedside to bedside in the field hospitals of the Fifth and Ninth Corps, where the luxuries prepared by willing hands at home were bringing life and strength to fevered lips and broken bodies. I came back with my courage reanimated, and with a more perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of the good cause. I came back with a heartier respect for our soldiers, whose patience in hardship and courage in danger are rivalled only by

the heroism with which they bear the pains of sickness and wounds. I came back especially with the conviction that, no matter how much we had contributed to the Sanitary work, we had done only that which it was our duty to do, and that, so long as we could furnish shelter for our families, and food for our children, it was our plain obligation to give and to continue giving out of our riches or out of our poverty.

Just now the Sanitary is seeking to enter into closer relations with the hospitals through the agency of regular visitors. The advantages of such a policy are manifest. The reports of the visitors will enable the directors to see more clearly the real wants of the sick; and the frequent presence and inquiries of such visitors will tend to repress the undue appropriation of hospital stores by attendants. But the highest benefit will be the change and cheer it will introduce into the monotony of hospital life. If you are sick at home you are glad to have your neighbor step in and bring the healthy bracing air of outdoor life into the dimness and languor of your invalid existence. Much more does the sick soldier like it, for ennui, far more than pain, is his great burden. When I was at Washington I accepted with great satisfaction an invitation to go with a Sanitary visitor on her round of duty. When we came to the hospital, I asked the ward-master if he would like to have me distribute among his patients the articles I had brought. He said that he should, for he thought it would do the poor fellows good to see me and receive the gifts from my own hands. The moment I entered there was a stir. Those who could hobble about stumped up to me to see what was going on; some others sat up in bed full of alertness; while the sickest greeted me with a languid smile. As I

went from cot to cot, the politeness of *la belle France*, with which a little Frenchman in the corner touched the tassel of his variegated nightcap at me, and the untranslatable gutturals, full of honest satisfaction with which his German neighbor saluted me, and the "God bless your honor!" which a cheery son of Old Erin showered down upon me, and the simple "Thank you, sir," which came up on all sides from our true-hearted New England boys, were alike refreshing to my soul. No doubt the single peach or two which with hearty good-will were given to them were as good as a feast; and it may be that the little comforts which I left behind me, and which had been borne thither on the wings of this divine charity, perhaps from some village nestling among the rocky hills of New England, or from some hamlet basking in the sunlight on the broad prairies of the West, had magic power to bring to that place of suffering some breath of the atmosphere of home to cheer the sinking heart, or some fragrant memory of far-off home affection to make it better. I came away with the feeling that visits from sunny-hearted people, and gifts from friendly hands, must be a positive blessing to these sick and wounded people.

Of course, the deepest throb of interest is given to the work at the front of battle. That is natural. It is work done on the very spots where the fortunes of our nation are being decided, — on the spots whither all eyes are turned, and towards which all our hopes and prayers go forth. It is work surrounded by every element of pathos and of tragic interest. The wavering fortunes of the fight, the heroic courage which sustains a doubtful conflict, the masterly skill that turns disaster into triumph, the awful carnage, the terrible suffering, the manly patience of the wounded, all com-

bine to fix the attention there and upon everything which is transacted there. The questions constantly asked, What is the Sanitary doing at the front? What at City Point? What at Winchester? — are natural questions. Let me state first the general plan and method of what I may call a Sanitary campaign, and afterwards add what I saw with my own eyes at City Point and before Petersburg, and what I heard from those who had themselves been actors in the scenes which they described.

When the army moves out from its encampment to the field of active warfare, two or three Sanitary wagons loaded with hospital stores of all sorts, and accompanied by a sufficient number of relief agents, move with each army corps. These are for the supply of present need, and for use during the march, or after such skirmishes and fights as may occur before the Commission can establish a new base. In this way some of the Commission agents have followed General Grant's army all the way from the Rapidan, through the Wilderness, across the Mattapony, over the James, on to the very last advance towards the Southside Railroad, refilling their wagons with stores as opportunity has occurred. As soon now as the march commences and the campaign opens, preparations upon an extensive scale are made at Washington for the great probable demand. Steamers are chartered, loaded, and sent with a large force of relief agents to the vicinity of the probable battle-fields; or, if the campaign is away from water communication, loaded wagons are held in readiness. The moment the locality of the struggle is determined, then under the orders of the Provost Marshal, an empty house is seized and made the Sani-

tary headquarters or general storehouse; or else some canal barge is moored at the crazy Virginia wharf and used for the same purpose. This storehouse is kept constantly full from Washington, or else from Baltimore and New York; and the branch depots which are now established in each army corps are fed from it, while the hospitals in their turn make requisitions for all needful supplies on these branch depots.

A few details need to be added. Where the distance from the battle-field to the base of supplies is great, what are called feeding stations are established every few miles, and here the wounded on foot or in ambulances can stop and take the refreshments or stimulants necessary to sustain them on their painful journey. At the steamboat landing the Commission has a lodge and agents, with crackers and beef tea, coffee and tea, ice-water and stimulants, ready to be administered to such as need. Relief agents go up on the boats to help care for the wounded; and at Washington the same scene of active kindness is often enacted on their arrival as at their departure. This is the general plan of action everywhere, modified to suit circumstances, but always essentially the same. It will apply just as well West as East, only for the names Baltimore, Washington, and City Point, you must put Louisville, Nashville, and Chattanooga.

When I was at City Point, the base of operations had been established there more than two months; and though there was much sickness, and the wounded were being brought in daily by hundreds from the prolonged struggle for the Weldon Road, everything moved on with the regularity of clockwork. As you neared the landing, coming up the James, you saw, a little farther up the river, the red flag of the Sanitary Com-

mission floating over the three barges which were its office, its storehouse, and its distributing store for the whole Army of the Potomac. Climbing up the steep road to the top of the bluff, and advancing over the undulating plain a mile, you come to a city, — the city of hospitals. The white tents are arranged in lines of almost mathematical accuracy. The camp is intersected by roads broad and clean. Every corps, and every division of every corps, has its allotted square. Somewhere in these larger squares your eye will be sure to catch sight of the Sanitary flag, and beneath it a tent, where is the corps station. You enter, and you find within, if not as great an amount, at least as varied a supply of hospital stores as you would find anywhere, waiting for surgeons' orders. To a very great extent the extra diet for all the sick and wounded is furnished from these stores, and very largely the cooking of it is overseen by ladies connected with the Commission. In every corps there are from five to fifteen relief agents, whose duty it is to go through the wards once, twice, three times in each day, to see what the sick need for their comfort, to ascertain that they really get what is ordered, and in every way to alleviate suffering and to promote cheerfulness and health.

I shall never forget a tour which I made with a relief agent through the wards for the blacks, both because it showed me what a watchful supervision a really faithful person can exercise, and because it gave such an opportunity to observe closely the conduct of these people. The demeanor of the colored patients is really beautiful, — so gentle, so polite, so grateful for the least kindness. And then the evidences of a desire for mental improvement and religious life which meet you everywhere are very touching. Go from bed to bed,

and you see in their hands primers, spelling-books, and Bibles, and the poor worn sick creatures, the moment they feel one throb of returning health, striving to master their alphabet, or spell out their Bible. In the evening, or rather in the fading twilight, some two hundred of them crept from the wards, and seated themselves in a circle around a black exhorter. Religion to them was a real thing; and so their worship had the beauty of sincerity, while I ought to add that it was not marked by that grotesque extravagance sometimes attributed to it. One cannot but think better of the whole race after the experience of such a Sabbath. The only drawback to your satisfaction is that they die quicker and from less cause than the whites. They have not the same stubborn hopefulness and hilarity. Why indeed should they have?

Speaking of the white soldiers, everybody who goes into their hospitals is happily disappointed, — you see so much order and cheerfulness, and so little evidence of pain and misery. The soldier is quite as much a hero in the hospital as on the battle-field. Give him anything to be cheerful about, and he will improve the opportunity. You see men who have lost an arm or a leg, or whose heads have been bruised almost out of likeness to humanity, as jolly as they can be over little comforts and pleasures which ordinary eyes can hardly see with a magnifying glass. So it happens that a camp of six thousand sick and wounded, which seems at a distance a concentration of human misery that you cannot bear to behold, when near does not look half so lugubrious as you expected; and you are tempted to accuse the sick men of having entered into a conspiracy to look unnaturally happy.

If you go back now six or thirteen miles to the field

hospitals you find nothing essentially different. The system and its practical workings are the same. But it is a perpetual astonishment to find that here, near to the banks of a river that has not a respectable village on its shores from Fortress Monroe to Richmond, — here, in a houseless and desolate land which can only be reached by roads which are intersected by gullies, which plunge into sloughs of despond, which lose themselves in the ridges of what were once corn-fields, or meander amid stumps of what so lately stood a forest, — that here you have every comfort for the sick. All needed articles of clothing, the shirts and drawers, the socks and slippers, — and all the delicacies, too, the farinas, the jellies, the canned meats and fruits, the concentrated milk, the palatable drinks and stimulants, and even fresh fruit and vegetables. And in such profusion too. I asked the chief agent of the Commission in the Ninth Corps how many orders he filled in a day. "Look for yourself." I took down the orders, and there they were, one hundred and twenty strong, some for little and some for much, some for a single article and some for a dozen articles.

But it is not in camps of long standing that the wounded and sick suffer for want of care or lack of comforts. It is when the base is suddenly changed, when all order is broken up, when there are no tents at hand, when the stores are scattered, nobody knows where, after a great battle perhaps, and the wounded are pouring in upon you like a flood, and when it seems as if no human energy and no mortal capacity of transportation could supply the wants both of the well and of the sick, the almost insatiable demands of the battlefield and the equally unfathomable needs of the hospital, it is then that the misery comes, and it is then

that the Commission does its grandest work. After the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania twenty-five thousand wounded were crowded into Fredericksburg, where but ten thousand were expected. For a time supplies of all kinds seemed to be literally exhausted. There were no beds. There was not even straw. There were not surgeons enough nor attendants enough. There was hardly a supply of food. Some found it difficult to get a drop of cold water. Poor, wounded men, who had wearily trudged from the battle-field and taken refuge in a deserted house, remained hours and a day without care, and without seeing the face of any but their wounded comrades. Then the Sanitary Commission sent its hundred and fifty agents to help the overburdened surgeons. Then every morning it despatched its steamer down the Potomac crowded with necessaries and comforts. Then with ceaseless industry its twenty wagons, groaning under their burden, went to and fro over the wretched road from Belle Plain to Fredericksburg. A credible witness says that for several days nearly all the bandages and a large proportion of the hospital supplies came from its treasury. No mind can discern and no tongue can declare what valuable lives it saved, and what sufferings it alleviated. Who shall say that Christian charity has not its triumphs proud as were ever won on battle-field? If the Commission could boast only of its twenty-four hours at Antietam and Gettysburg, and its forty-eight hours at Fredericksburg, it would have earned the everlasting gratitude and praise of all true men.

But, above and beyond all, there are great national and patriotic considerations which more than justify, yea, demand the existence of our war charities. Allow-

ing that the outward comfort of the soldier might be accomplished just as well in some other way, — allowing that in a merely sanitary aspect the government could have done all that voluntary organizations have undertaken, and have done it as well as they or better than they, — even then we do not allow for a moment that what has been spent has been wasted. What is the Sanitary Commission, and what are kindred associations, but so many bonds of love and kindness to bind the soldier to his home, and to keep him always a loyal citizen in every hope and in every heart throb? This is the influence which we can least of all afford to lose. He must have been blind who did not see at the outset of the war, that, beyond the immediate danger of the hour, there were other perils. We were trying the most tremendous experiment that was ever tried by any people. Out of the most peaceful of races we were creating a nation of soldiers. In a few months, where there seemed to be scarcely the elements of martial strength, we were organizing an army which was to be at once gigantic and efficient. Who could calculate the effect of such a swift change? The questions many a patriotic heart might have asked were these: When this wicked Rebellion is ended, — when these myriads of our brethren whose lives have been bound up in that wondrous collective life, the life of a great army, shall return to their quiet homes by the hills and streams of New England or on the rolling prairies of the West, will they be able to merge their life again in the simple life of the community out of which they came? Will they find content at the plough, by the loom, in the workshop, in the tranquil labors of civil life? Can they, in short, put off the harness of the soldier, and resume the robe of the citizen? Many a one could

have wished to say to every soldier, as he went forth to the war, "Remember that, if God spares your life, in a few months or a few years you will come back, not officers, not privates, but sons and husbands and brothers, for whom some home is waiting and some human heart throbbing. Never forget that your true home is not in that fort beside those frowning cannon, not on that tented field amid the glory and power of military array, but that it nestles beneath yonder hill, or stands out in sunshine on some fertile plain. Remember that you are a citizen yet, with every instinct, with every sympathy, with every interest, and with every duty of a citizen."

Can we overestimate the influence of these associations, of these Soldiers' Aid Societies, rising up in every city and village, in producing just such a state of mind, in keeping the soldier one of us, one of the people? Five hundred thousand hearts following with deep interest his fortunes, — twice five hundred thousand hands laboring for his comfort, — millions of dollars freely lavished to relieve his sufferings, — millions more of tokens of kindness and good will going forth, every one of them a message from the home to the camp; — what is all this but weaving a strong network of alliance between civil and military life, between the citizen at home and the citizen soldier? If our army is a remarkable body, more pure, more clement, more patriotic than other armies, — if our soldier is everywhere and always a true-hearted citizen, — it is because the army and soldier have not been cast off from public sympathy, but cherished and bound to every free institution and every peaceful association by golden cords of love. The good our Commissions have done in this respect cannot be exaggerated; it is incalculable.

Nor should we forget the influence they have had on ourselves, — the reflex influence which they have been pouring back into the hearts of our people at home, to quicken their patriotism. We often say that the sons and brothers are what the mothers and sisters make them. Can you estimate the electric force which runs like an irresistible moral contagion from heart to heart in a community all of whose mothers and daughters are sparing that they may spend, and learning the value of liberty and country by laboring for them? It does not seem possible, that, amid the diverse interests and selfish schemes of men, we ever could have sustained this war, and carried it to a successful issue, had it not been for the moral cement which these widespread philanthropic enterprises have supplied. Every man who has given liberally to support the Commission has become a missionary of patriotism. Every woman who has cut and made the garments, and rolled the bandages, and knit the socks, has become a missionary. And so the country has been full of missionaries, true-hearted and loyal, pleading, "Be patient, put up with inconveniences, suffer exactions, bear anything rather than sacrifice the nationality our fathers bequeathed to us." And if our country is saved, it will be in no small degree because so many have been prompted by their benevolent activity to take a deep personal interest in the struggle and in the men who are carrying on the struggle.

These national and patriotic influences are the crowning blessings which come in the train of the charities of the war, and they constitute one of their highest claims to our affection and respect. The unpatriotic utterances which in these latter days so often pain our ears, the weariness of burdens which tempt so

many to be ready to accept anything and to sacrifice anything to be rid of them, admonish us that we need another rebirth of patriotism; and they show us that we should cherish more and more everything which fosters noble and national sentiments. And when this war is over and the land is redeemed, and we come to ask what things have strengthened us to meet and overcome our common peril, may we not prophesy that high among the instrumentalities which have husbanded our strength and fed our patriotism, and knit more closely the distant parts of our land and its divided interests, will be placed the United States Sanitary Commission?

CHEVALIER BAYARD:

A SAINT AND HERO OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONCORD LYCEUM,
JANUARY 10, 1894.

WHEN your committee kindly asked me to lecture once more before the Concord Lyceum, I would gladly, had time and strength permitted, have chosen some person, or some subject, connected with our noble town life. For I count it a duty, as it should be a pleasure, for every citizen, and even for those who are only citizens by adoption, to do what they can to make clear the process by which the tangled wilderness has been made the home of civilized life. For nothing does us more good than really to understand what our privileges have cost. So I should of preference have chosen some local topic, which would in itself have enlisted your interest. But it was impossible.

I turn to what is possible, and ask your attention to a subject, to which heretofore I have given an imperfect treatment, A Saint and Hero of the Middle Ages! Such is the title. In other words we speak of the life, the exploits, the pure and noble qualities, of one widely enough known by fame, little known in fact, Pierre du Terrail, commonly called "Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach," — a man who, with all his ability, valor, and trustworthiness, was never called to a high command, but whose name survives when the

names of the nominally great commanders have sunk into merited oblivion.

I am well aware that this career fell, as we might say, on the outer edge of the Middle Ages. Chronologically speaking, it might be more correct to say a saint and hero of the opening modern time. But Bayard was so essentially the result of influences and tendencies which then were waning,—in his breast the principles and vows of that chivalry, which in all other bosoms seemed to have fallen into shameful decay, were so vital,—that we must hold fast to the title “a saint and hero of the Middle Ages.” He was as one born out of due time. He was like that last bright ray that darts across the horizon beneath which the sun itself has gone down.

Let us pause a moment to sketch the dark background on which this bright career was cast. That is, let us seek to comprehend that general condition of thought and action, which makes this life wellnigh unique in its purity, its unselfishness, and its contempt of rapine and lawless violence. Note first the decay of chivalry, which was itself the glory of the Dark Ages, and one of the influences which kept society from falling asunder, and men from flying at one another's throats like wolves. At its heart what was chivalry? Read the word of its latest historian: “It was the Christian form of the military profession. The knight was a Christian soldier.” He entered the ranks through vigils and prayer. He was to serve God and the Church. He was to abide by the truth and keep his pledge. The weak must look to him for defence. The love of gold must not corrupt him. The Right and the Good must find in him a champion against Injustice and Evil. The theory perhaps was better than the practice. Still in that long period of darkness and bloodshed one of the few bright spots was

the institution of chivalry. If you wish to read the story of true and false knighthood told as only the Northern Magician could tell it, take down your *Ivanhoe*, and compare Richard the Lion-hearted and the son of Cedric with the mean and crafty Prince John and the cruel and sensual Knight Templar. But when Bayard came on the stage the glamour and the good of chivalry had alike departed. There was temerity enough; thirst enough for adventure and glory; but little of consecrated valor, little care for the weak and helpless, less devotion to the things which were true and just. This is the first point to be noted.

Incessant warfare was another condition of the times. Green, in his *History of the English People*, calls the period from 1336 to 1431 the Hundred Years' War. Not, I suppose, that the conflict of arms was absolutely unbroken; but that peace, when it came, was a hollow, precarious, and always brief truce, hardly a breathing spell between strife and strife. From 1504 to 1542 France was in a state of almost continuous warfare; rarely with entire success, rarely with complete failure; but all the time the sapping of her strength, the decrease of her prosperity, the debasement of her people, went on. By name the Thirty Years' War in Germany is widely known. It involved in its fatal embrace half the so called civilized world. But who shall count up the almost innumerable battles which drenched with fraternal blood the fatherland? Who shall enumerate the towns that were burned, the cities that were stormed and desolated, the citizens that were slain, the women that were dishonored? A well informed writer tells us, that the crowd of lost women which followed an army were more in number than the soldiery,—that in a district, more than usually favored by distance from the

principal seats of war, before the conflict began 1,733 families dwelt peacefully in 1,716 houses, while after the war only 627 houses were left standing and but 316 families to occupy them,—and that of flocks of many thousand sheep not one was left. “Two centuries later,” he adds, “the losses thus suffered were scarcely recovered. In all ranks, life was meaner, poorer, and harder,” while intellectual and moral decadence kept pace with the physical misery.

The atrocity which marked warfare cannot be overlooked. The restraints which chivalry in its best days imposed on cruelty had passed away; those of the modern code of war had not come into existence. The wealth, honor, life, of the conquered depended upon the stern will of prince or commander, or the mercy of a rude and passionate soldiery.

In 1466, Philip the Good of Burgundy (I think the title must have been an ironical one) besieged Dinant, a flourishing town in the Low Countries. Its chief offence was, that a few of its rabble had insulted the Duchess by carrying about an effigy and using vile language. After a brief resistance the town surrendered at discretion. With a cool malignity the Good Duke took his revenge. Eight hundred of the citizens were tied back to back by twos and cast into the Meuse. All the rest of the males were sold into slavery. The women and children were driven out to live or die as it might happen. Every particle of personal property was seized. Then the town was set on fire and wholly consumed. Finally, contractors spent seven months demolishing walls, bridges, and towers. So at last the *good* duke carried out his threat. Men no longer said, “Dinant is,” but “Dinant was.” This was the mercy granted by the great. What was the clemency of the soldiery? Fifty

years ago I read an account of the sack of Magdeburg, written by an eyewitness and sufferer. I have never seen the account since. But the dreadful picture hangs in the gallery of memory. Robbery, murder, rape, arson, were visited upon the hapless people. No form of cruelty or horror was spared. When the orgies ceased, thirty thousand of the slain strewed the streets of a city of which nothing remained but the blackened walls of its cathedral. One more instance. In 1527 the army of Constable Bourbon stormed Rome. No consideration for the sacredness of the place restrained the fierce soldiery, most of whom were by birth and association Catholic. Every outrage which history records or the imagination can conceive was inflicted upon the high and the low alike. And all this went on, not for a few hours, but for weeks and months, with scarcely an abatement. Rome, says the historian, has been the prey of barbarian hosts of Huns, Goths, and Vandals, but from the hands of neither did she ever experience such cruelty as from the subjects of a bigoted Catholic monarch. These are terrible instances. We admit it. But they are only exhibitions of what in a lesser degree was the wellnigh universal ferocity. Even so wise and clement a prince as Gustavus Adolphus had to grant his army the privilege of sacking the towns it stormed. Such at any rate was one side of that martial experience with which every soldier had to come into contact. It was into a world in which such influences were universal and rampant that Bayard was ushered. Amid them he lived, and played his part, and if we are to accept the statement of his generation, unconquered and unstained. By this contrast between the career and the environment we can better estimate the character and the high purpose which was behind the life men saw.

Certainly, if he had any purity, any humanity, any unselfish devotion, these qualities will shine with a clearer lustre upon such a dark background. Perhaps we are prepared now to study the life in its true perspective.

Bayard was born in the province of Picardy at the beginning of the last quarter of the fifteenth century, in 1475, month and day unknown. This place of his birth, we are told, had reared knights and nobles so heroic and virtuous, and so many, that they were called "the scarlet of the gentlemen of France." "For," says the chronicler, "without disrespect to other nobles, they excelled all as the scarlet surpasses all other hues in brilliancy." Whether this be true or not, it certainly shows that local pride did not wait till the nineteenth century to be born.

If you examine now the pedigree of Bayard, you will question whether in France or anywhere else could be found a family which had manifested so much loyalty at so great a cost. His grandfather with four greats prefixed died fighting for his Dauphine against the Duke of Savoy. His grandfather with three greats prefixed fell in the service of his prince on an unknown battle-field. His great-great-grandfather was with King John when he met the Black Prince at Poitiers, and with hundreds of the French nobility perished on that disastrous day. His great-grandfather met a similar fate at Agincourt, which closed with an English victory a campaign which every schoolboy in my day would remember by the words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of King Henry Fifth:—

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger," —

a counsel which one ventures to think they were not slow to obey. The grandfather, faithful to the crown amid many who were faithless, met his fate at Montlhery, sleeping on the bed of honor with six mortal wounds. The father was so sorely wounded at Guinegate, the Battle of Spurs as it is sometimes called, that, though he lived many years after it, he was never able to leave his house. With such progenitors our hero could hardly help becoming the knight without fear, or sealing his loyalty to his country and king by occupying the post of honor and danger, and dying on his arms.

The chronicle records that, a little time before his death, Bayard's father, "considering that by nature he could not make much longer sojourn in this mortal life," called into his presence his four boys, and asked them what they desired to be. The oldest wished "to stay at home and care for his father to the end of his days." The youngest two were ambitious of church preferment; and in process of time became abbots. But there was one into whose breast the heroic memories of his ancestors had sunk, and made him unfit for the quiet career of a country squire, or even the learned leisure which would be the lot of a faithful abbot. It was Bayard, then only thirteen years of age. "My lord and father, although by your paternal love I feel myself so greatly bound that I ought to be forgetful of all else, and serve but you till your life's end, nevertheless the recital of the great and noble deeds that oftentimes you have told to us of noble knights in bygone times, even of some of our own house, has taken such root in my heart, that I will be, if it may please you, of the same estate in which you and your ancestors have been, and follow the pursuit of arms. For it is the one thing in this world that I the most desire; and I trust,

by God's help, to bring you no dishonor." This answer touched the old warrior more than either of the others. No doubt it recalled his own warlike dreams. For it was with tears that he replied, "My child, may God give thee his grace. Thou bearest much resemblance in face and figure to thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the most accomplished knights in Christendom. I will forthwith endeavor to further thy desires." So he straightway sent a messenger to summon the Bishop of Grenoble, his wife's brother. The prelate came right speedily, and with certain neighboring gentlemen took counsel as to the fate of the boy. Finally it was decided the Bishop should take him away and put him as a page into the household of the Duke of Savoy. This, so far as we have any record, severed the connection of the boy with his ancestral home. The young eagle plumed his wings and left the nest to take alone his flight. I cannot refrain from quoting the last charge of his mother. It shows that in that home, half house, half castle, where to our eyes life might have been rough and rude, one good woman dwelt, who was full of womanly graces. She was in the tower of the castle, we are told, tenderly weeping. But when she learned that her son was already mounted and ready to depart she descended and spoke her last words: "My child, you are going into the service of a noble prince. As a mother can command her child, three things I entreat of thee. The first is, that thou shalt love and fear God's service. Each night and each morning recommend thyself to Him, and He will assist thee. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous unto all men. Keep thyself from pride. Be humble and useful to all men. Be loyal in word and deed. Be a man of your word. Help poor widows and orphans, and God will

reward you. And thirdly, with the goods God gives unto thee, be charitable unto the poor and needy ; and believe me such charities, my child, will profit you much in body and in soul. I much think that your father and I will not live a long time. May God give us at least the happiness, whilst we still live, of always hearing good tidings of you." What mother a generation ago, sending out her choicest to struggle in the Wilderness, or to die at Gettysburg, could add much to the counsel of this mother, living in what we are apt to think the Dark Ages of morals as well as intelligence ?

It was a strange life into which the boy was introduced. But it was the life in those days of every young aspirant for knightly honors and martial fame. The family relinquished all control of their own. It was an apprenticeship, only more stern as the ways of war are sterner than those of peace. The very form of expression by which the conveyance was made was significant. "This is my nephew," said the good Bishop. "He is of a goodly race. I come to make you a present of him." "It is a good present," is the reply. "I gladly receive it. God make a brave man of him." The transaction is concluded. For the time being the youth belongs to his feudal lord ; — to stay in the home castle, learning the art of war, or to go afield and to face every danger, just as his lord wills. In either case, the life of page or squire was no sinecure. The reverse. At every stage his martial training made the first demand. Every day he must run, jump, wrestle, cast the stone or heavy bar ; — in short, practise such exercises as would make him both strong and supple ; able to bear heavy armor ; able to climb the steep embankment and scale the ruined wall ; fit to encounter in tournament or battle

sturdy knights. But this was not all. This would only make him a strong churl. He was to be a knight. He must learn the use of arms, be able to mount his charger without stirrups, and keep his seat however the steed might rear or leap. Then at full gallop he must strike fairly the quintain, that is, the image of a man set at the right height on a post. For was he not in his lord's house to learn to fight skilfully and to endure manfully?

But this was but a fraction of his work. Practically he was valet, waiter, and groom. The clothing and arms of the knight he served were in his charge. In the morning he robed and armed his superior and at night disrobed him. At the table he stood and served, supplying the meat and the bread, the water and the wine. It was his business to wash and groom his lord's chargers, and especially to see that they were well fed and well shod. Should a visitor appear, who but the page should relieve him of his steed and take charge of his impediments? So even in piping times of peace a page or squire did not have time hang heavy on his hands. In a well ordered military household, his labors extended from dewy morn till latest eve.

Nor did war or the mimic battle of the tournament lessen his labors. He must stand near his lord to supply a fresh lance should the first be broken in the rude encounter. Should his lord fight on foot, he must hold, ready to be mounted, the charger. Especially he must be at hand to receive the steeds and armor of the vanquished, from which a successful knight derived great revenues. Are not these things all written in Walter Scott's story of the gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby? No doubt all these young people and most of their elders have read it. The more the pity if they

have not. And between fighting and fighting, was there not the shield, the breastplate, and the helmet, and the sword, the spear, and the battle-axe, to be kept free from spot or rust, and flashing like a mirror? No light duty this for a boy between twelve and twenty. No wonder that those old knights were able, alike in the icy North and sultry South, to bear their armor and the wear of perpetual conflict. No wonder either that at the end of his four years' apprenticeship our hero is described as being "lean and colorless."

Bayard remained in the household of the Duke of Savoy but six months. His progress in all military accomplishments and in all chivalric courtesy was such that it was determined that he ought to be transferred into the immediate service of the King. This is the way he is described by the Duke himself. "His page," says the chronicler, "was beloved of all; and was of use in a marvellous degree to lords and ladies. Neither was there page nor squire that could compare with him. He wrestled, jumped, threw the bar, and bestrode a horse as well as possible." All this of a boy not fourteen years old. So there was nothing to be done, but that the Duke should visit the Court, exhibit the surprising accomplishments of his charge, and make a present of him to the monarch. All of which was carried out according to the programme; and the page of a duke became the squire of a king.

What progress Bayard made in his new service we can only judge by what happened at its close. At seventeen he was released from pupilage, and knighted. At this time a gentleman of Burgundy greatly skilled in arms appears on the scene. He hangs up his shield as a challenge to all comers. This lean and colorless youth, as he was described, of seventeen, this fifteen days old

knight, desires to accept the challenge. But how could he do it? He has neither fitting horse nor armor; and he has no money. He bethinks him of a rich uncle, an abbot. To him he goes. His reception is not encouraging. "Ho, master boastful," was the salutation. "From whence get you this temerity? You have lived barely seventeen years. You are of an age still to be whipped; and you show great conceit." But in the end he got his equipment. Perhaps for the Scripture reason, that his continual coming wearied the good abbot. The chronicle says he won the first honors. His apprenticeship was ended, and his personal life began in great glory. The records of Bayard's early life are plentiful enough, but to what extent they are traditions rather than history it is impossible to determine. Still, through the mists of doubt you catch sight of the real man. This was a youth of great attractiveness. The sturdy principles of truth and honor were already planted in his breast. In body and mind alike he was precocious. A courage which nothing daunted both foresaw and produced success.

He was now to step out upon the field of well ascertained history, if indeed there be any such. By the King's order he reported for service in the garrison of Aire, a fortified town of his native Picardy. It is an amusing illustration of his chivalrous tendencies, that the first thing he appears to have done in his new home was to proclaim a tournament in honor of a fair lady; in which tournament he played his part manfully, or shall we say boyfully?

It is impossible to note all the events in Bayard's military life. That would be to write the war history of France for thirty years. We select a few to illustrate

this side of his career. His first experience of actual warfare was in 1497. At the age of twenty-one, he accompanied King Charles in his expedition against Naples. This was the first of a series of campaigns, lasting through three reigns, which cost France much blood and treasure, won her little honor, and ended in shameful expulsion from Italy. With barely fifteen thousand men, the King defeated an army of forty thousand men. In this first battle Bayard displayed the same fiery courage and the same aptitude for war which marked his later years. Two horses were killed under him, but he defeated the opposing troop and captured its standard. For all of which he won from his King honorable notice and a purse of five hundred crowns.

The story of his defence, single-handed, of a bridge, seems to be accepted as veritable history, but it looks like the ancient Roman myth. It runs thus. The French and Spanish armies were encamped on the opposite sides of a deep and swift river, spanned by a narrow bridge. Secretly the Spanish general planned to seize this bridge, pass over it, and so surprise and perhaps defeat the French forces. Only Bayard and his squire were awake and armed. The knight despatched his follower to hurry up reinforcements, while he, single-handed, defended the narrow pass, the chronicle says, "half an hour." Perhaps we may without disrespect intimate that much less time would seem half an hour, when a dozen spears were thrust at his breast, and a dozen swords were making deadly passes. True or false, the story shows of what stuff they who knew him best thought the good knight was made.

In 1515, King Francis at Marignan fought almost for his kingdom and his life. A great army of Swiss mercenaries, enraged that the monarch should take into his

service a body of lansquenets, hurled themselves upon his lines with indescribable ferocity. The conflict began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was waged, with no certain result, by moonlight far into the night. It was renewed the next morning; but the better distribution of the French troops secured them the victory. Around the camp-fires, the soldiers discussed the merits of their leaders; but all voices united in the verdict that on this, as on every field of honor, Bayard was the hero. In that verdict the young monarch agreed; and conferred on the knight without fear or reproach the almost unparalleled distinction of bestowing knighthood on his own king.

In 1521, Charles the Fifth, unmindful of his solemn agreement, despatched a large army to surprise and conquer the northeastern provinces of France. There was no preparation, and Mouzon fell with little or no resistance. Mezieres was a little farther inland. Its walls were weak, its defenders few and discouraged. It was proposed to burn the town and to lay waste the environs, that the enemy, who could not be resisted, might be starved out. Bayard protested. He would undertake the defence of the town himself. Then the soldiers said, "Better an army of sheep with a lion for a leader, than an army of lions with a sheep in command." But the good knight did not have to depend upon sheep. There was magic in his name. A thousand, including many of the noblest of the land, enlisted under the banner of a private gentleman. He was worthy of their trust. When reminded that the stores were scanty, with fine satire he answered, "Then we will eat our horses and our boots." With untiring activity he repaired the broken walls, working with his own hands, seeming to fill every place with his ubiquitous presence.

The enemy were tardy in their advance. Their leaders were at odds, and in three weeks retired, leaving Bayard master of the city and the French frontier safe.

But the end was at hand. In 1524 the reign of Francis the Magnificent, which opened so bravely, was drawing toward a close hardly less than ignominious. The King had fallen into gross licentiousness. His mother's malice and greed had robbed his greatest commander, Constable Bourbon, of his estates, driven him into disloyalty, then into exile, and finally into the arms of her son's greatest enemy, Emperor Charles the Fifth. The vain and incompetent Bonnivet was appointed in Bourbon's place, but could not fill it. What he lacked in military ability he made up in mean jealousy of those who had it. Bayard was sent, as he believed, for his destruction, with an insignificant force, to occupy a place incapable of defence, in face of a powerful enemy, for the ostensible purpose of cutting off supplies from the beleaguered city. "Sire, the place is in an open plain; I need half your army to do the work." But, like a good soldier, he went where he was ordered. Reinforcements were promised, but they never came. At last, amid greatest danger, he disentangled his command and reached the camp in safety, boldly accusing his commander of treachery.

But the time had passed for considering private grievances. The army was in peril. The incompetency of the commander had left open no way of safety but that of retreat. Bonnivet, whose redeeming grace was personal courage, took command of the rear guard, and retained it till a severe wound forced him to retire. "I conjure you," he said to Bayard, "for the sake of your own honor and the glory of the French name to defend, as you so well know how to do, the standard which I

am compelled to intrust to your tried valor and fidelity." "I thank you, my lord, for the confidence which you express in my loyalty," replied the good knight. "Had you always done me the same honor, both my country and my sovereign might have profited by my exertions. In any case I will do my duty." Hardly had he assumed command, when he was struck by a stone hurled from an arquebuse which fractured his spine. He reeled in the saddle, exclaiming, "Jesus, my God, I am killed!" and fell into the arms of his friends, who placed him with his back against a tree. "Be comforted," he said; "it is the will of God. His will be done." Then, no priest being near, he made a confession to a layman. Finally, he begged them to leave him, and not fall into the hands of the enemy. "Go, and pray for my soul." Friend and foe alike mourned. The Spanish general tenderly kissed the hand of the dying man. "I would rather," he exclaimed, "have shed my own blood, or given the half of all I possess, than this had chanced." Bayard lingered a few moments, then murmured, "God and my country," and expired. "Alas, I have lost a great captain!" exclaimed the King. The soldiers, when peril was near or honor to be won, would say, "Bayard should have been here; but Bayard is in his grave." The body was laid in the family tomb at Dauphiny. "For the space of a month you would have said that the people of Dauphiny were expecting immediate ruin; for they did naught save lament and weep; and feasts, dances, banquets, and all other pastimes ceased. Alas! they were right indeed; for a greater loss could not happen for the country, and every man soever was grieved to the heart thereby. Be assured that it touched right closely the poor gentlemen, gentlewomen, widows, and poor orphans to whom he secretly gave and distributed his

goods. But with time all things pass away but the love of God. The good chevalier had feared and loved Him during his life ; after his death may his renown abide." With this touching eulogy the loyal servitor closes his account of the leader he had followed and loved, and whose memory he has done so much to preserve. I think that we shall have to concede the title hero. Not hero according to the highest Christian plan, not hero in that wide brotherhood which includes in its regard all races and all nations ; but hero according to the light of the time in which he lived. He who faced death every day for honor, and not for self or power, he who won from twice ten thousand brave men the distinction of "the knight without fear," must have had a courage of finer temper than comes to most. Whether we can add saint remains to be seen.

We have hastily sketched what Bayard did,—how and with what honor he passed through that curious apprenticeship, by which the page became a knight, what record his life has left on the military annals of France, and what the soldier thought of his fellow soldier. It remains now to ask, not what he did, but what he was,—to go beneath outward acts and ascertain the real quality of the man. Was he a bravo fighting for the pure love of bloodshed ? Or did he play his part, as many a plumed knight before him had done, for the sake of the rich rewards of place and wealth which successful warfare brought ? Or was there infused into the disposition of this man something more lofty, something more gentle and generous, which separated him from the common herd of mercenary fighters ? These are the questions we seek briefly to answer. They are the questions upon whose settlement depend Bayard's claim

to the title of saint ; or, to use the language of his day, "the knight without reproach or spot."

Bayard was the last of the true knights. He represented the spirit and purpose of chivalry in its best estate. Chivalry was not instituted to put an end to war. With the spirit of men and nations, it was then impossible. Is it quite possible to-day ? Chivalry was instituted to put nobler elements into warfare,—to make Christian soldiers. Singular perversion of the title ! And chivalry was going down in the presence of the mightier forces of modern civilization. But before it set, it sent across the bloody fields one flash of intensest glory.

On one side of him Bayard was a knight. He was that in all externals. Knighthood flourished when the fate of the combat depended upon the prowess of the single man, upon the battle-axe of Richard the Lion-hearted. To be this decisive man the body must be strong, agile, and enduring. In his own person he must have, as the proverb reads, "onset of greyhound, defence of boar, flight of wolf," the knowledge of arms perfect, the apprehension of the senses quick and sure. Bayard had all these. Never did he find a single man who could cross swords with him successfully. The knight must be, too, a rare horseman, ready to mount without use of stirrups ; able to keep his seat, however vicious the steed ; skilled to guide his charger in curvettings and wheelings such as we should now look for in the circus. The boys, when they read again their *Ivanhoe*, will note how in the account of the tournament at Ashby, applause greeted the Disinherited Knight because he reined his horse backward with such skill down the long lists. Well, Bayard was born to witch the world with noble horsemanship. Thrice as a boy of

less than fourteen he exhibited a dexterity almost miraculous. Tournaments also, run for honor's sake, were eminently characteristic of chivalry. Bayard did not outgrow his taste for these, and certainly never his capacity. The good knight therefore, on one side of him, kept undimmed the traditions of the elder time. Justice demands that we add that he had another side, open to the life which was dawning. He was a competent soldier as well as champion,—better far than most who commanded him.

Turn now to the moral side of chivalry, as it was in its best days; its side of sentiment. The true knight must be loyal to his country and his king. Bayard had little for which to thank his king. For great services he received small reward, and, fit to command, he lived and died in a subordinate position. In the light of this read his own words. Emperor Maximilian, then in alliance with France, said to the good Chevalier, "My lord of Bayard, I should willingly give a hundred thousand florins to have a dozen such as you." To which the Chevalier replied, "Sire, for your praises I most humbly thank you. Of one thing, rest assured, that, while my master remains your ally, you can have no more faithful follower than myself." Pope Julius desired to purchase his services, offering to make him Captain General of his forces. With the low tone of patriotism then prevalent, when boundaries were continually unsettled, and you might rise in the morning a subject of the King of Spain and go to bed a subject of the King of France, as happened more than once in Milan, such a sale of services would not have been considered peculiarly disgraceful. Major Dalgettys were roaming about by hundreds. The swords of half the Swiss confederacy were for sale to the highest bidder.

Black companies and white companies were everywhere seeking employment. But Bayard was not of this sort. "Sire, I know of but two masters, the God in heaven and the King of France on the earth." Even at the hour of death he could not overlook the desertion of one's standard. When Bourbon, who, if any could be justified in such a desertion, expressed his grief, writhing in pain the dying man said: "I thank you for your sympathy, but I desire no pity at your hands. I die like a true man, in the service of my King and my country. Save your pity for yourself, who are bearing arms against your faith, your sovereign, and your nation." And in a few moments expired, murmuring, — the ruling passion strong in death, — "God and my country!"

Chivalry said the true knight must not descend to rapine and violence with the conquered. But the habit of the age was the reverse. When a city was taken, every innocent burgher had to tremble for his property, his own life, and the honor of his family. Note, now, the language of the knight, who in this respect certainly was without reproach. When told that, if he did not take a poor man's money, somebody else would, he answers: "My lord, I do that which I ought. God has not set me in this world to live by pillage or rapine. And, moreover, this poor man can go and hide his money, and when the war shall have passed out of the country he will be able to help himself therewith, and will pray to God for me." Note his practice. His works and his faith were yoked together equally. When he retired from a town which he had occupied, he first paid the good man or woman at whose house he had lodged a proper recompense, then remained the last man, that no mean camp follower might linger to insult and plunder.

A town in Naples revolted against the King of France, who then held sway. At the entrance of the French general the frightened people flocked around him, humbly begging clemency, and bringing as a peace offering their poor store of silver, to the value of about \$8,000. Their lives were granted. Then, looking round, the commander espied the good Chevalier. "Take these vessels," he said, "I present them to you for your kitchen." "My lord, I thank you humbly for your consideration; but for God's sake I pray of you not to make me take into mine house that which has belonged to this wretched people." Then, taking the vessels, he presented them piece by piece to each one present, without retaining one. And he but twenty-two, with not ten crowns that he could call his own! One saying of the good knight deserves to be written in letters of gold everywhere: "All empires, realms, and provinces, without justice, are forests full of brigands."

If there was any duty which the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries set at naught, it was that which says that the strong must care for the defenceless, the widows and children who have none to look to for aid. Every hamlet was at the mercy of the spoiler. Every city stormed witnessed a saturnalia. But this was the very rule which was at the foundation of chivalry. We may say that it was the chief reason for its creation. It could not make wars to cease. It could strive to rob war of some of its needless horrors. Bayard in this respect was a true child of chivalry. This is the story which is told of the capture of Brescia. That unhappy town was taken, retaken, and taken again, the last time by the French. A scene ensued, not so awful as at Rome and Magdeburg, but terrible to the sufferers and disgraceful to the actors, — "full," as the historian

.

says, "of profligacies and enormities." Our knight was severely wounded at the moment of the capture, and was borne on a door to the house of a wealthy inhabitant. Grievously wounded as he was, he ordered the door of the mansion to be bolted, and set two archers to guard it, that no unauthorized person should enter. The lady of the house fell on her knees and said, "The house and all that is in it is yours by the right of war. But save my life and honor, and the life and honor of my two daughters." "Madam, I know not that I shall be able to escape from the wound that I have, but so long as I live neither to you nor to your daughters shall any offence be done." So this one house dwelt in safety amid the surrounding revelry. When at the end of a month he was able to go, the grateful woman brought a box containing two thousand five hundred ducats as an offering. This with thanks he declined. Seeing that she was pained at his refusal, he said, "Summon your two daughters," who had given him much diversion in his weakness by singing and playing on the lute and spinet. The two damsels, who were fair to look on, quickly came. He bid them spread out their aprons and then poured a thousand ducats into each. "For my recompense, pray to God for me." Then, turning to the mother, he adds, "Madam, I will take these five hundred ducats for my own profit, to distribute them among the poor convents of ladies who have been plundered, and thereof I give you the charge, for you will understand better than any other where the need is." This unbounded generosity was a part of himself. He carried out to the full the precept of ancient chivalry: "Be generous, give largesse, despise parsimony." He might have been rich. Into the purse of so successful a soldier the ransom money of captured knights and

their equipments poured more than a hundred thousand crowns. But he gave it all to those poorer than he, and died having little more than the small patrimony which he received by inheritance.

With this I close my insufficient account of one of the most brilliant and attractive figures which lights up the darkness and softens the harshness of the military annals of that period. The outlines of that life are an inalienable part of French history. But I am well aware that the anecdotes which fill up the outline are drawn from the report of one who calls himself "The Loyal Serviteur," and who was a soldier under Bayard, and served as his secretary. None but a really great and good man can be a hero to his valet. Nor could any commander inspire a humble dependant with such reverence, and lead him with no hope of reward to write with such childlike eloquence, unless his master had been a great and a good man too. Within this last thirty years many a saying and many a story have gathered around the memory of our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln, which may not be true to the letter, but so far as I know them they are true to the spirit. They let you into the real soul of the man. So these stories undoubtedly give you the genuine flavor of the life. "You can cheat one man, but you cannot cheat all men," is the French proverb. Especially you cannot cheat a whole generation. The chorus of praise, without one discordant sound, which comes down to us, cannot be disputed. Shall we not add our little note and say "the knight without fear and without reproach," or translate it into modern phrase, and call him "a saint and hero of the Middle Ages"?

FRANCIS DRAKE AND HIS TIMES.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONCORD LYCEUM,
JANUARY 26, 1870.

A SHORT, sturdy, plainly dressed man, with keen gray eyes, bullet head of crisp brown hair, wrinkled forehead, high cheek-bones, short square face, the temples broad, the lips thick but firm as granite. A coarse plebeian stamp of a man. Yet the whole figure and attitude are full of boundless determination, self-possession, and energy."

Here is a portrait from a competent hand. The original was Francis Drake, mariner, buccaneer, world encompasser, vice admiral, in all capacities the pride of his countrymen, and feared and hated by Spaniards. To-day Francis Drake is scarcely more than a traditional name; and exploits which once startled all Europe take their place almost side by side with mediæval legends. But Francis Drake was the most robust reality of the sixteenth century. A sailor wellnigh from his cradle, the ablest navigator of his generation, in temper audacious yet prudent, in counsel secret, in preparation patient, in execution swift and fiery, he was the type of a great bold sea captain. If his achievements to our modern eyes smack of piracy, not on that account was he less fitted to play his part manfully in a contest not by any means waged according to Grotius and Vattel.

Glance for a moment at the nature and origin of that conflict in which Drake was so prominent an actor. In

the last third of the sixteenth century war between England and Spain was inevitable. In that war the stake would be honor and naval supremacy; for England more yet, — national existence. Naturally enough, the principals hesitated to begin what might prove to be a death grapple. Their subjects had no such scruples. The world saw the strange sight of two nations, nominally at peace, cutting and thrusting at each other, capturing and robbing by sea and land, and reciprocating injuries with a persistent and mutual ill-will.

The popular explanation of this state of things is religious animosity. Spain was papal and the bulwark of Rome. England was heretic and the perpetual promoter of heresy everywhere. That does not tell half the story. "A great many threads went into that woof." Religious difference? Yes. Political difference just as much. Rivalry of race did its part. Ill concealed hatred of rulers, and the sting of private wrongs were not wanting. But perhaps, after all, the most potent cause was a commercial one. By right of discovery, Spain claimed the fairest provinces of the New World. And she proposed to put up gates, and to bar the entrance against all intruders; to make the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean Spanish lakes, and Tropical America a Castilian park. "No Englishman," says Philip the Second in his instructions, "shall under any pretext have dealings with Spanish subjects, or enterprise trade or voyage to the West Indies." Nor was this prohibition a dead letter. Confiscation of goods was the least punishment. Hopeless labor beneath the lash at the oars of galleys, until death came to deliver, was a more probable result. To rot in the dungeons of the Inquisition, to be broken on its rack, to burn at its stake, were all possible consequences.

And to whom was this menace offered? To the most maritime, the most adventurous race then on the globe; to the dwellers on an island, all of whose shores were washed by stormy seas, scooped into harbors, and made ragged by innumerable firths and bays; to Englishmen, the descendants of those Northmen whose keels ploughed all waters, and whose incursions vexed all shores. Of course there were collisions. By fair means or foul these sturdy islanders would have their share of the good things of the new paradise. Seeing that Queen Elizabeth and subtle King Philip would not come to open war, private Englishmen took the matter into their hands, armed ships, fitted out expeditions, traded where they pleased, resisted violence and offered it too, made reprisals, captured ships, captured cities. This they did for twenty years. Observers may call this robbery, piracy, war, according to the broader or narrower aspect in which they view the events of the times. But clearly we are contemplating one of those periods, which come, alas! too often, when human passions, national antipathies, and conflicting interests so entangle the relations of two people that nothing but the sharp edge of war can cut the knot.

Let one illustration show how things worked. One fair summer's afternoon John Hawkins, Devon sailor, engaged in what was then counted the God-fearing business of slave-trading, dropped anchor in a little Spanish harbor in Central America. But not a colonist would buy a negro or furnish a pound of fresh fruits or provisions. And this, not because the colonists had any moral objections to slave-trading,—for nobody could be fonder of it,—but because the King had forbidden intercourse of all kinds with Englishmen. "Since you have given me such a supper," quoth honest John, "I will

bring you as good a breakfast." Which breakfast consisted of a volley of ordnance, and three boats, with a cannon in the bow of each, "with balls in their noses and men armed accordingly," rowed landward by sailors armed to the teeth, to supervise peaceful traffic. This performance Sir John, with humorous gravity, termed opening up a new line of commerce. To such a pass had King Philip's principles of commercial monopoly brought the national relations. War then was inevitable. But war with what prospects? In 1571 Spain dominated the globe. Columbus had given her the New World, Fortune and the astute counsels of Charles the Fifth had made her the first land power in Europe. That very autumn, in the closing hours of a bright October day, five hundred war galleys and sixty thousand men struggled for victory in the Gulf of Lepanto. At twilight forty Turkish ships, all that was left of three hundred, fled, leaving Spain without a peer on the ocean.

In 1571 England in the comparison was hardly a second rate power. Fifty years of civil war had drained her of her life blood. The early reigns of the Tudors had been weakened by a doubtful title, and disturbed by religious divisions. So when Queen Bess climbed to a tottering throne, and looked around, she saw what might well have daunted a heart less stout. Her treasury was empty. Her army had no existence. Her navy was a little collection of worn-out hulks. "Only one hundred and thirty-five vessels, public and private, in all England over a hundred tons," — such is the record. Only this with which to confront a power that had just arrayed two hundred and fifty great galleys against the Turks, and won.

Twenty-five years passed. England had come off

victor in this tremendous struggle. She had inflicted a wound upon her gigantic adversary from which he never recovered. Her freebooters had ravaged his colonies. Her navies had insulted his ports. The ships of his great Armada had been torn and battered by the violence of men and the blasts of heaven. The world woke up, and found that this island power had won the first encounter in the great tournament for naval supremacy, and put Spain out of the lists.

The man who did more than a thousand common men to accomplish this result, the man whose life almost contains the history of English naval affairs at this period, was Francis Drake. He was born in Tavistock, County Devon, about the year 1542. One involuntarily stops to pay a tribute of admiration to this little County of Devon, which in the sixteenth century gave birth to more naval heroes than all the rest of England besides. This was the home of stout John Davis, earliest of Arctic voyagers, who was first to try the terrors of the icy North beyond the seventieth degree, while pressing up the Strait, familiar to every school boy, which bears his name. Here burly John Hawkins first saw the light. Controller of the navy for twenty years, he may be said to have created Queen Elizabeth's fleets. Amid its broken hills and within sight of its rocky shores Richard Grenville was trained up to serve God and the Queen. In his manhood with his single ship he fought fifty Spanish ships fifteen long hours, sinking three beside him, and yielding the combat only when he had received his mortal wound. From Devon it was that Humphrey Gilbert sailed out on that fatal voyage to Newfoundland, and found God as near him on the deck of his sinking shallop as on land. Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, man of

letters, soldier of fortune, colonizer, and in his old age victim on the scaffold of the malice of enemies, was a child of Devon. In this heroic county Drake was born. He was the son, as traditions hold, of a common sailor, and brought up by the side of that sea on which he was to win his laurels. The home of his infancy was a battered old ship's hulk, stranded on the beach, the best shelter which his father's poverty could furnish to a great family. At twelve he was apprenticed as a cabin boy. At twenty he was his own master, and already a bold, self-reliant man and a consummate navigator.

The first clear glimpse we have of Drake is in 1568. He is at St. Juan de Ulloa with John Hawkins, and in command of one of the smallest of five little ships, which make up his kinsman's fleet. A hollow truce has been concluded with the Spanish admiral, who with thirteen stout ships is anchored in the same harbor. Suddenly the truce is broken. Without a word of warning, from all sides, from the forts, from concealed batteries, from the Spanish fleet, a relentless volley is poured upon the English. Three of Hawkins's ships sink. Drake, with his accustomed good luck, escapes unharmed in a fourth. Hawkins is forced to put ashore from the crowded deck of his sole remaining ship one hundred men; and with forty-two haggard, half starved sailors, the remnant of one hundred more, arrives at Mounts Bay, Cornwall. Of those who fell into Spanish hands, four were burnt at the stake, and sixty-one, having endured many stripes, were condemned to that living death, the oars of a war galley. Scarcely a half dozen out of seven score ever reached England. And if any one wishes to know what it was that stirred the heart of England with a desire of revenge, and filled every sea with her desperate rovers,

let him read the story of the sufferings of certain English sailors in Spanish ports, as written by Miles Philips and John Hartop, mariners.

The most noteworthy result of this treacherous attack was, that Drake, ruined in purse and unable to get legal redress, swore a mighty oath that "he would get his pay and more out of the subjects of the King of Spain." He kept his word. But he proceeded to execute his audacious plans with his characteristic prudence. Had his purposes been purely peaceful and mercantile, he could not have proceeded more coolly. In 1570 and 1571 he made what he terms voyages of observation to the Caribbean Sea and the adjacent Gulf of Mexico. He wished to have a clear knowledge of those waters, of the nature of the Spanish harbors, of the situation of the treasure stations, of the amount of forces guarding them, and to establish convenient retreats and depots for his own use in the future.

Then he proceeded to business, and in 1573 fitted out his grand expedition against the West Indies. It consisted of just two ships, one of fifty tons and the other of twenty tons. Hardly fair-sized yachts for sunny weather. The crews all told were seventy-three men and boys. That was all. If anything can heighten our sense of the personal resources and dauntless determination of the men of that generation, it is a consideration of the means with which they accomplished great results. Martin Frobisher made one of the first genuine Arctic expeditions on record. And he made it "in a ship of five hundred tons"? No, in a little craft of just twenty-five tons. With this he discovered and explored the straits which ever since have borne his name. John Davis pushed his way through the ice fields of Davis's Straits far up Baffin's Bay, two hundred and fifty miles

beyond where civilized man had been. And this in what he dignifies by the title of the "Bark Sunshine," of fifty tons. Humphrey Gilbert sailed the stormy Atlantic, and met his fate, in a shaky little sail-boat of ten tons.

With his armament such as it was Drake reached his rendezvous in the West Indies in the summer of 1573. With a force of fifty men he surprised the treasure station of Nombre de Dios; fought his way to the very door of the treasury of silver, where ten million dollars' worth of silver bars met his gaze, and then and there would have won this splendid prize had not a profuse hemorrhage from a random shot forced him to retire just on the verge of entire success. He was not discouraged. With the help of Cimeroon Indians, he laid an ambush for the great mule treasure train as it wound its way over the mountains and through the gorges between Panama and Nombre de Dios. A drunken sailor, stumbling forward in a white shirt a moment too soon gave the alarm, and again his prey escaped just as he was grasping it. Finally he took, in the woods near Nombre de Dios, a small train with thirty thousand pounds of silver. For fourteen long months he remained in the enemy's waters, took and destroyed several ships, some of them fourfold the size of his own, drove many smaller ones ashore, insulted the towns, broke up the treasure trains, and became the terror of the whole region. Then when he had wrought his will, he made a quick and prosperous voyage home, carrying thither £60,000.

"A pretty brisk and venturous war this," you say. My friend, there was no war at all. The virgin Queen and his Serene Majesty were in profound peace. This was — what shall we call it? — a little sharp and un-

authorized skirmishing between advance sentinels; and Francis Drake was a sort of self-constituted picket guard, serving without commission, pay, or rations, and doing a little private campaigning on his own account. Or, to speak seriously, this was one of those incidents which marked how swiftly two great peoples, rivals in religion, rivals in commerce, jealous, angry, goaded by the memory of mutual insults and wrongs, were hurrying on to an irrepressible and deadly conflict.

While on the Isthmus, a Cimeroon chief conducted Drake to the top of a high hill, and up a lofty tree on which steps had been cut, and showed him the Pacific ocean. With that strange mixture of piety and piracy so characteristic of the men of the times, Drake fell on his knees and "thanked God for the sight, and prayed God to give him grace to sail that ocean." For what devout purpose we shall soon see. "And thereunto he bound himself with a vow. And from that time forward his mind was pricked continually day and night to perform that vow." The difficulties were vast. Merely to contemplate traversing, in the high-sterned unseaworthy crafts of the period, fifteen thousand miles, over all seas, through all climates, required incredible courage. Then beyond the Equator literally it was unknown water. No Englishmen had ever sailed over it. What dangers there might be, what stormy circles, what fatal currents, what hidden reefs, nobody knew. And should he reach his goal, he was alone, far away from all friendly aid, in a hostile sea. Nor was this all. The medical skill of that day did not make it possible for sailors to be confined on shipboard during such a prolonged voyage, and live. To land, and more than once, whether to confront friends or foes, was an impera-

tive necessity. Consider too what a width of knowledge, covering all possible human wants, was needful. This little ship, bound on a voyage for three whole years, must be a world to itself. Sir Richard Hawkins's account of the ship stores of a similar expedition runs thus: "I was victualled completely for eighteen months. But whether the baker, brewer, and butcher, and others, were masters of their art, I know not. This I am sure of, I had excellent fat beef, strong beer, good wheaten bread, good Iceland ling, butter and cheese of the best, admirable sack and aqua-vitæ, pease, oatmeal, wheatmeal, oyle, spices, sugar, fruit, and rice; with chyrurgerie as syrups, julips, condits, trechisses, antidotes, balsams, gums, ungvents, implaisters, oyles, potions, suppositers, and purging pills. My carpenter was fitted from the thickest bolt to the pump nail or tacket. The boatswain from cable to sail twine. The steward and the cook from the caldron to the spoone." But enough. If now the elegances of life are added, and if one insists that for ornament and use there must be expert musicians, and rich furniture, — "all the vessels for the table," as it is recorded, "yea, many belonging even to the cooke roome being of solid silver," — one comprehends that the burdens of a great captain were heavy, even before he lifted an anchor or loosed a sail.

But whatever the dangers, Drake dared them, and whatever the cares, he bore them. For on the 13th of December, 1577, his little fleet slipped from its moorings and dropped down Plymouth Bay into the English Channel. As usual, the equipment seemed ludicrously insufficient. Drake's own ship, the "Pelican," afterwards christened the "Golden Hind," was a vessel of a hundred tons. Four smaller ships made up the whole tonnage to two hundred and seventy-five tons, — less than one

half that of a coal schooner from Philadelphia. One hundred and sixty-four men and boys made up the crew. In thirteen days, Drake was at Mogadore. Six months brought him to Port St. Julian, on the eastern side of Patagonia, where he tarried two months to refit his ships and refresh his men.

The 1st of November, 1578, found Drake, with one solitary ship, the "Golden Hind," backed by a scanty crew of forty-five, on the bosom of the broad Pacific. One month before the "Marigold" parted from him in a storm, whether to go down beneath the billows of the Southern Sea, or to be ground to pieces on the jagged rocks of Terra del Fuego, no man knows. Captain Winter in the "Elizabeth," against the will of his men, steered Westward, leaving his commander to his fate, — a deed never forgiven by the sturdy seamen of England.

All the annals of maritime adventure cannot produce another chapter so remarkable as that furnished by the "Golden Hind" in the next six months. Here was a private vessel, of a nation nominally at peace with Spain. Yet week after week she sails along the coast, plundering, not like pirates, hastily and fearfully as with a bad conscience, but coolly and methodically, as performing legitimate and praiseworthy work. You go on board the ship. No coarse and profane language strikes your ears. Twice a day, at morn and eve, "at call of bell, all repair to hear public prayers in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought." You might think yourself on board a missionary ship. But the work of plunder goes on all the same. The record of the day's doings has a business-like simplicity, and is often enlivened by a touch of humor. Thus: "We met a Spaniard with an Indian boy driving eight lambs or Peruvian sheep. Each sheep bare two leathern bags,

and in each bag was 50 lbs. weight of refined silver. We could not incline to see a gentleman Spaniard turned courier. Therefore, without entreaty, we offered our services and became drovers,—only that his directions were not so perfect that we could keep in the way he intended. For almost as soon as he was parted from us, we with our new kind of carriages were come into our boats." Here is another entry: "We stopped at a town to refresh; not forgetting before we got on shipboard to take with us a certain pot of about a bushel in bigness full of ryals, of plate, together with a chain of gold and some other jewels, which we entreated a gentleman Spaniard to leave behind as he was flying out of town." That is gamesome enough.

The most profitable and jolly buccaneering must come to an end. So when Drake had fallen in with the great galleon "Cacafuego" and rifled her, he found that what with gold and what with provision his little "Pelican" was full. What should he do? Whither should he turn? If he sailed Southward, back over his track, there were probably Spanish galleys waiting to intercept him. He even considered the audacious plan of making straight for the North, turning Behring Strait, and seeking amid polar ice-fields a homeward passage. Fortunately his men protested. Then he turned Westward, steering for the Cape of Good Hope, and with few incidents reached England the 26th day of September, 1580, having been absent nearly three years, and circumnavigated the globe.

Drake came home successful beyond all rational expectations. The amount of his treasure has never been definitely stated. Probably it was not less than four hundred thousand dollars. The vast stores of diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones must have increased greatly the grand sum total. Legal people, and jealous

people, and we may well believe some honest people, called Drake's achievements pure thieving and piracy. Queen Elizabeth did not know what to say. She was not ready to approve openly what she secretly permitted, if not counselled, and the results of which she probably shared. For she did not wish to precipitate war. She did not condemn. For it was not in her heart to let so much good specie go out of her dominions. So she waited. But the masses were not to be restrained by any dictates of cold prudence. They believed that Drake was fighting audaciously and successfully, if not legally, an inevitable battle. He was their hero. They followed him with open-mouthed exultation. The Queen came to their opinion; or at least made up her mind that war could not be escaped. After five months' delay, she dined with her bold sailor at Deptford on board the "Golden Hind," and then conferred upon him knighthood.

Here ends the first chapter. Adieu now to wild ventures and patriotic piracy. The dashing, somewhat questionable, but always successful guerilla warfare, quite proper for Francis Drake, late cabin boy, bold Plymouth mariner, and unknown adventurer, would be quite improper for Sir Francis Drake, man of substance, honorable knight and Queen's officer. Henceforth his course, if not less adventurous, must go through the channels of regular, legal, and commissioned warfare. So he paused. But he could not be an idler. On land or sea he must be busy. One year he was Mayor of Plymouth. Four months of a winter he acted as an engineer, conducting with a skill beyond his time, and largely at his own expense, fresh water from the hills, nine miles away, to the almost waterless town over

which he presided. Twice he served in Parliament. With Sir John Hawkins he established a naval charity called "The Chest of Chatham." So this was not simply a fanatic fighter of Spaniards, or a rapacious buccaneer, but a man of well rounded common sense, full of capacity for all stations.

For five years Drake kept quiet,—no doubt by the Queen's command. Glad she might be to see Spain weakened, but not ready to face the perils of open war. At the end of that period, with a decision by no means characteristic of her, she took a step forward and made an alliance with the Dutch Provinces, then in actual rebellion against King Philip. This was equivalent to a declaration of war. Almost simultaneously a West Indian expedition was planned. This had the Queen's sanction, and in her economical way her aid; that is, to the extent of granting the use of four armed ships to help make up his fleet of twenty-five. This was a type of the naval efforts of this reign. Partly they were supported by the nation; more largely by the liberality of the private purse. Drake, however, carried the Queen's commission, no longer chief adventurer, but England's admiral. The objects of the expedition were twofold; to distract the King's attention, and so to draw his forces away from Holland; and to weaken him financially by seizing some of the vast treasures which were flowing in from the New World. Measured by the Drake pattern, the expedition was a scant success. What it gained in numbers it seems to have lost in unity and vigor. Still it was not a failure. St. Domingo and Carthagena, great centres of Spanish wealth, were taken, partly burned, and what was left ransomed by a heavy payment. A few Spanish towns on the coast of Florida

were destroyed. The fleet returned, having given the Spaniards a thorough fright, and bringing home £60,000 of booty, enough to repay the thrifty queen all her advances and more. Unfortunate delays at the outset and much sickness at the end made greater success impossible.

1587 was a memorable year in Drake's life. For then he stood forth a shield and buckler for all England. Then he opened the eyes that were blind to see her danger. You cannot explain Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, by calling them mere sea robbers. You have to remember the blindness of Queen Elizabeth and the duplicity of King Philip. You have to remember that all through the period of so called peace, enormous preparations for war were going on in Spain; that great ships were building; that in all the great ports armaments were being collected, and supplies gathered for that invasion of England known as the Great Armada. Rumors of these proceedings were borne on all winds. Nay, direct information came to England's foreign minister. Still the Queen clung to a delusive hope. These preparations were not for England, but Holland; and so the good fortune of England and her very existence seemed about to be thrown away. What the government could not see, the common people saw. These sailors might be according to our stricter modern ideas buccaneers, and even pirates, and no doubt by such a standard were. They may even have transgressed a little the loose conceptions of international obligation then prevalent. But something higher than vulgar love of plunder dictated their course. They felt that they were fighting in a wild way their nation's battles.

Drake at any rate was sick of mere buccaneer achieve-

ments; tired of striking feeble blows at the extremities of this vast empire. To use his own words, "he wanted to singe King Philip's beard." He proposed a formidable attack upon the great ports of Spain; that he "might show her Majesty what fare Philip was preparing for her"; that he might inflict a blow which should delay the Armada; and at any rate that British sailors might find out what these great galleys which threatened all Europe were made of. He wrung a reluctant consent from the Queen, and even obtained four warships and two tenders. The merchants of London added ten ships, other adventurers nine more. The total tonnage of the twenty-five vessels was only two-thirds that of a modern Cunard steamer, while the crews numbered but 2,800. But eleven ships were of fifty tons, and of no use in actual conflict. At the last moment the Queen weakened, and sent a messenger forbidding an attack to be made on the great ports of Spain. It was too late. Drake, taking advantage of the first fair wind, had sailed on April 2d. The bold sailor was on his way.

What followed is as fabulous as a tale from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. In one fortnight he was in the great port of Cadiz. Despite the forts which feebly saluted him, despite twelve great galleys which he swept like leaves before him, he forced his way to the heart of the port. Forty-eight hours, as only men taught by experience of the value of time and opportunity could do, they burned and sank and destroyed. Fifty vessels with a tonnage twice that of the whole English squadron destroyed, — 4,000 pipes of wine, 2,000 tons of biscuit, 3,000 tons of wheat, and all other things in proportion, is the story of destruction. Six hundred thousand dollars, not counting ships, six

months' bread and drink for the fleet, and three months' provision for a small army, were brought away. Such is the sum total of two days at Cadiz. Sweeping westward to Cape St. Vincent on the way to Lisbon, Drake took and destroyed one hundred and fifty vessels, great and small, besides storming a fort or two. Looking into the entrance of Lisbon, he found perils too great even for his bold heart, and paused. Here the composite nature of the fleet wrought out the proper result. Sixteen private ships, thinking that enough had been done for glory, deserted him and went home. Nine ships, five of them the Queen's, remained with him. With these, sailing southward to the Azores, he intercepted and took a rich East Indian carrack, laden with five hundred thousand dollars. And so came home, having done his work thoroughly. He had illustrated his own principles, which he states curtly thus: "1st, to serve his country; 2d, to serve his proprietors; 3rd, to serve his own interests, of which he was not careless."

One asks, "What was the result of this remorseless raid?" It saved England. Not alone by the prodigious injury it inflicted; though that was a mighty stroke, and postponed the coming of the Armada a full twelve months. But equally because it revealed to all beholders what a blow was impending, and more yet because it taught British sailors that their little barks, manned by those who had been rocked upon the deep from boyhood, might contend hopefully with the gigantic hulks of Spain, peopled indeed by brave men, but men who had no familiarity with ocean needs and ocean dangers. Drake came home to receive from the Queen only coldness and reproofs,—from the people unbounded admiration. Well might he appeal from Eliza-

beth blind to Elizabeth restored to sight by the terrors of the Armada.

The old tales of the Armada ; of its proud bearing as it steadily sailed up the Channel in a vast half-moon with tips seven miles apart ; and how, to use Drake's own words, "it was beaten and shuffled together from the Lizard to Calais, and from Calais driven with squibs from their anchors, and chased round about Scotland and Ireland " ; and how the ribs of many score of stout ships were left to rot on those same shores of Scotland and Ireland ; and how some thousands of brave gentlemen of Spain with their retainers went down to sleep in the waters of the German Ocean and of the narrow seas ; and how fifty-three battered hulks and a few thousand wretched men got back to Spain again ; and how with all that died forever Spain's naval supremacy ; — that old tale need not be told again, when so many times it has been so well told that every school-boy knows it. Enough to say, that while Charles Howard was Lord Admiral, and with his loyal heart, brave soul, and gentle manners was perhaps the best man of all England to keep together and efficient a fleet, three quarters of which was made up of volunteers, Drake was the right arm. Old Fuller says, "Lord Admiral Howard was not a deep sailor ; an osier was admiral, the navy was oak ; and after all John Hawkins and Francis Drake counsellors."

King Philip was not quite satisfied. "Great thanks were due Almighty God," he said, "that he could, if he pleased, send out many such fleets." Apparently he thought to try one more experiment. England was ready now to meet him more than half way. An expe-

dition was fitted out of fifty ships and 15,000 men, with Drake as admiral and Sir John Norris as land commander. The make up of this fleet was curious. It shows how privateering ventures and national effort were welded into one warlike movement. The stockholders in this enterprise were:—

First, the Queen, in ships	£16,000
Second, Drake and friends	8,000
Third, Norris and friends	20,000
Fourth, City of London merchants	15,000
Total	<hr/> £59,000

In fine, government one quarter, private purse three quarters. That was a fair sample of the way the best naval work was done in the sixteenth century.

The result disappointed its projectors. For one reason, the vice of privateering is that it asks personal gain as a proof of success, and not increase of the common good. Drake's success in Cadiz harbor had established, too, a standard not easily maintained. Still, an expedition which held for weeks Corunna, which defeated in open field 15,000 men, which took many great ships and destroyed sixty merchantmen, filled with provisions, as it was supposed, for a new Armada, could hardly be called, by Spaniards at any rate, a failure.

Drake's life closed in sadness and disappointment. In 1595 a fleet was fitted out under the joint command of Drake and John Hawkins. Its destination was the West Indies, the scene of the first achievements of both commanders. Its general purpose may be stated in the quaint language of the sailor who narrated its fortunes: "They held no better means to curbe the King's unjust

pretences than by sending forces to invade him in that Kingdome, from whence he hath feathers to fly to the toppe of his high desires." The particular feather aimed at this time was a certain treasure ship detained in the harbor of Porto Rico, said to have on board some millions of bullion. This was a venture upon which Sir Francis Drake should not have been sent. In his youth, his skill to gain, his fame to win, with the ideas of his time it might have been well. But at fifty-four, the first sailor of England, the first sailor of the world, there was better work for him to undertake than this enterprise, half privateer, half guerilla.

From the beginning there settled down upon it a great cloud of misfortune. First, there was the curse of a divided command. One chief was slow; the other swift and impatient. The one a worn-out veteran of nearly eighty years; the other in the prime of his strength. The old chronicle says: "Sir John Hawkins was joined in equal commission with Drake, a man old and wary, entering into matters with so laden a foot that the other's meat would be eaten before his spit would come to the fire." It was not with a laden foot that Drake went forth to plough the waters of both hemispheres, and with his ship's keel to put a furrow round the world. Then all the English plans were known to the enemy. Maynarde suggestively says: "John Hawkins let out all his plans to the meanest mariner, so the first sailor that fell into Spanish hands found in the rack of the Inquisition a potent father confessor." Hawkins died of disappointments and hardships, too heavy for fourscore years. Drake found all the heights around Porto Rico bristling with cannon, great ships sunk at the entrance, war vessels awaiting his attack, and the treasure ship itself unladen and the bullion placed in safety. A des-

perate boat attack was repulsed. It was then resolved to pass over the Isthmus and take Panama. Here, too, preparations had been made for their reception. Eight hundred and fifty Englishmen essayed to pass through forty-five miles of tropical luxuriance. Only two thirds of that distance had been achieved, when they came upon a rugged defence of rough palisade ; and behind it another, and then another ; while men were heard felling trees beyond so as to make every rood's advance the scene of a new skirmish. At the outset the attack failed. The men came back,—so their annalist records,—“so wearied by the illness of the way, surbeated for want of shoes. and weak with their dyet, that it would have been a poor day's service we could have done an enemy. Drake never carried mirth or joy in his face again.” Here he began to sicken, and on the 27th of January, 1596, died. His body was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and dropped in the Bay of Porto Bello, there to rest, almost within sight of that Nombre de Dios where first he roughly woke the Spaniard from his dream of unchallenged supremacy of the seas, and unquestioned monopoly of the commerce of half this earth ;—within sight, too, of the eastern terminus of that isthmus railroad, across which commerce, the restless spirit of adventure, curiosity, the Saxon love of roving, for so many years sent its great unexhausted human tide, Fit spot for him to rest ! The mightiest seaman of his age ! Yet not one out of ten thousand that passes his ocean grave remembers his name or knows where he sleeps. So fades the glory of this world.

I add no prolonged character. That is stamped on every part of his wonderful career. He was the transition man from Viking to modern naval hero. He was

a sailor who never saw his superior, and who left no peer behind. Audacious in his plans to the verge of recklessness, he provided for their execution, in study of seas to be gone over, in the gathering of all needful supplies, in care of men, with a forecasting prudence which brought wildest dreams into the realms of solid reality. Before the bar of modern international law much of his conduct cannot stand. But the sixteenth century recognized no very close relations between nations, nor scanned the rights of an alien race with the eyes of a delicate conscience: Certainly he was a great deal more than a bold and skilful freebooter. Just as clearly he was a sober Englishman, fighting after his own fashion the battles of his native land, when her rulers had not vision to see her danger nor courage to face it. But take what view you may of his striking career, now that his name and fame are so nearly forgotten, it will do us no hurt to have recalled a few of the incidents of the life of Francis Drake, heroic Devon mariner, whose name stands second to none in that brief list of sea-kings in which are included Van Tromp the Dutchman, Horatio Nelson, and our own Farragut, and a few beside.

JOHN CALVIN.

PRINTED IN THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, JULY, 1860.

1. *Leaders of the Reformation.* (Art. *John Calvin.*) By John Tulloch, D.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.
2. *The Life and Times of John Calvin.* By Paul Henry, D.D. Translated from the German by Henry Stebbings, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1854.
3. *The Life of John Calvin.* By Thomas H. Dyer. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1850.
4. *History of the Life, Works, and Doctrines of John Calvin.* By J. M. V. Audin. Translated from the French by Rev. John McGill. Baltimore: John Murphy.
5. *Westminster Review.* (Art. *Calvin at Geneva.*) No. 137, July, 1858.

AMPLE materials for a true understanding and just appreciation of the labors and merits of Calvin are now before the American reader. Henry's Life is a rich placer rather than available metal. It contains ore which will amply reward the careful miner. He has given us two huge, ill arranged, and not very readable volumes, full of the results of patient research, and bearing everywhere the marks of two very different sentiments, — a genuine love of truth and a thoroughness of idolatry for his hero not common even in biographers. The result is that you have for the most part the real facts, from which you may form your own judgment; and you have also extravagant theories and

special pleadings, from whose influence you must sedulously guard yourself. Dyer's work, on the contrary, is clear, methodical, quite interesting, and, though neither so full nor profound as the former, apparently free from the influence of prejudice. Audin gives us the Romish view. His book is abusive without being vigorous; bitter and not witty; full of the parade of original research, yet carrying no conviction. Its chief value consists in furnishing an antidote to Henry's undue adulation. Tulloch's article is a popular sketch, on the whole marked by a candid and liberal spirit, but from its brevity necessarily omitting the consideration of some points of largest interest and importance. The article in the Westminster Review, entitled "Calvin at Geneva," is a very ingenious attempt to prove that Calvin's destruction of liberty at Geneva was the salvation of liberty in Western Europe. Overstating the value of the Reformer's really great influence, and apparently overlooking other forces which existed independently of him, and would have worked out their results had he never lived, the author draws from the acknowledged premise that theological dissent providentially widened into political rebellion the enormous and questionable inference that Calvin was the great bulwark of freedom, against which the waves of tyranny beat in vain. For those who wish to study Calvin's own words, we have the excellent edition of his great work, published by the Presbyterian Board of Education, and translations of all or most of his Commentaries. So that, without reference to the more minute works in French and Latin, the English reader possesses the means of forming an intelligent judgment concerning the character and work of the great Reformer.

The time of Calvin's appearance was auspicious. The Reformation had passed through its first stage. A great spiritual movement had been successfully inaugurated. What the age now wanted most was a man who could give a spiritual direction to the discordant energies and aspirations of the times. Emphatically that man was John Calvin. Differ as we may in our estimate of his character and works, no one can doubt his ability to give wide and permanent sway to his own ideas of truth. A man bold in the fields of theological inquiry rather than in the actual conflict of man with man; by nature a recluse; his proper weapon the pen, and not the sword or the eloquent tongue; lacking the fiery courage which impelled Luther to go forward when the bravest might well draw back; lacking too the kindling warmth and genial sympathies of the Saxon, — he yet had qualities which especially fitted him to meet and satisfy the great religious demand of the age. Not indeed a great original discoverer in the realms of truth, he was gifted with a mind vigorous, precise, and logical, and he shrank from no deduction of his reason, however terrible; with a persistent will which nothing could daunt or turn; and, above all, with that power of classification which out of the fragmentary thoughts of more creative minds builds up a system logically coherent. He put in clear light, and bound together with strong bands of argument, and marshalled in battle array, the ideas which men were blindly cherishing, and which were shaking to their foundations the strong walls of Church and State; and so his private life penetrates into and becomes a part of the public life.

Of the early days of John Calvin we know but little. That he was born at Noyon, Picardy, July 10, 1509;

that his father, Gerhard Calvin, was a man of severe character and more than ordinary probity and intelligence; that his mother was profoundly religious after the fashion of her Church, and sought zealously to impress her Catholic piety upon her son, praying with him, often beneath the open sky;—these few scanty hints comprise all we know of the parentage and childhood of this remarkable man. He owed his education to the bounty of the noble De Mommor family of Picardy. By their kindness he was saved from the hardships incident to a poor student's experience. Under their roof he was domesticated. With their sons he went to Paris to pursue his studies. From their patronage he received early preferment. At first he was destined for the Church, and indeed was appointed chaplain of the cathedral of Noyon at the early age of twelve years, and a little later began to preach,—a fact which he records with boyish exultation. But the portentous aspect of theological affairs and the parental ambition awakened by his extraordinary mental vigor conspired to work an entire change in his father's purpose, and in obedience to the paternal command he abruptly quitted the study of theology, and entered a school of law at Orleans. Here he made such progress in his new vocation that, when the question of the legality of the marriage of Henry VIII. was submitted to the learned bodies of Europe, Calvin, then only twenty-one, was personally consulted, and gave a written opinion favorable to the monarch's wishes. His later career as legislator at Geneva proves that this legal training was not lost upon him. Nay, the marks of that training may be found written deep in a character whose prevailing tendency and weakness was a disposition to limit the range of thought, and to confine

the warm, gushing religious sentiments, which are in their very nature liberal and expansive, within the narrow bounds of technical precedents and dogmatic creeds.

In these student years the characteristics of his later life appear sharply defined. A stern censor of morals in the schools, as afterwards at Geneva, he rebuked with unsparing severity the vices of his comrades. A bitter enemy declares that his fellow students at Orleans called him "Monsieur Accusatif," scornfully saying, "John knows how to decline as far as the Accusative case." He was always laborious. Withdrawing from society, maintaining the most abstemious habits, devoting his days and the larger portion of his nights to arduous and systematic study, he reaped the natural fruits of such a course, — exact erudition and a shattered physical frame.

Biographers have not failed to notice the wide difference between the youthful experience of Calvin and that of his great compeer, Luther. While young Martin, in the hut of the poor miner, was early inured to hardship, or in the village school, brutally beaten by a savage pedagogue, was painfully acquiring the rudiments of knowledge, or begging from house to house or singing in hamlets and villages for bread, Calvin, received into a noble family and enjoying a tender and even aristocratic nurture, wandered at will through the fertile fields of knowledge. This experience had its influence. It gave him those scholarly habits and that nice adjustment and balance of the faculties so essential to the dialectician. It could not give him that glorious nature of Luther's, in sympathy with all humanity. It could not give him those tumultuous passions, those gentle home affections, nor that lyric fire and elo-

quence, which made Luther in the presence of men the mightiest of the sons of God. Courage he had; but not that courage which courts danger, not that courage which rides and controls the turbulent waves of popular agitation. His courage sprang rather from an inflexible will ruling a timid nature. In obedience to that will he could encounter any danger, and with unflinching vigor compel a whole city to bend to his fixed purpose. But not of choice. To the last, his recluse habits and aristocratic refinement clung to him. His true field was his study, his natural companions were books.

At the age of twenty-one he stood to the worldly eye in an enviable position. At a period when most young men are looking forward to the future with anxiety and doubt, his success was secure. He had a mind of rare clearness and force. His legal attainments were acknowledged. He was sure of patronage. Yet even then influences were at work which were to call him away from the peaceful triumphs of a prosperous legal career to stormier scenes and a more transcendent success. The Romanist Audin says, that as early as the age of fourteen he had read the pestilent works of Luther, and lost the repose of faith. But of this there is no proof. Certain it is, however, that at the age of nineteen he met Pierre Robert Olivetain, a relative, a translator of the Holy Scriptures, and a Protestant, who did much to unsettle his faith in Catholicism. And at Bourges, whither he went from Orleans, he was confirmed in the new doctrine and diverted from the study of the law by the arguments and counsels of Melchior Wolmar, the Greek Professor. "Do you know," said he to his pupil one evening as they were taking their usual walk, "that your father has mis-

taken your vocation? It will do for Alciata to preach law, and for me to spout Greek; but give yourself up to theology, the mistress of the sciences." Calvin recognized the wisdom of the advice. It is probable that before the death of his father he preached secretly. It is certain that immediately after that event he abandoned his legal studies, came to Paris, and gave himself wholly to the ministry, preaching with great zeal to the few Protestants who gathered by stealth for worship in that city.

In 1533 Calvin for the first time brought upon himself the open displeasure of the French authorities. The occasion was this. Nicholas Cap, Rector of the Sorbonne, was to have preached a sermon before the theological faculty of that University on a regular feast day. Having a leaning toward Protestantism, and perhaps distrusting his own very limited abilities, he employed Calvin to prepare his discourse. That discourse covertly attacked the Catholic Church. The result may be imagined. The Sorbonne was in arms. The aid of the temporal power was invoked. Cap fled to Basle. The order was given for the arrest of Calvin, whose complicity was suspected. He escaped, as some will have it, by letting himself down from his window by a sheet, and assuming a vinedresser's frock, and in this disguise, a bag upon his back and a hoe upon his shoulder, taking the road to Noyon; or, as others with more probability assert, by the powerful interposition of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, sister of the King.

For two years he lived the life of a fugitive, through all his wanderings and amid the surging waves of persecution holding fast his faith, quietly extending his influence, pursuing his studies, putting his last touches

to his great work, and waiting for the place which Providence was even then preparing for him.

It was during these years of exile that he published the work by which he is most widely known, his "Institutes of the Christian Religion." Dedicated to Francis I. in an epistle of such power that it has been included in the list of the Three Remarkable Prefaces, its object was to supply the French Protestants with a systematic manual of doctrine, while at the same time, by a publication of the real opinions of the Reformers, it furnished a refutation of the slanderous accusations of the Papists. Calvin was already widely known, but this work raised him at once to a commanding position. It was not, indeed, on its first appearance, either in fulness or systematic arrangement, what it afterwards became. But its subsequent modifications were changes in form, not in substance; and it is the boast of his admirers that after the age of twenty-five he never materially changed an opinion. Says Beza, his intimate friend and eulogist, "The doctrine which he held at the first he held to the last," — a fact which marks not only his early maturity, but also that characteristic mental rigidity which never permitted him to reopen a question for fresh inquiry, or to see that there could be any ground, either in reason or conscience, for an opinion differing from his own.

It is not our intention to analyze the contents of this book. It is known to all theologians as a body of divinity, comprehensive in its plan, systematic in its construction, logically coherent, full in its illustrations, whose corner stone is the doctrine of Predestination. Calvin has stated this doctrine with terrible conciseness when he says, "In conformity, therefore, to the clear doctrine of Scripture, we assert that, by an

eternal and immutable counsel, God hath once for all determined both whom he would admit to salvation, and whom he would condemn to destruction. . . . For they are not all created with a similar destiny; but eternal life is foreordained for some, and eternal damnation for others." What constitutes a striking peculiarity — we had almost said charm — of the work, is the calm, perspicuous language, as far removed from passion and extravagance on the one hand as from timidity and vagueness on the other, with which the author propounds and elucidates doctrines from which every natural instinct revolts, — doctrines which lay the axe to the root of every principle of justice, which make God virtually the author of evil and plainly responsible for its continuance, and which destroy all reasonable inducements to struggle against depravity, whether native or acquired. It is instructive to see these terrible and dishonoring views of God and his dealings with men stripped of all sentimental glosses and disguises, and standing forth in their true character. No better remedy can be prescribed to a desponding Liberal Christian than a perusal of Calvin's Institutes. Let such a one take down this book of old divinity, peruse its pages, comprehend its ideas, and then take courage and acknowledge that the world does move. Here is what half a century since was the spiritual food of our churches, as much the milk for babes as it was the meat for strong men. How is it now? Very truly does Tulloch declare that "the old *Institutio Christianæ Religionis* no longer satisfies, and a new *Institutio* can never replace it. A second Calvin in theology is impossible." Freedom and progress are now the laws of religious life, and will remain so. Some eyes may turn fondly backward,

some hearts and pens may desperately resist the current, but they cannot stay it. The fearful and unbelieving may flee the Liberal ranks, and take shelter beneath the shadow of the past. Like the Arctic navigator, they may hope to secure their position by anchoring to vast fields of ice; but meanwhile those very fields, impelled by an irresistible undercurrent, are drifting from their old moorings into temperate climes, to be dissolved by southern breezes and the rays of the sun's full orb.

What gave the Institutes their immediate influence was the fact that they furnished the first systematic expression of the thoughts which were burning in the hearts of those champions of the Reformation. But the book explains its own success. It has rare merits. Calvin apprehended his own position, and he dared to accept the logical consequences of his own premises; and, to crown all, he knew how to present with crystal clearness his exact thought. Of the views of that school of religious philosophy to which he gave the name, no abler exposition has ever appeared.

The time had now come when Calvin's life work was to assume a definite shape. In the summer of 1536, in the second year of his exile, he visited secretly the home of his childhood, and having disposed of his little patrimony, bade a final adieu to his native land. His purpose was to go to Basle. But the invasion of Lorraine by the Emperor Charles V. forced him to take a circuitous southern route. In the prosecution of this journey he reached Geneva, proposing to tarry there one night. But his presence was made known to William Farel, who had already preached the doctrines of the Reformation in that city, but whose hot and impulsive character made him unequal to the consoli-

dation of his own work. Farel entreated Calvin to remain and assist him. Calvin replied that "he could not bind himself to one church, for by so doing he should have no time for his own improvement, and that he was not one of those who could be forever giving out and never receiving in." Whereupon Farel, assuming the attitude of an ancient prophet, exclaimed, "Now I declare unto you in the name of Almighty God, to you who only put forth your studies as a pretence, that, if you will not help us to carry on the work of God, the curse of God will rest upon you, for you will be seeking your own honor rather than that of Christ." Calvin has himself recorded the impression made by this fearful expostulation. "I was kept at Geneva," he says, "not properly by any express exhortation or request, but rather by the terrible threatenings of William Farel, which were as if God had seized me by his awful hand from heaven." He withdrew his objections, was elected Teacher of Theology and Preacher, and rose at once to paramount influence.

Geneva, which was henceforth to be the scene of Calvin's labors, was perhaps the most favorable spot for the exercise of his peculiar influence. Situated on the western extremity of the beautiful lake of the same name, just outside the boundary of France, it gave the Reformer all the advantages, while it freed him from all the perils, of a residence in his native country. Nominally a fief of the Empire, and for many years under the sway of a bishop and the Dukes of Savoy, it had three years before, by its own prowess, and by the help of the Canton of Berne, achieved a real independence, and given in an open adhesion to the Reformed faith. In form, its government was republican; in fact, an oligarchy. Its officers were four syndics, — to

whom the order and discipline of the city were confided, — an executive council of twenty-five, and a general council of two hundred. In theory, all important questions were under the direct control of the citizens. But as, in practice, nothing came before the citizens which had not received the sanction of the council of two hundred, and as that body undertook only such business as the council of twenty-five approved, it is easy to see in whose hands the real authority was vested. As the executive council, however, consisted of the four syndics chosen annually by the people, of the four retiring syndics, the city treasurer, and sixteen persons elected by the council of two hundred, it might be thought perhaps that this arrangement would practically limit its power. But when we consider that the syndics could be selected only from a meagre list of eight names submitted to the people by the executive council itself, and that the remaining sixteen members could be elected only from a list of thirty prepared also by the same body, and that the members of the council of two hundred were in fact creatures of the executive council, being nominated and chosen by it, we readily perceive that the barriers to its power were likely to be sufficiently feeble. Indeed, with some limitations growing out of the impossibility of overriding entirely the will of a people trained to freedom by long conflicts, the authority of the executive council was absolute. To sway it was to rule Geneva. We must bear these facts in mind if we would understand how Calvin acquired his all-controlling influence.

His position was one of great difficulty. At first he had been received with open arms; but soon a bitter opposition arose. This was due in part to the unsettled

condition of affairs, but more to the essential repulsion which existed between the rigid nature of Calvin and the free disposition of the native Genevans. These seem to have been a gay volatile people, who loved not to look on the stern side of life; who were fond of music and dancing, fond of dress and show; who did not object to a play or cards, nor, it is to be feared, to wine and revelry and the grosser vices. To such a people came John Calvin, — a man who despised all these things, — who considered them to be heinous sins, — a man of grave manners and austere character, engaged in a work to which he felt everything else must bow. A conflict was inevitable. The nominal causes of discontent were, that the clergy refused to their flock permission to erect in the churches baptismal fonts, to celebrate four feast days in the year, and to eat unleavened bread at the communion, privileges which were enjoyed by the churches in the neighboring Canton of Berne. The real cause was a desire to throw off that stern church discipline which Calvin would impose upon them, — a discipline which must have pressed with intolerable severity upon such a people; which forbade all dancing and cards, all masquerades and plays; which would have no pomp and festivities at marriages; which doomed the bride herself to imprisonment, if she dared to wear on her wedding day flowing tresses; and which must have made the whole week seem to the light-hearted Genevese a long Puritan Sabbath. On the points at issue Calvin, with his usual inflexibility, declined all concession. The citizens sought the advice of Berne. The authorities of that town addressed to Calvin and his colleagues a letter, couched in courteous language, recommending conciliation. The advice was spurned. Whereupon

the Genevan council passed an order enjoining submission. The preachers refused to obey. The council directly ordered them to administer communion with unleavened bread. They flatly declared that they would not administer the communion at all to so disorderly and licentious a people. Forbidden to preach, they despised the order, and delivered discourses reflecting severely upon the authorities. At once there was a tumult. Swords were drawn, and the lives of the preachers threatened. The next morning the council commanded them to leave the city within three days. They departed, Calvin saying, "Very well, it is better to serve God than man." At once the fonts were raised, the feasts kept, the unleavened bread eaten, and even greater license of manners prevailed. Rigid as was Calvin's nature, it is idle to suppose that he made a stand at such cost on matters which he himself confessed to be immaterial. Underneath them he saw greater questions, — whether the temporal authorities should interfere in matters of church discipline, and whether too he should relinquish those purposes dear to his heart, which proposed nothing less than to build at Geneva a Christian commonwealth, based on his own narrow and austere conceptions. On such questions it was not in the heart of Calvin to bend.

During the three years of his banishment he resided at Strasburg, where he accepted a call as assistant minister. They were busy years, and, so far as his real influence was concerned, not lost years. He devoted himself assiduously to literary labors. He attended the Diets at Frankfort, Worms, and Ratisbon, and came into personal contact with the leaders of the Reformation, and suffered nothing by a comparison of his mind and powers with theirs. At Worms,

Melanchthon conferred upon him the appropriate title of "the theologian." While residing at Strasburg Calvin was married. A biographer has said that "Calvin in love was a peculiar phase in history." And it must be confessed that his feelings were not of that ecstatic kind which takes captive the judgment. On the contrary, he seems to have had a keen eye to his own comfort. In a letter to Farel he says: "I beseech you to bear in mind what I seek in a wife. I am not one of your mad kind of lovers, who doats even upon faults, when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that entices me is that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health." If, however, Calvin had few of the transports of a lover, he manifested what was better, the fidelity and care of a true Christian husband. Of his domestic life we have but few glimpses, but those few are altogether favorable to his character. He ever exhibited a grave affection and kindness, befitting well his serious and reserved character. For years after the death of his wife, he deplored her loss with a sober grief, which proved the sincerity and depth of his regard. He had but one son, who died in infancy. His enemies taunted him with his childless state. His answer is pathetic in its simplicity: "Baldwin reproaches me as childless. God gave me a little son; He took him away again."

The way was now opening for his return to Geneva. What ensued in that city after his departure furnishes perhaps the best defence of his course. Released from his stern discipline, a madness seems to have possessed the people. Not only did they return to their old frivolous life; not only did they restore the innocent amusements, the music and the dance, the masquerades

and the plays, the gay marriage festivities and similar pleasures; but they plunged more deeply than ever into vice. The streets resounded with blasphemy and indecent songs; and so far did this license go, that persons paraded the streets stark naked, keeping step to martial music. The successors of Calvin, men of moderate talents and not unstained reputations, were powerless. Two, disgusted and disheartened, threw up their commissions. Things went from bad to worse. The city was torn by dissensions. The rival factions met in the streets in bloody conflict. At last a leader of the Artichokes — so the party opposed to Calvin named itself — killed his adversary, and was doomed to death. Another, accused of sedition, in an attempt to escape the officers of justice, jumped from a window and broke his neck. Two more, suspected of treason, fled the city. These things broke the power of the party, until finally the citizens, sick of the tumult, sick of violence and impudent lust, ready to bear anything rather than this scourge of sedition and vice, with one consent turned to Calvin for relief.

Calvin came back to Geneva with unfeigned reluctance. We have seen that, though he had an unbending will, his natural disposition was timid, and his tastes such as made him shrink from scenes of tumult. He plainly foresaw the conflict which his rigid principles made inevitable. "Pardon me," he says, in a frank letter to Farel, "if I do not willingly throw myself again into that whirlpool. When I remember what has passed, I cannot help shuddering at the thought of being compelled to renew the old conflicts." Not until he had received three invitations, and not until he had been subjected to the angry expostulations of his brethren, could he resolve to return.

He came back a conqueror. Not a point had he conceded. Not a word of conciliation had he breathed. He came with his power increased, and with a determination to use that power with no sparing hand. He came, resolved to bend the inconstant Genevans to his will, to root out their gay, vicious life, and to build them up after that stern model which his tastes, his habits, and his conscience alike approved. He established an iron despotism, which not only repressed all free opinion, but took cognizance of daily actions, and even unguarded words. He lost no time in attempting to put into practice his theories of church and state government. Within three days of his return to Geneva he had represented to the council that there was "a necessity for a scheme of discipline agreeable to the word of God and the practice of the ancient Church." What he desired was not progress, but consolidation; not a polity which should encourage fresh inquiry and new advances in the knowledge of truth, but one which should organize and perpetuate those opinions to which he himself had attained, and which he implicitly believed to be in each and every particular a faithful transcript of God's laws. To achieve this end, he sought to establish on an enduring basis a church and state closely connected in aim, in spirit, and in measures, — a church which in its own province should be strictly independent of the state, but whose mandates should be supported by the civil power, — a state which should not confine itself to matters of temporal interest, to the regulation of social relations, and to the repression of crime and dangerous immorality, but which should punish with unsparing severity the errors of opinion, the private vices, and the indulgence of those innocent customs and recreations which were condemned by the spiritual authorities.

He carried triumphantly through the councils his schemes of church polity. The duties of the church and state were carefully discriminated, and the secular power as carefully excluded from all interference in ecclesiastical matters. The control of the church rested in a consistory, composed of six ministers and twelve laymen, chosen by the council of twenty-five from a list prepared by the clergy. It is a striking evidence of the power of Calvin, that, without any election, he assumed and kept during life the presidency of this body. The power of the consistory extended only to the reprimanding and excommunication of the offenders. If they continued obstinate, they were handed over to the temporal power to receive a punishment, which under Calvin's influence was almost as inevitable as destiny.

Having finished his ecclesiastical labors, he was next called by the council to revise the laws of the state. The direct tendency of his labors was to take the power out of the hands of the people, and to concentrate it in the council of twenty-five. For instance, it had been no uncommon thing to originate business in great public meetings; now nothing was to be transacted there, or even at the meetings of the council of two hundred, which had not first been sanctioned by the all-powerful council of twenty-five. Previous to his coming, these citizens' meetings could be called at the request of any member of the council of two hundred; now, such a request was of itself considered to be an evidence of a seditious spirit. The influence of Calvin was felt too in the increasing severity of the laws, whose rigor grew every year more intolerable, and whose widening application threatened to take from the citizens all freedom, even in the most minute and

private interests of life. That influence was nearly omnipresent as well as all-powerful at Geneva. "One reads," says his admiring biographer and eulogist, "with astonishment, essays in his handwriting on questions of pure administration, on all kinds of matters of police, on modes of protection from fire, as well as instructions for the inspectors of buildings, for the artillery superintendent, and for the keepers of the watch-towers." And he adds, "If Calvin therefore considered a new law necessary, he appeared before the council and demanded it in the name of the consistory." So that in a literal rather than a figurative sense it has been said that "he was the main-spring of the Genevan republic, which set all its wheels in motion."

That such an authority was not attained without opposition may be readily believed. For years a powerful party struggled desperately against his increasing authority, sometimes with a prospect of success, but generally overmatched by his superior genius and perseverance. At length, in 1556, rising against him, four of its members were executed, the rest banished, their property confiscated, and the mention of their return made a capital offence. What were the real character and principles of this party it is not easy to determine with any definiteness. Their enemies have written their history, and the title of Libertines, with which those enemies stigmatized them, yet clings to their memory. That all those uneasy and reckless spirits, who hated Calvin's yoke because he repressed their vicious inclinations, contributed to swell the numbers of the party, is probable. That a few entered its ranks whose opinions struck at the root of all religious faith, and all personal virtue, and even of all social safety, is also probable. But that the leaders as

a body were men of intelligence, rectitude, and noble aims, — men who sighed for rational freedom, and for a just influence in civic affairs, — is still more evident. They had risked their fortunes and their lives in a conflict with the Church and with the Dukes of Savoy, to deliver themselves from the burden of superstition and the chains of despotism. And it is not wonderful that they did not submit easily to a government which robbed them at the same time of personal freedom and of that public consideration which naturally belonged to men who had birth, wealth, culture, and a career spent in their city's service, to recommend them. They sought, not unbridled license, but liberty of thought and speech. Henry, in the midst of a glowing eulogy of Calvin, makes the remarkable admission that "the Libertines desired nothing but emancipation from the despotism of Savoy and the establishment of free institutions." What naturally awakened their fears was the fact that Geneva was virtually coming again under a foreign yoke. Refugees from every quarter, driven from their homes by religious persecution, fled thither. They were welcomed by Calvin and his colleagues. Peculiar privileges were conferred upon them. As soon as possible they received the rights of citizenship, as many as three hundred having been enrolled in one day. These men, from gratitude, from interest, and from the sympathy of common opinions, allied themselves closely to Calvin, and warmly supported him in all his measures. Quite early their numbers were sufficiently great to arouse the jealousy of the native Genevans. In the end they so increased as to enable him to drive into exile those who had fought to achieve the freedom of the city, and who had occupied the highest places of trust and influence. The Liber-

tines may have erred in judgment in some of their measures; but in their aspirations for rational freedom, and in their struggles to maintain it, they deserve the sympathy of every liberal mind, and the more that in that contest they perilled and lost everything.

It is becoming the fashion to speak of John Calvin as a champion of political liberty. Indeed, one of our prominent reformers, one whose whole life has been marked by a rare devotion to the cause of human rights, has taken occasion to use language which has the force of a eulogy on Calvin as the creator or defender of Republicanism. If by this it is meant that he asserted some principles which, freed from his general system, and received and interpreted by more liberal minds, and advanced by more enlightened spirits, have yielded the good fruit of personal and political liberty, we allow, though with some doubts, that the position may have foundation in fact. If it is meant that his "Spartan discipline" trained up men who were ready to hurl themselves against kings and nobles, Church and State, rather than yield one iota of their convictions; and that thus, amid the chaos of civil war and the wreck of institutions and powers, God's providence evolved by their instrumentality the grand principles of personal and national enfranchisement, we shall not deny it. Nay, we go further, and say that, inasmuch as the Reformation itself was an uprising against the old and the established order, it was natural for the noble and the privileged to array themselves on one side, while the common people arrayed themselves on the other, often passing from theological rebellion to political rebellion. But, as Hallam has justly remarked, "it is a fallacious view of the Reformation to fancy that it sprung from any

notions of political liberty." Still further, as Calvinism was a more radical departure from Romanism than the system established by Luther, this tendency to which we have adverted was likely to be more distinct and influential where it prevailed. But to maintain that Calvinism has always been on the side of freedom, or, with Buckle, that "Calvinism is always democratic and Arminianism aristocratic," is to maintain what is not true. In Holland, for generations, it was not the Calvinists, but the Arminians, who struggled for republican liberty. In Holland it was the Calvinists, allied to Maurice of Nassau, who put to death Barneveldt, whose unstained character and freedom from all suspicion of selfish aims, and whose fifty years of undeviating attachment to the principles of political and religious liberty and untiring labor for their advancement made him the very impersonation of rational patriotism. It is in New England, where Arminianism and the spirit of Liberal Christianity have wrought most powerfully on religious opinions, on literature and social life, that the spirit of democracy rises highest, and the hatred of oppression is most profound and vehement. It is in the South, whose theology bears the decided impress of Calvinism, that aristocracy the proudest and slavery the most cruel are cherished institutions. Certainly, there is no necessary alliance between the rigid formula and the principles of human equality and freedom. Especially to affirm that Calvin himself was by conviction a republican, or that he felt one throb of sympathy for human freedom in any large and generous sense, is to affirm that which has not the shadow of a foundation in fact. He of all men would have repelled it as an aspersion. By nature he was a despot; by taste, a monarchist; by

conviction, an oligarchist. In fact, he established an unmitigated despotism. When he had finished his work at Geneva, he left her citizens but little either of political, religious, or personal freedom. In his Institutes he maintains the divine right of kings and the duty of passive obedience. In his chapter on Civil Government he thus expresses his views: "It has happened in almost all ages that some princes, regardless of everything to which they ought to have directed their attention, give themselves up to their pleasures in indolent exemption from every care; others, absorbed in their own interest, expose for sale all laws, privileges, rights, and judgments; others plunder the public of wealth, which they afterwards lavish in mad prodigality; others commit flagrant outrages, pillaging houses, violating virgins and matrons, and murdering infants. Many cannot be persuaded that such ought to be acknowledged as princes whom as far as possible they ought to obey. . . . But if we direct our attention to the word of God, it will carry us much further: even to submit to the government not only of those princes who discharge their duty to us with becoming integrity and fidelity, but of all who possess the sovereignty, even though they perform none of the duties of their function." Again: "If we have this constantly present to our eyes and impressed upon our hearts, that the most iniquitous kings are placed upon their thrones by the same decree by which the authority of all kings is established, those seditious thoughts will never enter our minds, that a king is to be treated according to his merit, and that it is not reasonable for us to be subject to a king who does not on his part perform toward us those duties which his office requires." Language could hardly convey a more complete assertion of the

divine right of kings, and the duty of passive obedience on the part of the governed. Any oppression, however intolerable, might find a shelter beneath so broad an apology. Charles I. and Strafford and not Vane and Hampden, the Cavaliers and not the Roundheads, are the true exponents of such a doctrine. The legitimate tendency of such language was early perceived. Sir Dudley Digges, the fit representative of a father who was a smooth patriot under James I., and as smooth a courtier under Charles I., in a work entitled "The Unlawfulness of Subjects taking up Armes against their Sovereigne, in what Case soever," quotes Calvin to sustain his servile arguments. And Calvin's admiring biographer frankly acknowledged that he had no love for the republican form of government, and makes it a reason for eulogy that he did not, like Knox, give to Protestantism a political tendency. It is true that Calvin limits his general position so far as regards religious opinions and duties. But even here he so carefully guards his statement, that no oppression, however intolerable, or crime, however monstrous, would justify either active resistance or secret plots. So that if any one believes that in theory or in fact Calvin was a champion of freedom, he must do it in opposition to the testimony both of the Reformer's words and his practice.

Consider for a moment what his practice was, for in that we have an ample illustration of the spirit and meaning of the theory. The government civil and ecclesiastical which he established at Geneva, or which was established there under his influence, realizes in a broader sense than the author used it what Hallam has said, that "the Reformation was but a change of masters." We have already seen that, so far as Cal-

vin meddled with the framework of the government, he did so only that he might take the control of affairs out of the hands of the many and place it in the hands of the few. And the regulations which those few enacted were of the most vexatious and tyrannical nature, violating the rights of conscience, and the right of private judgment in matters of a purely personal nature. Here are a few of them. He who absented himself from church was fined. If one was sick three days and failed to give notice to the ministers, he was liable to be punished. Dancing, cards, masquerades, and the wearing of tresses or clothing not according to the church pattern, were met by imprisonment or the scourge, the pleasant vices of the Genevans by death. In 1546 one Chapuis was imprisoned four days, because he persisted in calling his child Claude, instead of Abraham as the minister required, and because he said that he would rather that his child went fifteen years unchristened than accept the name. Ami Perrin, who more than once filled the highest offices of the state, had been active in securing Calvin's recall. The wife and father in law of this man were imprisoned for dancing. To a remonstrance against this degrading treatment, Calvin broadly intimated that they might seek a home elsewhere if they pleased, but while at Geneva would have to submit to such regulations; an answer which, coming from a foreigner to those who had been largely instrumental in securing the city's freedom, and from one who had derived from them much of the very power by which he crushed them, must have been sufficiently galling. And what made the yoke of Genevan bondage yet more bitter was the system of espionage which caught up and reported every unguarded word or act.

The most remarkable feature, however, of Genevan administration was the severity with which any disrespect to Calvin was punished. Berthelier was excommunicated because he said that he thought that he was as good a man as Calvin. A lady of Ferrara for a similar offence was forced to beg pardon of God and man, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours on pain of being beheaded. And these are not solitary instances, but the like were of almost daily occurrence. The culmination of this form of tyranny was seen in the case of Pierre Ameaux, himself a member of the council of two hundred. This man at a party in his own house, under the influence of wine, was foolish enough to say "that Calvin was a wicked man, and only a Picard." For this offence he was arrested and lay in jail two months, when, confessing his fault, and upon the payment of a fine amounting to sixty dollars, he was released. Whereupon Calvin, deeply incensed, came before the council attended by the clergy, and demanded a revision of the sentence, saying, "There was an end of all discipline if matters were thus dealt with." Ameaux was re-arrested, forced to make the *amende honorable*, marching through the town in his shirt, with bare head, torch in hand, and concluding by falling on his knees, and expressing his contrition. Are we reading the annals of some irresponsible Oriental despotism? Even the inflexible Frederic of Prussia was willing that his subjects should say what they pleased, while he did what he pleased.

But the despotic character of Genevan policy was most clearly displayed in its treatment of religious opinions. In this respect no liberty was allowed. To fall away from the state religion was to lose the rights of citizenship and to assume the character of a criminal.

Calvin's view, no doubt conscientiously adopted, was, that whoever opposed God's truth deserved punishment, and might be justly removed by banishment, and if necessary by death. His mind, which never knew the doubts and changes which disturb the experience of most men, considered all opinions differing from his own to be the offspring of impudence, or petulance, or madness. "If any man should call in question," says he, "the existence of Plato, or Aristotle, or Cicero, who would deny that such madness ought to receive corporal punishment?" "Those who despise the honor of God must be punished with the sword," is his axiom. Such were the principles on which he acted; and the history of Geneva for twenty-five years was a commentary on these views.

Look at some of the results of this entire abrogation of free inquiry. Jerome Bolsac had fled from Paris on account of religious opinions, and established himself as a physician at Geneva. He seems to have been a man of character and some intellectual force, and succeeded at any rate in securing the confidence of the leading citizens and of Calvin himself. Soon, however, he expressed in private doubts of the doctrine of Predestination. He was admonished, but remained unconvinced. He crowned his offence by a public declaration of his opinions. Taking advantage of a custom which permitted even laymen to make remarks upon religious discourses, he rose in the church of St. Andrew after a sermon on the doctrine of Election, and put the following very pertinent questions: "How can you believe that God has determined the lot of every man before his birth, destining this one to sin and punishment, and that one to virtue and eternal reward? Would you make God, the Eternal and Righteous One, a sense-

less tyrant? Would you rob virtue of its glory, free vice from its shame, and the wicked from the terrors of conscience?" For this he was brought before the council, and, refusing to retract, was banished. Calvin's own recorded words make it at least probable that only the interposition of the ministers of Berne saved Bolsec from the penalty of death, or at least that of imprisonment for life; and this, too, when apparently on all points except the dark and mysterious question of God's decrees he was in perfect agreement with the Genevan Church.

The second case is still more interesting. Sebastian Castellio, at the request of Calvin, came to Geneva, and became the Rector of the High School. He was a man of profound culture, a scholar among scholars, with a devotion to learning which neither misfortune, poverty, nor hunger could cool,—a man of gentle temper and a liberality which raised him high above his age. This man in an evil day left the serene walks of literature to enter the theological arena. He maintained that Solomon's Song was an amatory poem, and not deserving a place in the Canon, especially adverting to the seventh chapter. He added to his offence by doubting the truth of that horrible dogma of Calvin's by which he asserts that Jesus not only suffered corporeally on the cross, but went down into hell, and there in his soul endured the dreadful torments of condemned spirits. Calvin angrily expostulated with him; and he retorted with warmth, severely reflecting upon the selfish and unjust course of Calvin and his colleagues. The council unceremoniously banished him. The closing scenes of Castellio's life are full of sadness. Poverty came upon him like an armed man. With eight children to support by his pen, he was forced to

go with the poor of Basle to the side of the river, hook in hand, to fish up, if might be, driftwood to warm his desolate home. But all was unavailing. He perished of cold and hunger. Living in an age when the true principles of religious freedom were not so much as dreamed of by most, he needs no higher eulogium than has been bestowed upon him by an enthusiastic defender of Calvin in the guise of criticism: "Castellio continued all his life through the same noble but absurd defender of unlimited toleration." The language with which he replies to the attacks of his opponent and persecutor, who had not hesitated to heap upon him opprobrious epithets, and who had not respected even his misery, but had distorted that unhappy necessity which drove him to depend upon the river's bounty into thefts, is full of gentleness and dignity: "Were I as truly all these things as I really am not, yet it ill becomes so learned a man as yourself, the teacher of so many others, to degrade so excellent an intellect by so foul and sordid abuse."

We shrink from the mention of the case of Michael Servetus. Every true friend of Calvin, every one who believes that he had some of the elements of the highest greatness and virtue, must wish that this foul spot could be erased from the record of the great Reformer's life. We shall not recall the details of the mournful and too familiar story. It concerns us here, not as it illustrates the unchristian temper and deep malignity of Calvin's spirit, but only as it bears on his claim to be regarded as the friend of liberty. It was never pretended that the noble Spaniard had in any way offended against the laws of Geneva. The heresies with which he was charged had been committed under another jurisdiction, and by a subject of the Church of Rome.

The unfortunate man was a fugitive from the holds of the Inquisition, seeking shelter in a Protestant city from Romish persecution, when he fell into the hands of a new inquisitor, as remorseless as any who had wielded that office in the elder Church.

Calvin's best defence is, that he acted in accordance with the spirit of the age, and that he did no more than many others would have done had they stood in his place. Whether this plea, in itself true, altogether explains his course, or whether his convictions of duty were made more ardent by personal dislike of one who had denied his authority, attacked his opinions, ridiculed his arguments, and doubted his character, we shall not undertake to decide.

The facts to which we have adverted prove incontestably that Calvin was neither in theory nor practice an intelligent supporter of freedom, whether political, religious, or personal. He had no sympathy with the human yearning for untrammelled liberty of thought and action; especially he had little faith in the masses, and by nature was intolerant of opposition. To call him a champion of liberty, or the father of republicanism, is simply to give the reins to the wildest vagaries of fancy, or to the largest license of eulogy. Yet we need not be harsh to the memory of the man. With him, as with many another, the private purpose and the public policy must be divided. Though we cannot place one who was so poorly endowed on the side of his sympathies, and so largely endowed with severity and pride of opinion, in the first rank of Christian manhood, every candid mind must allow that it was from honest conviction that he sustained his doctrines by the scourge and the stake. We can readily understand how Calvin, whose conservative mind never felt the

lust of theological roving, whose untempted experience bred but little charity for others' faults, should trample down with grim satisfaction the light and frivolous Genevans, and the lawless theologians, who put in peril his dearest notions of religious truth and church polity. So did those terrible Commonwealth men, before whom went down the delights of life, and under whose iron tramp kings and nobles and prelates alike were ground to the dust. But whatever we may think of the man, and whatever apology we may find for his manifest faults, we cannot put out of sight his system, his inexorable system, — a system which, so far as religious freedom was concerned, was not at all in advance of that Romanism which it superseded, and which, in respect to personal and civil rights, may vie with the most thorough despotism of modern or ancient times. If rational liberty in these later days has made any advance, it is not by help of John Calvin, but in spite of him; and his nominal followers, who have often been in the van of the good fight for man and his privileges, have really discarded the opinions of him by whose name they are known.

It would be unjust to deny that Calvin's career at Geneva had a fairer side, or to doubt that his despotism, intolerable as it was to any free mind, had its compensations. That it was a despotism which had its origin in intense religious convictions, that it was the despotism of a man of pure morals, not to say ascetic habits, is sufficient proof that it could not have been a base and vulgar despotism. Its aims may have been false, its measures unjust, its demands vexatious, and altogether inconsistent with the exercise of private rights; it may have denied all culture to one side of human nature, but it could not have fostered weakness

or encouraged vice. If we could allow that a system can ever be permanently a blessing which runs counter to that Divine order by which human virtue must be the result of free choice and a voluntary practice of goodness, then we might allow that in many respects his way was beneficial to the native Genevans. This at least it did accomplish, — it wrought an outward reform. While it destroyed their freedom, and abridged their pleasures, and despised the graces and the arts, it also scourged with unrelenting severity their vices; it enforced an unnatural sobriety, but at the same time gave to their lives more gravity, more vigor, and perhaps more worth. The old Geneva, whose genial life seemed in keeping with the merry Rhone that dances through its streets, was replaced by a new Geneva, whose stern and immovable life was patterned from the cold and icy Alpine peaks which overfrown it. From this stronghold, with none to dispute his sway, surrounded by a social life congenial alike to his feelings and convictions, Calvin toiled through his few remaining years with untiring assiduity, by word and by pen, for the extension of his influence, and the dissemination of his views of doctrine and of theocratic order. Thither from every quarter came the exiles in the cause of religion, — men whose indomitable wills and fixed convictions had enabled them to dare the vengeance of power, — men originally cast in iron moulds, — men whose experience of hardship and oppression had shorn from them the gentler qualities only to add concentrated energy, and who were thus fitted to receive from Genevan discipline what it was eminently fitted to impart, fresh intensity of faith, a sterner interpretation of life, and courage hardened to adamant by its Christian fatalism and ascetic training. It would be

exaggeration to assert that Calvin moulded these men and sent them forth with his stamp upon them to do his work; for they came to him in the maturity of their strength, with characters brought by a similar experience into sympathy with his own. But he deepened what was already profound, and confirmed what indeed was not wavering. To say what in substance has often been said, that he created the Puritan character, would be equally an exaggeration. That character, like his own, in its virtues and its defects, in its stubborn hardihood and its remorseless severity, in its clear apprehension of heavenly things and its unjust depreciation of earthly things, was a proper result of the intellectual and spiritual struggles, the antagonisms, the perils, and the persecutions of the times. But he more than any other man consolidated the elements of that character, gave it a definite expression, and so provided for its permanent and increased efficiency. Whether, on the whole, this influence was for man's final good; whether this organized Protestant crusade against free inquiry was a benefit to humanity; or whether it had been better that these great questions, from which man cannot forever shrink, had been then and there pursued to their legitimate conclusions, — are idle questions which every one will answer according to his private prejudices. This point alone is settled, that among the mightiest of the forces which have affected modern history Calvin takes his place.

The hour was at hand which must come alike to the strong and the weak. His constitution, never vigorous, had been sapped in early life by devotion to study; in later life by the manifold labors and the fierce conflicts amid which his maturer years were spent. In 1561 he was forced to sit while preaching. In 1564 this weak-

ness had so increased, that on the 6th of February he preached his last discourse. But he gave himself no rest, persisting to the end, against every remonstrance, in dictating to an amanuensis, saying, "Would you have the Lord find me idle?" On the 27th of March he was carried to the council chamber, and with bared head and faltering voice thanked them for all their favors, saying, "I feel this is the last time I shall appear in this place." Yet he lingered another month, and on the 28th of April, with unwonted tenderness, gave his last charges to his fellow laborers. His sufferings, still prolonged, though acute and agonizing, he bore with uncomplaining fortitude, only at intervals lifting his eyes to heaven, and murmuring, "How long, O Lord?" On the 27th of May peacefully he resigned his soul to that God to whose service, with stern and awful sincerity, he had given his best strength.

It is plain to see what constituted the groundwork of his character. He had a dogmatic rather than a catholic nature. He had none of that tendency which deliberates long, and determines only when every side has been duly examined, every point considered, and every difficulty weighed. Espousing the opinions which his prejudices or reason recommended, he applied to their defence all the resources of an affluent learning and an acute and powerful logic, until his ideas deepened into convictions rigid and unalterable, and a contrary opinion seemed not so much intellectual error as moral perversity; and when we add to this dogmatic mind a will despotic and remorseless, which would not spare himself, and which would not spare those who stood in his path, we have all we need to explain what is painful in his career. To his mind, his own ideas were but the earthly expressions of the Divine ideas;

and he who doubted or opposed them was wilfully blind or obstinately rebellious, and worthy of any severity of punishment. In reading the annals of his conflicts, one looks in vain for the marks of that doubt or hesitation or pity which in the hour of victory spares the vanquished foe. Nor did he spare himself. Called as he felt himself to be by a voice from heaven to do God's work, he abandoned his legal studies just as they promised their highest rewards. With a frail body, full of disease and anguish, he undertook superhuman labors. Sick or well, at home or in exile, in safety or in peril, he did his work. By his literary labors, enough for one life, by his correspondence, so wide that it seemed a sufficient task for one mind, by his weighty counsels and arguments at the solemn deliberations of the Reformers, by his heavy cares as head of the Church and adviser of the state, by his manifold parochial labors and his incessant preaching of the word, he proved that, while granting no freedom to others, he asked for himself no rest.

Of his mental resources there can be but one opinion. With a mind of wonderful fecundity, prompt, vigorous, acute and logical, and expanded by a varied culture,—with a style pointed, perspicuous, and weighty, equally good for attack or defence or illustration of a solemn theme,—he maintained the place of a great intellectual leader in an age profuse of great men. Cold and harsh, with a nature deficient in kindly sympathy, he inspires no sympathy in others. It is one of the most striking things about his history, that not one anecdote illustrative of his private and domestic life has been preserved; nothing that lets you into the heart of the man, no glimpse of the inner genuine self. He had nothing of Luther's genial humor, his quaint rough talk and gush-

ing affection; no touching revelations of the foibles, doubts, struggles, triumphs, of a great but tried spirit, all warm from the throbbing heart. Nothing of this in Calvin. All hope and fear, all joy and anguish, are concealed behind the sober and formal drapery of public life. Yet perhaps we do him in this respect imperfect justice. Within a narrow circle of friendship he seems to have displayed warm and even tender feelings, and to have attached men to him. Beza, a man of large powers, cherished for him a respect which bordered on idolatry. And few things could be more touching than the sight of Farel in his old age, just trembling on the verge of the grave, insisting upon coming to Geneva to look once more into Calvin's face, and to grasp once more Calvin's hand. In some of his familiar letters, in his counsels to the erring, in his condolence with the suffering, there is found a grave sincerity and honest kindness, revealing another aspect of his character which we regret that we are not permitted to contemplate more frequently.

He was a man of godly sincerity; a very stern man; a man utterly regardless of what we call human rights; a most unlovely man in some respects, but not a man devoted to selfish aims, as appears from his honorable poverty and stainless purity of life; a man of great virtues and great faults,—faults which in part were the errors of the time, in part the excess of an austere nature and bodily disease, in part, too, springing from the frailties and passions of our common humanity; a great man, whose power for good or evil was larger than belongs to ordinary manhood, and whose signature was written with an iron hand upon his age. As we gaze upon the features which art has preserved,—those features worn by disease, ploughed by thought and care,

and on every lineament bearing the traces of an inflexible will, if we cannot feel sympathy, we feel respect. We cannot call him saint, we cannot sympathize with the opinions for whose diffusion he labored, or approve the methods by which he sought to compel assent; we must hope that his influence will continue to grow less in the future as in the past; but while remembering his reverence toward God, his allegiance to conscience, his fidelity in labor, his moral purity, we can with the Church Universal rejoice in his virtues.

SAINTS WHO HAVE HAD BODIES.

PRINTED IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, OCTOBER, 1865.

ALL doubtless remember the story which is told of the witty Charles II. and the Royal Society: how one day the King brought to the attention of its members a most curious and inexplicable phenomenon, which he stated thus: "When you put a trout into a pail full of water, why does not the water overflow?" The savants, naturally enough, were surprised, and suggested many wise, but fruitless explanations; until at last one of their number, having no proper reverence for royalty in his heart, demanded that the experiment should actually be tried. Then, of course, it was proved that there was no phenomenon to be explained. The water overflowed fast enough. Indeed, it is chronicled that the evolutions of this lively member of the piscatory tribe were so brisk, that the difficulty was the exact opposite of what was anticipated, namely, how to keep the water in.

This story may be a pure fable, but the lesson it teaches is true and important. It illustrates forcibly the facility with which even wise men accept doubtful propositions, and then apply the whole power of their minds to explain them, and perhaps to defend them. Latterly, one hears constantly of the physical decay which threatens the American people, because of their

unwise and disproportioned stimulation of the brain. It is assumed, almost as an axiom, that there is "a deficiency of physical health in America." Especially is it assumed that great mental progress, either of races or of individuals, has been generally purchased at the expense of the physical frame. Indeed, it is one of the questions of the day, how the saints, that is, those devoted to literary and professional pursuits, shall obtain good and serviceable bodies; or, to widen the query, how the finest intellectual culture can exist side by side with the noblest physical development; or, to bring this question into a form that shall touch us most sharply, how our boys and girls can obtain all needful knowledge and mental discipline, and yet keep full of graceful and buoyant vitality.

What do we say to the theories and convictions which are underneath this language? What answer shall we make to these questions? What answer ought we to make? Our first reply would be, We doubt the proposition. We ask for the broad and firm basis of undoubted facts upon which it rests. And we enter an opposite plea. We affirm that the saints have as good bodies as other people, and that they always did have. We deny that they need to be patched up or watched over any more than their neighbors. They live as long and enjoy as much as the rest of mankind. They can endure as many hard buffets, and come out as tough and strong, as the veriest dolt whose intellectual bark foundered in the unsounded depths of his primer. The world's history through, the races which are best taught have the best endowment of health. Nay, in our own New England, with just such influences, physical, mental, and moral, as actually exist, there is no deterioration in real vitality to weep over.

We hold, then, on this subject very different opinions from those which prevail in many quarters. We believe in the essential healthfulness of literary culture, and in the invigorating power of sound knowledge. Emphatically do we believe that our common schools have been in the aggregate a positive physical benefit. We are confident that just to the degree that the unseen force within a man receives its rightful development does vigorous life flow in every current that beats from heart to extremities. With entire respect for the opinions of others, even while we cannot concur with them, with a readiness to admit that the assertion of those opinions may have been indirectly beneficial, we wish to state the truth as it looks to us, to exhibit the facts which bear upon this subject in the shape and hue they have to our own minds, and to give the grounds of our conviction that a cultivated mind is the best friend and ally of the body.

Would it not be singular if anything different were true? You say, and you say rightly, that the best part of a man is his mind and soul, those spiritual elements which divide him from all the rest of the creation, animate or inanimate, and make him lord and sovereign over them all. You say, and you say wisely, that the body, however strong and beautiful, is nothing, — that the senses, however keen and vigorous, are nothing, — that the outward glories, however much they may minister to sensual gratification, are nothing, — unless they all become the instruments for the upbuilding of the immortal part in man. But what a tremendous impeachment of the wisdom or power of the Creator you are bringing, if you assert that the development of this highest part, whether by its direct influence on the

body, or indirectly by the habits of life which it creates, is destructive of all the rest, nay, self-destructive! You may show that every opening bud in spring, and every joint, nerve, and muscle in every animate creature, is full of proofs of wise designs accomplishing their purposes, and it shall all count for less than nothing, if you can demonstrate that the mind, in its highest, broadest development, brings anarchy into the system, — or, mark it well, produces, or tends to produce, habits of living ruinous to health, and so ruinous to true usefulness. At the outset, therefore, the very fact that the mind is the highest creation of Divine wisdom would force us to believe that that development of it, that increase of knowledge, that sharpening of the faculties, that feeding of intellectual hunger, which does not promote joy and health in every part, must be false and illegitimate indeed.

And it is hardly too much to say, that, in a rational being, thought is almost synonymous with vitality of all sorts. The brain throws out its network of nerves to every part of the body; and those nerves are the pathways along which it sends, not alone physical volitions, but its mental force and high intelligence, to mingle by a subtile chemistry with every fibre, and give it a finer life and a more bounding elasticity. So one might foretell, before the study of a single fact of experience, that, other things being equal, he who had few or no thoughts would have not only a dormant mind, but also a sluggish and inert body, less active than another, less enduring, and especially less defiant of physical ills. And one might prophesy, too, that he who had high thoughts and wealth of knowledge would have stored up in his brain a magazine of reserved power wherewith to support the faltering body; a prophecy

not wide apart, perhaps, from any broad and candid observation of human life.

And who can fail to remember what superior resources a cultivated mind has over one sunk in sloth and ignorance,—how much wider an outlook, how much larger and more varied interests, and how these things support when outward props fail, how they strengthen in misfortune and pain, and keep the heart from anxieties which might wear out the body? Scott, dictating “Ivanhoe” in the midst of a torturing sickness, and so rising, by force of a cultivated imagination, above all physical anguish, to revel in visions of chivalric splendor, is but the type of men everywhere, who, but for resources supplied by the mind, would have sunk beneath the blows of adverse fortune, or else sought forgetfulness in brutalizing and destructive pleasures. Sometimes a book is better far than medicine, and more truly soothing than the best anodyne. Sometimes a rich-freighted memory is more genial than many companions. Sometimes a firm mind, that has all it needs within itself, is a watchtower to which we may flee, and from which look down calmly upon our own losses and misfortunes. He who does not understand this has either had a most fortunate experience, or else has no culture, which is really a part of himself, woven into the very texture of the soul. So, if there were no facts, considering the mind, and who made it, and how it is related to the body, and how, when it is a good mind and a well stored mind, it seems to stand for all else, to be food and shelter and comfort and friend and hope, who could believe anything else than that a well instructed soul could do naught but good to its servant the body?

After all, we cannot evade, and we ought not to seek

to evade, the testimony of facts. No cause can properly stand on any theory, however pleasant and cheering, or however plausible. What, then, of the facts, of the painful facts of experience, which are said to tell so different a tale? This,—that the physical value of education is in no way so clearly demonstrated as by these very facts. We know what is the traditional picture of the scholar,—pale, stooping, hectic, hurrying with unsteady feet to a predestined early grave; or else morbid, dyspeptic, cadaverous, putting into his works the dark tints of his own inward nature. At best, he is painted as a mere bookworm, bleached and almost milked in some learned retirement beneath the shadow of great folios, until he is out of joint with the world, and all fresh and hearty life has gone out of him. Who cannot recall just such pictures, wherein one knows not which predominates, the ludicrous or the pitiful? We protest against them all. In the name of truth and common sense alike, we indignantly reject them. We have a vision of a sturdier manhood: of the genial, open countenance of an Irving; of the homely, honest strength that shone in every feature of a Walter Scott; of the massive vigor of a Goethe or a Humboldt. How much, too, is said of the physical degeneracy of our own people,—how the jaw is retreating, how the frame is growing slender and gaunt, how the chest flattens, and how tenderly we ought to cherish every octogenarian among us, for that we are seeing the last of them! If this is intended to be a piece of pleasant badinage, far be it from us to arrest a single smile it may awaken. But if it is given as a serious description, from which serious deductions can be drawn, then we say, that, as a delineation, it is, to a considerable extent, purely fanciful,—as an argument, utterly so. The facts, so far as they

are ascertained, point unwaveringly to this conclusion, — that every advance of a people in knowledge and refinement is accompanied by as striking an advance in health and strength.

Try this question, if you please, on the largest possible scale. Compare the uneducated savage with his civilized brother. His form has never been bent by confinement in the school-room. Overburdening thoughts have never wasted his frame. And if unremitting exercise amid the free airs of heaven will alone make one strong, then he will be strong. Is the savage stronger? Does he live more years? Can he compete side by side with civilized races in the struggle for existence? Just the opposite is true. Our puny boys, as we sometimes call them, in our colleges, will weigh more, lift more, endure more than any barbarian race of them all. This day the gentle Sandwich Islanders are wasting like snow-wreaths, in contact with educated races. This day our red men are being swept before advancing civilization like leaves before the breath of the hurricane. And it requires no prophet's eye to see, that, if we do not give the black man education as well as freedom, an unshackled mind as well as unshackled limbs, he too will share the same fate.

To all this it may naturally be objected, that the reason so many savage races do not display the greatest physical stamina is not so much intellectual barrenness as their vices, native or acquired, — or because they bring no wisdom to the conduct of life, but dwell in smoky huts, eat unhealthy food, go from starvation to plethora and from plethora to starvation again, exchange the indolent lethargy which is the law of savage life for the frantic struggles of war or the chase which diversify and break up its monotony. Allow the objection; and

then what have we accomplished, but carrying the argument one step back? For what are self-control and self-care but the just fruits of intelligence? But in truth it is a combination of all these influences, and not any of them alone, that enables the civilized man to outlive and outrival his barbarian brother. He succeeds, not simply because of the superior address and sagacity which education gives him, though that, no doubt, has much to do with it; not altogether because his habits of life are better, though we would not underrate their value; but equally because the culture of the brain gives a finer life to every red drop in his arteries, and greater hardihood to every fibre which is woven into his flesh. If it is not so, how do you explain the fact that our colored soldier, fighting in his native climate, with the same exposure in health and the same care in sickness, succumbs to wounds and diseases over which his white comrade triumphs? Or how will you explain analogous facts in the history of disease among other uneducated races? Our explanation is simple. As the slightest interfusion of carbon may change the dull iron into trenchant steel, so intelligence working through invisible channels may add a new temper to the physical nature. And thus it may be strictly true that it is not only the mind and soul which slavery and ignorance wrong, but the body just as much.

It may be said, and perhaps justly, that a comparison between races so unlike is not a fair comparison. Take, then, if you prefer, the intelligent and unintelligent periods in the history of the same race. The old knights! Those men with mail-clad bodies and iron natures, who stand out in imagination as symbols of masculine strength! The old knights! They were not

scholars. Their constitutions were not ruined by study, or by superfluous sainthood of any kind. They were more at home with the sword than the pen. They loved better "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." So their minds were sufficiently dormant. How was it with their bodies? Were they sturdier men? Did they stand heavier on their feet than their descendants? It is a familiar fact that the armor which enclosed them will not hold those whom we call their degenerate children. A friend tells me that in the armory of London Tower there are preserved scores, if not hundreds, of the swords of those terrible Northmen, those Vikings, who, ten centuries ago, swept the seas and were the dread of all Europe, and that scarcely one of them has a hilt large enough to be grasped by a man of this generation. Of races who have left behind them no methodical records, and whose story is preserved only in the rude rhymes of their poets and ruder chronicles, it is not safe to make positive affirmations; but all the indications are that the student of to-day is a larger and stronger man than the warrior of the Middle Ages.

If we come down to periods of historical certainty, no one will doubt that the England of the present hour is more educated than the England of fifty years ago, or that the England of fifty years since had a broader diffusion of intelligence than the England of a century previous. Yet that very intelligence has prolonged life. An Englishman lives longer to-day than he did in 1800, and longer yet than in 1700. Here is a curious proof. Annuities calculated on a certain rate of life in 1694 would yield a fortune to those who issued them. Calculated at the same rate in 1794, they would ruin them; for the more general diffusion of knowledge and refinement had added, I am not able to say how many years

to the average British life. Observe how this statement is confirmed by some wonderful statistics preserved at Geneva. From 1600 to 1700 the average length of life in that city was 13 years 3 months. From 1700 to 1750 it was 27 years 9 months. From 1750 to 1800, 31 years 3 months. From 1800 to 1833, 43 years 6 months.

One more pertinent fact. Take in England any number of families you please, whose parents can read and write, and an equal number of families whose parents cannot read and write, and the number of children in the latter class of families who will die before the age of five years will greatly exceed that in the former class, — some thirty or forty per cent. So surely does a thoughtful ordering of life come in the train of intelligence. If faith is to be placed in statistics of any sort, then it holds true in foreign countries that human life is long in proportion to the degree that knowledge, refinement, and virtue are diffused. That is, sainthood, so far from destroying the body, preserves it.

I anticipate the objection which may be made to our last argument. Abroad, we are told, there is such an element of healthy, outdoor life, that any ill effects which might naturally follow in the train of general education are neutralized. Abroad, too, education with the masses is elementary, and advances also with more moderation than with us. Abroad, moreover, the whole social being is not pervaded with the intense intellectual activity and fervor which are so characteristic especially of New England life.

Come home, then, to our own Massachusetts, which, as some will have it, is school-mad. What do you find? Here, in a climate proverbially changeable and rigorous, — here, where mental and moral excitements rise

to fever heat, — here, where churches adorn every landscape, and school-houses greet us at every corner, and lyceums are established in every village, — here, where newspapers circulate by the hundred thousand, and magazines for our old folks, and “Our Young Folks,” too, reach fifty thousand, — here, in Massachusetts, health is at its climax: greater and more enduring than in bonnie England, or vine-clad France, or sunny Italy. I read some statistics the other day, and I have ever since had a greater respect for the land of “east winds and salt fish and school-houses,” as scandalous people have termed Massachusetts. What do these statistics say? That, while in England the deaths reach annually 2.21 per cent of the whole population, and in France 2.36 per cent, and in Italy 2.94 per cent, and in Austria 3.34 per cent, in Massachusetts the deaths are only 1.82 per cent annually. Even in Boston, with its large proportion of foreign elements, the percentage of deaths is only 2.35. It may be said, in criticism of these statements, that in our country statistics are not kept with sufficient accuracy to furnish correct data. However this may be in our rural districts, it certainly is not true of the metropolis. The figures are not at hand, but they exist, and they prove conclusively that those wards in Boston which have a population most purely native reach a salubrity unexcelled. So that, with all the real drawbacks of climate, and the pretended drawbacks of unnatural or excessive mental stimulus, the health here is absolutely unequalled by that of any country in Europe. Certainly, if the mental and moral sainthood which we have does not build up the body, it cannot be said that it does any injury to it.

Have we noted what a splendid testimony the war which has just closed has given to the physical results

of our educational training? A hundred or a thousand young men taken from our New England villages and put into the ranks of our army — young men who learned the alphabet at four, who all through boyhood had the advantages of our common school system, who had felt to the full the excitement of the intellectual life about them — have stood taller, weighed heavier, fought more bravely and intelligently, won victory out of more adverse circumstances, and, what is more to the point, endured more hardship with less sickness, than a like number of any other race on earth. We care not where you look for comparison, whether to Britain, or to France, or to Russia, where the spelling-book has almost been tabooed, or to Spain, where in times past the capacity to read the Bible was scarcely less than rank heresy, at least for the common people. This war has been brought to a successful issue by the best educated army that ever fought on battle-field, or, as the new book has it, by “the thinking bayonet,” by men whose physical manhood has received no detriment from their intellectual culture.

These assertions are founded upon statistics which have been preserved of regiments whose members were almost exclusively native born. And the results are certainly in accordance with all candid observation. It may, indeed, be said that the better health of our army has been after all the result of the better care which the soldier has taken of himself. We answer, the better care was the product of his education. It may be said, again, that this health was owing in a great measure to the superior watchfulness exercised over the soldier by others, by the government, by the Sanitary Commission, and by State agencies. Then we reply, that this tenderness of the soldier, if tenderness it be, and this sagacity,

if sagacity prompted the care, were both the offspring of that high intelligence which is the proper result of popular education.

There is but one possible mode of escape from such testimony. This whole train of argument is inconclusive, it may be asserted, because what is maintained is not that intellectual culture is unhealthful, where it is woven into the web of active life, but only where the pursuit of knowledge is one's business. It may be readily allowed, that, where the whole nature is kept alive by the breath of outward enterprise, when the great waves of this world's excitements are permitted to roll with purifying tides into the inmost recesses of the soul, the results of mental culture may be modified. But what of the saints? What of the literary men *par excellence*?

Ah! if you restrain us to that line of inquiry, the argument will be trebly strong, and the facts grow overwhelmingly pertinent and conclusive. Will you examine the careful registry of deaths in Massachusetts which has been kept the last twenty years? It will inform you that the classes whose average of life is high up, almost the highest up, are with us the classes that work with the brain, — the judges, the lawyers, the physicians, the clergymen, the professors in our colleges. The very exception to this statement rather confirms than contradicts our general position, that intellectual culture is absolutely invigorating. The cultivators of the soil live longest. But note that it is the educated, intelligent farmers, the farmers of Massachusetts, the farmers of a State of common schools, the farmers who link thought to labor, who live long. And doubtless, if they carried more thought into their labor, if they were more intelligent, if they were better educated, they would live yet

longer. At any rate, in England the cultivators of her soil, her down-trodden peasantry, sluggish and uneducated, do not live out half their days. Very likely the farmer's lot, *plus* education and *plus* habits of mental activity, is the healthiest as it is the primal condition of man. Nevertheless, considering what is the general opinion, it is surprising how slight is the advantage which he has even then over the purely literary classes.

Will you go to Harvard University and ascertain what becomes of her children? Take up, then, Dr. Palmer's Necrology of the Alumni of Harvard from 1851 to 1863. You will learn that, while the average age of all persons who in Massachusetts die after they have attained the period of twenty years is but fifty years, the average age of Harvard graduates who die in like manner, is fifty-eight years. Thus you have, in favor of the highest form of public education known in the State, a clear average of eight years. You may examine backward the Triennial Catalogue as far as you please, and you will not find the testimony essentially different. The statement will stand impregnable, that, from the time John Harvard founded our little College in the wilderness, to this hour, when it is fast becoming a great University, with its schools in every department, and its lectures covering the whole field of human knowledge, the graduates have always attained a longevity surpassing that of their generation.

And you are to observe that this comparison is a strictly just comparison. We contrast not the whole community, old and young, with those who must necessarily have attained manhood before they are a class at all; but adults with adults, graduates with those of other avocations who have arrived at the period of

twenty years. Neither do we compare the bright and peculiar luminaries of Harvard with the mass of men, — though, in fact, it is well known that the best scholars live the most years, — but we compare the whole body of the graduates, bright and dull, studious and unstudious, with the whole body of the community.

To the array of evidence which may be brought from all the registries of all the states and universities under heaven, some may triumphantly exclaim, "Statistics are unworthy of trust." "To lie like statistics," "false as a fact," these are the stalest of witticisms. But the objection to which they give point is practically frivolous. Grant that statistics are to a certain degree doubtful, are they not the most trustworthy evidence we have? And in the question at issue, are they not the only evidence which has real force? And allowing their general defectiveness, how shall we explain that, though gathered from all sides and by all kinds of people, they so uniformly favor education? Why, if they must err, do they err so pertinaciously in one direction? How does it happen that, summon as many witnesses as you please, and cross-question them as severely as you can, they never falter in this testimony, that, where intelligence abounds, there physical vigor does much more abound? that, where education is broad and generous, there the years are many and happy?

If, therefore, facts can prove anything, it is that just such a condition of life as that which is growing more and more general among us, and which our common school system directly fosters, where every man is becoming an educated man, — where the farmer upon his acres, the merchant at his desk, and the mechanic in his shop, no less than the scholar poring over his books, shall be in the

truest sense educated, — that such a condition is the one of all others which promotes habits of thought and action, an elasticity of temper and a breadth of vision and interest most conducive to health and vigor. It is the fashion to talk of the appearance of superior robustness so characteristic of our English brethren. But we suspect that in this case, too, appearances are deceitful. That climate may produce in us a restless energy inconsistent with rounded forms and rosy cheeks we freely allow. But in strength and real endurance the New England constitution will yield to none. And the stern logic of facts shows beyond peradventure that here there are no influences, climatic or intellectual, which war with longevity. What may be hidden in the future, what results may come from a still wider diffusion of education, we cannot tell, but hitherto nothing but good has come of ever increasing knowledge.

We hasten now to inquire concerning the health and years of special classes of literary men : not, indeed, to prove that there is no real war between the mind and the body, — for we consider that point to be already demonstrated, — but rather to show that we need shrink from no field of inquiry, and that from every fresh field will come new evidence of the substantial truth of our position.

We have taken the trouble to ascertain the average age of all the English poets of whom Johnson wrote lives, some fifty or sixty in all. Here are great men and small men, men with immortal names and men whose names were long since forgotten, men of good habits and men whose habits would undermine any constitution, flourishing too in a period when human life was certainly far shorter in England than now. And

how long did they live? What do you think? Thirty, forty years? No; they endured their sainthood, or their want of it, for the comfortable period of fifty-six years. Nor is the case a particle different, if you take only the great and memorable names of English poetry. Chaucer, living at the dawn almost of English civilization; Shakespeare, whose varied and marvellous dramas might well have exhausted any vitality; Milton, struggling with domestic infelicity, with political hatred, and with blindness; Dryden, Pope, Swift: none of these burning and shining lights of English literature went out at midday. The result is not altered if you come nearer our own time. That galaxy of talent and genius which shone with such brilliancy in the Scottish capital at the beginning of the century, — Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Christopher North, Macaulay, Mackintosh, De Quincey, Brougham, — all these, with scarcely an exception, have lived far beyond the average of human life. So was it with the great poets and romancers of that period. Wordsworth, living the life of a recluse near the beautiful lakes of Westmoreland, lasted to fourscore. Southey, after a life of unparalleled literary industry, broke down at sixty-six. Coleridge, with habits which ought to have destroyed him early, lingered till sixty-two. Scott, struggling to throw off a mountain load of debt, endured superhuman labor till more than sixty. Even Byron and Burns, who did not live as men who desired length of days, died scarcely sooner than their generation.

You are not willing, perhaps, to test this question by the longevity of purely literary men. You ask what can be said about the great preachers. You have always heard, that, while the ministers were, no doubt, men of excellent intentions and much sound learning, what

with their morbid notions of life, and what with the weight of a rather heavy sort of erudition, they were saints with the very poorest kind of bodies. Just the contrary. No class lives longer. We once made out a list of the thirty most remarkable preachers of the last four centuries that we could call to mind. Of the age to which most of these attained we had at the outset no idea whatever. In that list were included the men who must figure in every candid account of preaching. The great men of the Reformation, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Beza, Knox, were there. That resplendent group which adorned the seventeenth century, and whose names are synonyms for pulpit eloquence, Barrow, South, Jeremy Taylor, and Tillotson, were prominent in it. The milder lights of the last century, Paley, Blair, Robertson, Priestley, were not forgotten. The Catholics were represented by Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Fénelon. The Protestants as truly, by Robert Hall and Chalmers, by Wesley and Channing. In short, it was a thoroughly fair list. We then proceeded to ascertain the average life of those included in it. It was just sixty-nine years. And we invite all persons who are wedded to the notion that the saints are always knights of the broken body, to take pen and paper and jot down the name of every remarkable preacher since the year 1500 that they can recall, and add, if they wish, every man in their own vicinity who has risen in learning and talent above the mass of his profession. We will insure the result without any premium. They will produce a list that would delight the heart of a provident director of a life insurance company. And their average will come as near the old Scripture pattern of threescore years and ten as that of any body of men who have lived since the days of Isaac and Jacob.

If now any one has a lurking doubt of the physical value of an active and well-stored mind, let him pass from the preachers to the statesmen, from the men who teach the wisdom of the world to come to the men who administer the things of this world. Let him begin with the grand names of the Long Parliament,— Hampden, Pym, Vane, Cromwell,— and then gather up all the great administrators of the next two centuries, down to the octogenarians who are now foremost in the conduct of British affairs; and if he wishes to widen his observation, let him pass over the Channel to the Continent, and in France recall such names as Sully and Richelieu, Mazarin and Colbert, Talleyrand and Guizot; in Austria, Kaunitz and Metternich. And when he has made his list as broad, as inclusive of all really great statesmanship everywhere as he can, find his average; and if he can bring it much beneath seventy, he will be more fortunate than we were when we tried the experiment.

Do not by any means omit the men of science. There are the astronomers. If any employment would seem to draw a man up to heaven, it would be this. Yet, of all men, astronomers apparently have had the most wedded attachment to earth. Galileo, Newton, La Place, Herschel,— these are the royal names, the fixed stars, set, as it were, in that very firmament which for so many years they searched with telescopic eye. And yet neither of them lived less than seventy-eight years. As for the men of natural science, it looks as though they were spared by some Providential provision, in order that they might observe and report for long epochs the changes of this old earth of ours. Cuvier dying at seventy-five, Sir Joseph Banks at seventy-seven, Buffon at eighty-one, Blumenbach at eighty-eight, and Humboldt at fourscore and ten, are some of the cases which make such a supposition altogether reasonable.

Cross the ocean, and you will find the same testimony, that mental culture is absolutely favorable to physical endurance. The greatest men in our nation's history, whether in walks of statesmanship, science, or literature, almost without exception, have lived long. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, the elder Adams, and Patrick Henry, in earlier periods, — the younger Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Choate, and Everett, Irving, Prescott, Cooper, and Hawthorne, in later times, — are cases in point. These men did not die prematurely. They grew strong by the toil of the brain. And to-day the quartette of our truest poets — Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, and Holmes — are with us in the hale years of a green age, never singing sweeter songs, never harping more inspiring strains. Long may our ears hear their melodies!

If now we could enter the walks of private life, and study widely the experience of individual men, we should have an interesting record indeed, and a manifold and wellnigh irresistible testimony. Consider a few remarkable, yet widely differing cases.

Who can read attentively the life of John Wesley, and not exclaim, if varied and exhausting labor, if perpetual excitement and constant drafts upon the brain, would ever wear a man out, he would have worn out? It was his creative energy that called into existence a denomination, his ardent piety that inspired it, his clear mind that legislated for it, his heroic industry that did no mean part of the incessant daily toil needful for its establishment. Yet this man of many labors, who through a long life never knew practically the meaning of the word *leisure*, says, at seventy-two, "How is it that I find the same strength that I did thirty years ago, •

that my nerves are firmer, that I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several that I had in youth?" And ten years later, he devoutly records, "Is anything too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt such a thing as weariness." And he continued till eighty-eight in full possession of his faculties, laboring with body and mind alike to within a week of his death.

Joseph Priestley was certainly a very different man, but scarcely less remarkable. No mean student in all branches of literature, a metaphysician, a theologian, a man of science, he began life with a feeble frame, and ended a hearty old age at seventy-one. He himself declares at fifty-four, that, "so far from suffering from application to study, I have found my health steadily improve from the age of eighteen to the present time."

You would scarcely find a life more widely divided from these than that of Washington Irving. Nevertheless, it is like them in one respect, that it bears emphatic testimony to the real healthfulness of mental exertion. He was the feeblest of striplings at eighteen. At nineteen, Judge Kent said, "He is not long for this world." His friends sent him abroad at twenty-one, to see if a sea voyage would not husband his strength. So pale, so broken, was he, that, when he stepped on board the ship, the captain whispered, "There is a chap who will be overboard before we are across!" Irving had too his share of misfortunes, — failure in business, loss of investments, in earlier life some anxiety as to the ways and means of support. Even his habits of study were hardly what the highest wisdom would direct. While he was always genial and social, and at times easy almost to indolence, when the mood seized him he would write incessantly for weeks and even for months,

sometimes fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen hours in a day. But he grew robust for half a century, and writes, at seventy-five, that he has now "a streak of old age."

The example of some of those who are said to have been worn out by intense mental application furnishes perhaps the most convincing proof of all that no reasonable activity of the mind ever warred with the best health of the body. Walter Scott, we are told, wore out. And very likely, to a certain extent, the statement is true. But what had he not accomplished before he wore out? He had astonished the world with that wonderful series of romances which place him scarcely second to any name in English literature. He had sung those border legends which delighted the ears of his generation. He had produced histories which show that, had he chosen, he might have been as much a master in the region of historic fact as in the realm of imagination. He had edited other men's works; he had written essays; he had lent himself with a royal generosity to every one who asked his time or influence; and when, almost an old man, commercial bankruptcy overtook him, and he sought to lift the mountain of his debt by pure intellectual toil, he wore out. But declining years, disappointed hopes, desperate exertions, may wear anybody out. He wore out, but it was at more than threescore years, when nine tenths of his generation had long slept in quiet graves,—when the crowd of the thoughtless and indolent, who began life with him, had rusted out in inglorious repose. Yes, Walter Scott wore out, if you call that wearing out.

John Calvin, all his biographers say, wore out. Perhaps so;—but not without a prolonged resistance. Commencing life with the frailest constitution, he was

as early as twenty-five a model of erudition, and had already written his immortal work. For thirty years he was in the heat and ferment of a great religious revolution. For thirty years he was one of the controlling minds of his age. For thirty years he was the sternest soldier in the Church Militant, bearing down stubborn resistance by a yet more stubborn will. For thirty years neither his brain nor his pen knew rest. And so at fifty-six this man of broken body and many labors laid down the weapons of his warfare; but it was at Geneva, where the public registers tell us that the average of human life in that century was only nine years.

One writes words like these: "John Kitto died, and his death was the judgment for overwork, and overwork of a single organ,—the brain." And who was John Kitto? A poor boy, the son of a drunken father, subject from infancy to agonizing headache. An unfortunate lad, who at thirteen fell from a scaffolding and was taken up for dead, and escaped only with total deafness and a supposed permanent injury to the brain. A hapless apprentice, who suffered at the hands of a cruel taskmaster all that brutality and drunken fury could suggest. A youth thirsting for knowledge, but able to obtain it only by the hardest ways, peering into booksellers' windows, reading at book-stalls, purchasing cheap books with pennies stained all over with the sweat of his toil. An heroic student, who labored for more than twenty years with almost unparalleled industry, and with an equally unparalleled neglect of the laws of health; of whom it is scarcely too much to say literally, that he knew no change but from his desk to his bed, and from his bed to his desk again. A voluminous writer, who, if he produced no work of positive genius,

has done more than any other man to illustrate the Scriptures, and to make familiar and vivid the scenery, the life, the geography, and the natural history of the Holy Land. And he died in the harness, — but not so very early, — at fifty. And we say that he would have lived much longer, had he given his constitution a fair chance. But when we remember his passionate fondness for books, how they compensated him for the want of wealth, comforts, and the pleasant voices of wife and children that he could not hear, we grow doubtful. And we hear him exclaim almost in rhapsody: “If I were blind as well as deaf, in what a wretched situation should I be! If I could not read, how deplorable would be my condition! What earthly pleasure equal to the reading of a good book? O dearest tomes! O princely and august folios! to obtain you, I would work night and day, and forbid myself every sensual joy!” When we behold the forlorn man, shut out by his misfortune from so many resources, and finding more than recompense for this privation within the four walls of his library, we are tempted to say, No, he would not have lived as long; had he studied less, he would have remembered his griefs more.

Of course it is easy to take exception to all evidence drawn from the life and experience of individual men, — natural to say that one must needs be somewhat old before he can acquire a great name at all, and that our estimate considers those alone to whom mere prolongation of days has given reputation, and forgets the village Hampdens, the mute, inglorious Miltons, the unrecorded Newtons, the voiceless orators, sages, or saints who have died and made no sign. To this the simple reply is, that individual cases, however numerous and striking, are not relied upon to prove any position,

but only to illustrate and confirm one which general data have already demonstrated. Grant the full force of every criticism, and then it remains true that the widest record of literary life exhibits no tendency of mental culture to shorten human life, or to create habits which would shorten it. Indeed, we do not know where to look for any broad range of facts which would indicate that education here or anywhere else has decreased or is likely to decrease health. And were it not for the respect which we cherish towards those who hold it, we should say that such a position was as nearly pure theory, or prejudice, or opinion founded on fragmentary data, as any view well could be.

But do you mean to assert that there is no such thing as intellectual excess? that intellectual activity never injures? that unremitting attention to mental pursuits, with an entire abstinence from proper exercise and recreation, is positively invigorating? that robbing the body of sleep, and bending it sixteen or eighteen hours over the desk, is the best way to build it up in grace and strength? Of course no one would say any such absurd things. There is a right and wrong use of everything. Any part of the system will wear out with excessive use. Overwork kills, but certainly not any quicker when it is overwork of the mind than when it is overwork of the body. Overwork in the study is just as healthful as overwork on the farm, or at the ledger, or in the smoky shop, toiling and moiling, with no rest and no quickening thoughts. Especially is it true that education does not peculiarly tempt a man to excess.

But are you ready to maintain that there is no element of excess infused into our common school system? Certainly. Most emphatically there is not. What,

then, is there to put over against these terrible statements of excessive labor of six or seven hours a day, under which young brains are reeling and young spines are bending until there are no rosy-cheeked urchins and blooming maids left among us? The inexorable logic of facts. The public schools of Massachusetts were taught in the years 1863 and 1864 on an average just thirty-two weeks, just five days in a week, and, making proper allowance for recesses and opening exercises, just five and a quarter hours in a day. Granting now that all the boys and girls studied during these hours faithfully, you have an average for the three hundred and thirteen working days of the year of two hours and forty-one minutes a day,—an amount of study that never injured any healthy child. But, going back a little to youthful recollections, and considering the amazing proclivity of the young mind to idleness, whispering, and fun and frolic in general, it seems doubtful whether our children ever yet attained to so high an average of actual study as two hours a day. As a modification of this statement, it may be granted that in the cities and larger towns the school term reaches forty weeks in a year. If you add one hour as the average amount of study at home given by pupils of over twelve years, (and the allowance is certainly ample,) you have four hours as the utmost period ever given by any considerable class of children. That there is excess we freely admit. That there are easy committee-men who permit too high a pressure, and infatuated teachers who insist upon it, that there are ambitious children whom nobody can stop, and silly parents who fondly wish to see their children monstrosities of brightness, lisping Latin and Greek in their cradles, respiring mathematics as they would the atmosphere, and bristling all over with facts of natural

science like porcupines, till every bit of childhood is worked out of them, — that such things are, we are not inclined to deny. But they are rare exceptions, — no more a part of the system than white crows are proper representatives of the dusky and cawing brotherhood.

Or yet again, do we mean to assert that no attention need be given to the formation of right physical habits? or that bodily exercise ought not to be joined to mental toils? or that the walk in the woods, the row upon the quiet river, the stroll with rod in hand by the babbling brook, or with gun on shoulder over the green prairies, or the skating in the crisp December air on the glistening lake, ought to be discouraged? Do we speak disrespectfully of dumb-bells and clubs and parallel bars, and all the paraphernalia of the gymnasium? Are we aggrieved at the mention of boxing-gloves or single-stick or foils? Would it shock our nervous sensibilities if our next door neighbor the philosopher, or some near-by grave and reverend doctor of divinity, or even the learned judge himself, should give unmistakable evidence that he had in his body the two hundred and odd bones and the five hundred and more muscles, with all their fit accompaniments of joints and sinews, of which the anatomists tell us? Not at all. Far from it. We exercise, no doubt, too little. We know of God's fair world too much by description, too little by the sight of our own eyes. Welcome anything which leads us out into this goodly and glorious universe! Welcome all that tends to give the human frame higher grace and symmetry! Welcome the gymnastics, too, heavy or light either, if they will guide us to a more harmonious physical development.

We ourselves own a set of heavy Indian clubs, of middling Indian clubs, and of light Indian clubs. We

have iron dumb-bells and wooden dumb-bells. We recollect with considerable satisfaction a veritable bean-bag which did good service in the household until it unfortunately sprung a leak. In an amateur way we have tried both systems, and felt the better for them. We have a dim remembrance of rowing sundry leagues, and even of dabbling with the rod and line. We always look with friendly eye upon the Harvard Gymnasium, whenever it looms up in actual or mental vision. Never yet could we get by an honest game of cricket or baseball without losing some ten minutes in admiring contemplation. We bow with deep respect to Dr. Windship and his heavy weights. We bow, if anything, with a trifle more of cordiality to Dr. Lewis and his light weights. They both have our good word. We think that they would have our example, were it not for the fatal proclivity of solitary gymnastics to dulness. If we have not risen to the high degrees in this noble order of muscular Christians, we claim at least to be a humble craftsman and faithful brother.

Speaking with all seriousness, we have no faith in mental activity purchased at the expense of physical sloth. It is well to introduce into the school, into the family, and into the neighborhood any movement system which will exercise all the muscles of the body. But the educated man is not any more likely to need this general physical development than anybody else. Establish your gymnasium in any village, and the farmer fresh from the plough, the mechanic from swinging the hammer or driving the plane, will be just as sure to find new muscles that he never dreamed of as the palest scholar of them all. And the diffusion of knowledge and refinement, so far from promoting inactivity and banishing recreations from life, directly feeds

that craving for variety out of which healthful changes come, and awakens that noble curiosity which at fit seasons sends a man out to see how the wild-flower grows in the woods, how the green buds open in the spring, how the foliage takes on its painted autumn glory, which leads him to struggle through tangled thickets or through pathless woods that he may behold the brook laughing in cascade from rock to rock, or to breast the steep mountain that he may behold from a higher outlook the wonders of the visible creation. Other things being equal, the educated man in any vocation is quite as likely as another to be active, quick in every motion, and free in every limb.

But admit all that is claimed. Admit that increasing intelligence has changed the average of man's life from the twenty-five years of the seventeenth century to the thirty-five of the eighteenth or the forty-five years of the nineteenth century. Admit, too, that the best educated men of this generation will live five or ten years more than the least educated men. Ought we to be satisfied with things as they are? Should we not look for more than the forty or fifty years of human life? Assuredly. But it is not our superfluous sainthood which is destroying life. It is not that we have too much saintliness, but too little, too limited wisdom, too narrow intelligence, too small an endowment of virtue and conscience. It is our fierce absorption in outward plans which plants anxieties like thorns in the heart. It is our sloth and gluttony which eat out vitality. It is our unbridled appetites and passions which burn like a consuming fire in our breasts. It is our unwise exposure which saps the strength and gives energy and force to latent disease. These,

tenfold more than any intense application of the brain to its legitimate work, limit and destroy human life. The truly cultivated mind tends to give just aims, moderate desires, and good habits.

Ay, and when the true sainthood shall possess and rule humanity,—when the fields of knowledge with their wholesome fruits shall tempt every foot away from the forbidden paths of vice and sensual indulgence,—when a wise intelligence shall cool the hot passions which dry up the refreshing fountains of peace and joy in the heart,—when a heavenly wisdom shall lift us above any bondage to this world's fortunes, and when a good conscience and a lofty trust shall forbid us to be slaves to any occupation lower than the highest,—when we stand erect and free, clothed with a real saintliness,—then the years of our life may increase, and man may go down to his grave “in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.”

Meanwhile, we must stand firmly on this assertion, that, the more of mental and moral sainthood our people achieve, the more that sainthood will write fair inscriptions on their bodies, will shine out in intelligence in their faces, will exhibit itself in graceful form and motion, and thus add to the deeper and more lasting virtues physical power, a body which shall be at once a good servant and the proper representative of a refined and elevated soul.

OUR BEDOUINS:

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH THEM?

PRINTED IN THE UNITARIAN REVIEW, AUGUST, 1877.

WHEN that steady friend of the Indian, Bishop Whipple, came to Washington to plead for the rights of the red man, Secretary Stanton said: "What does the Bishop want? If he has come here to tell us that this government is guilty of gross crimes in its dealings with the Indians, we all know that is true. Tell him that the United States Government never redresses any wrongs until the people demand it; and, when he can reach the heart of the people, these wrongs will end." The sturdy and sham-hating Secretary was right. Among a free people, a just and lasting settlement of any great question is not possible, unless first there is an intelligent and trustworthy public opinion. This is as true of the Indian problem as of any other. So the most direct way to secure the red man justice is to place before people's minds the exact facts and conditions upon which a righteous public sentiment must rest.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, our fathers came face to face with the Indian. Three modes of treatment were then possible. These savage neighbors could be destroyed. They could be banished. They could be civilized. In fact, all three methods were tried. Some of the most powerful of the New England tribes perished

in wars whose justice we, who have only the conqueror's story, cannot determine. Other tribes, stripped of their possessions, were sent westward. The Stockbridges — who once owned a large part of Western Massachusetts, who early rose above coarse savagery, and who stood manfully by the Colonists in the struggle of the Revolution — have been pushed from one home to another, until a remnant now occupies a reservation in Wisconsin with soil so poor and cold that their agent reports "that a white man could not get a living from it." On the prairies there are Delawares, Senecas, Oneidas, — tribes which have made half the long journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific without finding any sure rest to their feet.

Missionary labor was not lacking. In 1646, John Eliot began to preach to the Indians of Massachusetts, and so successfully that, twenty-nine years later, there were in that State eleven hundred praying Indians. These poor folks were peaceable and friendly. They adopted the habits of civilized life, — built houses, cultivated land, gathered schools, joined churches, and lived worthy of their profession. But the terrible King Philip's War ruined this hopeful experiment. Goaded by their suspicions and fears, the whites inflicted every indignity upon these helpless people. Yoked neck to neck, they were hurried to Boston to answer unfounded charges. In the fancied security of their homes, they were aroused by the hum of musket-balls, bringing wounds and death. Finally, whole villages, torn from comfortable homes, were transported to the bleak shores of Deer Island. Very pathetic was the plaint of some of them: "We are not sorry for what we leave behind, but we are sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God. We did begin to understand a

little of praying to God." What wonder if a few turned with savage hate upon their oppressors! What wonder that the rest came back from their dreary exile, without heart or hope, to sink into shiftless, though not unkindly, hangers-on upon a prosperous community! Any candid student must admit that our first experiment in Indian civilization failed, because our fathers were not patient enough and just enough. In the stress of mighty danger, there was no intelligent public opinion to give that experiment efficient support.

The problem of two centuries ago is the problem of to-day. In the United States there are three hundred thousand Indians. What shall we do with them? One thing we cannot do,—we cannot banish them to new soil. The tide of population from the Atlantic, pressing them westward, is met by a fresh tide from the Pacific, pressing them eastward. They are like deer at bay, surrounded by the circle of the hunters. Says the Indian Report of 1873: "The progress of our industrial enterprise has left the Indian without resource. Had the United States not been extended beyond the frontier of 1867, all the Indians would have found beyond it an inexhaustible supply of food and clothing. Even in 1872, the Indian might have hope of life. But another five years will reduce those of Dakota and Montana to absolute and habitual suffering." The Indian problem has reached a stage where it must be settled. Perpetual removals are no longer possible. The savage must meet his fate, whether it be life or death, where he is.

You talk with a frontiersman, and his solution is ready: "The only thing to do with an Indian is to

exterminate him. He is a dirty, vicious, treacherous brute. You must wipe him out, sir." Even in Christian New England, one sometimes hears the echo of this horrible sentiment. Now, to say nothing about the right to shelter and food, which the descendants of the original owners of the soil might be supposed to have, and not to count the dreadful cost in treasure and blood which such a process of extermination would involve, definitely to propose the annihilation, whether by violence, disease, or starvation, of three hundred thousand human beings is something so absolutely heathenish that every thoughtful person turns from it with horror. Out on those far-off plains, extermination may look to be something unreal and impersonal, and we may talk about it lightly and airily, as we would of some startling scene in a melodrama; but let one family of these "dirty, vicious, treacherous brutes" be starving in any New England village, and how soon the word of malediction would change to the deed of charity! No! Extermination, whether slow or swift, of myriads of men, women, and children means unutterable and immeasurable woe. It is no solution at all of the problem, only a brutal evasion of it. It is a word a Christian people should be ashamed to speak.

To attempt honestly the civilization of the Indian; to attempt it, whatever the discouragements; to attempt it, no matter how many our failures; and to attempt it, so long as there is one tribe, or one man, for whom we are responsible,—this, for a Christian people, is the only possible course. But the Indian is incapable of civilization is the objection which comes back with wearisome iteration. All this talk about good Indians, and the power of kindness over them, is the weak sentimentality of parlor philanthropists. It is the old

story,—shifting off the burden of our plain duty, by casting contempt upon another's—if you please exaggerated—benevolence. The Indian, you say, is a savage in grain, a man of the wilds. Do what you will with him, he goes back to his wigwam and his canoe, and leaves behind the delights of civilization as easily as he throws off its garments. As though all races were not once savage in grain,—men of the wilds, more familiar with the instruments of warfare and the chase than with the tools of peaceful industry. As though we, Saxon oppressors that we are, were not once as filthy, as cruel, and as impatient of restraint as any Sioux or Comanche of them all. As though, indeed, all races did not climb from lower to higher life by slow and uncertain steps.

In face of this persistent sophism which has dogged the red man, let it be said once for all, that the question of his capacity for civilization is no question at all. Nothing but pure ignorance permits any one to entertain it. The best proof of capacity is achievement. There are civilized Indians. And if whites, in their relations with Indians, could temper power with simple justice and large wisdom, in ten years there would not be a tribe within our borders which had not taken at least the first tottering infant steps in that path whose goal is knowledge, refinement, and virtue. It is our selfishness trampling upon clear rights, it is our greed on smallest pretext rending asunder solemn treaties, which is the one fatal bar to Indian improvement. All the rest—the dirt, the laziness, the revolting cruelty, the fascination of the wilds—might be overcome. If Christians could only learn to be Christians! Is this strong language? Very well, it is plain truth.

What constitutes civilization? Is it living in com-

fort, having good houses and furniture, wearing decent garments? Then twenty thousand Indian families, deserting the traditional wigwam, have reared and occupy humble homes, and wear the attire of civilized life. Is it earning support by regular and honest industry? Then twenty-six thousand savages, heads of families, last year, by faithful toil, made no inconsiderable addition to the great material resources of the United States. Is it interest in education? Then in three hundred and fifty schools, eleven thousand Indian children are being led out of darkness into light. Is it capacity of self-control? A visitor to a settlement of Oneidas, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, reports that, while these people in respect to houses, schools, churches, agricultural implements, and the like, are on a par with their white neighbors, their quiet, peaceable, and orderly demeanor on Sunday puts to shame the average frontier town. Is it attachment to religion? There are in this Union twenty-seven thousand Indians who are members of Christian churches, and who do as much credit to their profession as their white brethren. Is it power and willingness to deal with larger than merely personal interests? In the official report of a visiting committee to the Indian Territory occur these remarkable words: "We were deeply interested in a visit to the Cherokee Legislature, convened at Telequah. We were kindly received in a joint session of both houses, and witnessed a display of talent, ability, and intelligence, and dignity in the management of business, becoming any legislative body of whites." If, then, habits of decent life and labor, if support of schools and churches, if self-government and tribal government, make men civilized, then there are civilized Indians,—a hundred thousand of them.

But some one asks for special instances of Indian improvement, in confirmation of this general assertion. The demand is reasonable. Take the nearest example. In the State of New York there are five thousand Indians. They are the descendants of the once famous Six Nations, of whom it is not too much to say that their name is written in letters of blood and fire on frontier history. Scarcely a century ago it was gravely stated, in a formal paper, "that these Indians are such an ignorant and barbarous people, that they are incapable of being civilized, or brought over to Christianity," just as to-day many a one says the same thing of their brethren in Dakota or Arizona. Fortunately, there were men who thought differently; and the State wisely guaranteed to these people eighty-six thousand fertile acres, and to their children the benefit of her public school system. Note the results. These tribes have emerged from the perishing class. Instead of dwindling, they steadily increase. Not waiting, with sullen apathy, to be overwhelmed by the advancing tide of higher life, they have welcomed the habits of civilized people. They cultivate as much soil as our average New England farmers; and to such purpose, that in 1876 they raised grain to the amount of one hundred and sixty bushels to every family. One Seneca Indian sold two thousand dollars' worth of fruit, the product of his own orchards. They live in good houses, send their children to the public schools, build churches and support them, and, upon an emergency, can supply a valuable staff officer to the Lieutenant General of the United States army. If this is not civilization, what is it? Yet, thus much have simple justice and the granting of equal privileges done in a few generations for savages who were once counted the fiercest and most untamable of their race.

Go, in imagination, to the distant Indian Territory, "that paradise of the red man," as Bishop Whipple terms it. Here are sixty thousand civilized Indians, — Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, — names how familiar in the records of Southern war! names of what dread in how many a Southern household scarcely fifty years ago! These Indians are no longer barbarians. Nobody would pretend it. They wear our costume. All have comfortable homes, decently furnished. Some have elegant homes, in which you find carpets, sewing-machines, pianos, pictures, and all the paraphernalia of advanced American life. The United States Official Report states that the Indians of this Territory raised, in 1872, five times as much grain as was raised in any other Territory; and that the farms and improvements were twice as valuable as those of any other. At the National Fair at St. Louis, the Creeks, in free competition with white producers, took three premiums for the best specimens of cotton. Put, now, in a condensed form, the actual condition and achievements of these children of a race said to be incapable of progress; then look at it, until you take in the full meaning of its testimony. Here, in round numbers, are sixty thousand Indians. They cultivate two hundred thousand acres of land. From those acres they raise two million bushels of grain, one hundred and eighty thousand bushels of vegetables, and one hundred and forty thousand tons of hay. From their woodlands they cut six millions of feet of lumber, and they own more than a million of domestic animals, — a number greater than is owned in twenty-six of our States and Territories. Turn from material achievements, to see if there are any tokens of mental and spiritual advancement. As these people are not barbarians, so too they

are not heathen. They support two hundred and eight schools. They have eighty-five churches, with twelve thousand members. A competent witness gives it as his opinion, that these Indians, in the three qualities of industry, frugality, and sobriety, will bear comparison with an equal population taken bodily out of any agricultural district in the Southern or border States. The Indian Report of 1869, written when these tribes had scarcely emerged out of that Civil War whose bitterness and demoralizing power they had known to the full, speaks in these striking terms: "Their condition, socially and politically, will bear favorable comparison with that of the white settlers upon the borders of Texas and Arkansas, and" — mark it — "the laws are more respected and better enforced among these people than among their white neighbors."

There is no need of exaggeration. No wise person could wish to invest these people with romantic and unreal virtues, or ascribe to them an improbable excellence. No doubt there are less agreeable features to contemplate. Strange if there were not. Very likely, in the best of their settlements, there is much indolence, much vice, and some crime. But must one travel all the way to the Indian Territory to discover these evils? Or if, perchance, in the dark retreats of Boston and New York true savages with barbarian instincts lurk, does any one on that account doubt the possibility of Christian life in these great cities? Grant, if any one affirms it, that, compared with European and American standards, this civilization is not high civilization, still it remains true, that, in all human history, there is scarcely an instance of progress out of barbarism so rapid, so entire, and so satisfactory as that which, in less than a century, has transformed one hundred thou-

sand savages — living in wigwams or huts, lurking in thickets, tomahawks and scalping-knives in their hands, to destroy the unwary — into law-abiding and Christian people. And the unvarnished and unexaggerated fact is, that scant justice, a fair opportunity in life, only moderate protection from the greed and violence of unprincipled men, and the active efforts of Christian teachers and missionaries to foster industry, knowledge, and virtue, have carried these of old time fierce barbarians far up in the scale of mental and spiritual manhood. But admit this, the soberest conclusion possible, and you admit everything. If these Indians are capable of civilization, all Indians, under proper conditions, are capable of it. To those, therefore, who say that an Indian cannot be civilized, we point to one hundred thousand Indians already far advanced in the arts of life, self-supporting, self-respecting, learning to value education, learning to crave the comforts and even the luxuries of refined life, — to thousands of Indians bowing like ourselves, in Christian churches, to worship the same God, and to learn to follow the same Master. If anybody does not know these things, it is his own fault. They are an open secret, outspread, year after year, upon the pages of official reports. Most effectually do they dispose of the foolish assertion that men, — immortal beings, — because, forsooth, the color of their skin is not white, are incapable of that great advancing life of industry, of enterprise, of knowledge, and of virtue proper to our humanity.

So much for the results in the past of scanty justice and humanity. We emphasize the word past. For, however faithfully the good work may have been continued in these latter days, its initiation must, in all fairness, be placed

to the credit of a former generation. But what of the present? As clearly, within the last dozen years there has been a revival of interest, and a revival of conscience, in respect to the red man and our duties to him. The origin of this revival may be traced, in part, to that great act of justice, the emancipation of the blacks, which tended to fix the attention of thoughtful persons upon our relations to all dependent people. Still more, this revival originated in the emergencies of the times. The construction of the great Continental Railroad, and the discovery at various points in the Trans-Mississippi country of rich mining regions, brought the people of the United States — and not a few hunters and trappers — into contact with that great horde of savages whose home was the vast plains of the extreme West, and whose only support was the almost innumerable herds of bison which roamed over those plains. This revival was the opposite of romantic or sentimental. It was fed, not by a perusal of Cooper, but by a study of the dry yet suggestive details of official reports, in which not one feature of Indian sloth, cruelty, or degradation was withheld. The practical outcome of that revival was what is familiarly called President Grant's peace policy. To what extent that policy originated in the President's own mind, or was the result of the recommendations of the committee of Congress, appointed in 1867, to examine into the condition of the Indian tribes, it is impossible to say. But that, during the eight years of his administration, General Grant adhered to it with steady fidelity is generally admitted. And, when the transient heats of the time shall cool, this uniform spirit of justice and humanity toward a helpless people will shed a pure lustre upon his memory. This policy may be defined to be an honest effort, by peaceful methods, to withhold the Indian from hos-

tility ; to instruct him in the employments and arts of civilized life ; to replace in his mind heathen superstitions by Christian faith and practices, and thus to lift him to a position in which he shall be fit for full citizenship, — owning his own land, receiving as others the protection, and bearing as others the burdens and penalties of law.

Of this peace policy, five salient features may be noted. In the first place, the Indian tribes have been put in charge, not of the War Office, but of the Department of the Interior ; and this, not because military men are, on the whole, less disposed than others to render justice and kindness, but because an army from its very intent, and especially from the material which fills its ranks, is an unfit instrument for the advancement of a savage people in the arts of peace. What the Austrian explorer said of the French colonies applies here, — “No industrial progress where there is too much clank of the sabre !” In the second place, all just means have been used to bring tribes into reservations of moderate extent, where support must depend more upon the plough and the reaper than upon the rifle and the fishing-rod. This is according to the philosophy of human progress. Man begins a hunter, and too often a robber. The next stage is pastoral life. Then follows the tilling of the soil. So the moment our American Bedouin settles down to agriculture, he makes two vast leaps forward. In the third place, it has more clearly established the principle, that annuities already due Indians, or any sums which shall be appropriated by Congress to Indians, shall more largely be devoted to the establishment of influences permanently elevating. Seed and farmer’s tools are given to encourage agriculture. Comely and durable houses are built to discourage migratory life. School-

houses are erected, books provided, teachers sent, to create new and higher desires. In the fourth place, the great religious sects have been enlisted in the work. To each of these bodies special tribes have been assigned ; and it is understood that they will suggest suitable persons to act as agents, and supplement the government work by educational and religious influences furnished by them. This is a striking feature of the peace policy. The persons in charge of Indians, at any rate, are selected because of their supposed mental and moral fitness ; and if bad men occasionally get into posts of duty, and cheat their clients, it is not the fault of the system, but of a careless application of it. Again, just to the degree that the religious bodies enter with zeal into the work will an intelligent idea of the real condition of the Indians be diffused, and a healthy public sentiment grow up. In the fifth place, the President selects, from men eminent for their practical wisdom and philanthropy, a Board of Commissioners, who, serving without pay, shall exercise in Indian affairs advisory and supervisory powers. And these five methods are adopted to the end that as speedily as possible an Indian may become, in the eye of the law, a man, with all the rights and privileges which should belong to him as an individual. To-day government does not recognize a private Indian, but only the tribe of which he is a member. To-day an Indian owns no land ; he is simply a fraction of a tribe which owns land. To-day an Indian has no rights which he can maintain in our courts of law. To-day an Indian may rob an Indian, or kill him ; or a white man may cheat an Indian, or hunt him to death ; and it is difficult to say what is the remedy, if not private revenge. Could anything be worse ? Under such conditions, are not bloody wrongs and bloody reprisals daily possibilities ?

And is not the inducement to an Indian to be honest, to be peaceable, and to be industrious reduced to its lowest terms? The sooner Indians can be prepared to give up tribal relations, and become citizens of the United States, the better. And that the peace policy, from the beginning, has clearly seen the necessity of such a step, and steadily pressed forward to it, should have saved it from those sneers about sentimentality in which many who should know better have indulged.

Pass now from the theory to the practical working of the peace policy. At the outset it is to be observed that it had to deal with an entirely new set of conditions. The Six Nations, the tribes of the Indian Territory, the Shawnees, the Miamis, and indeed all the red men who make up the civilized one hundred thousand in the United States, had confronted civilization for two centuries. They were familiar with its aspects; they understood the tremendous elements of power which it wielded; they had come to know that there was no escape from annihilation except through a desertion of the ways of their fathers. But the Indians of the plains had been touched only by the outmost fringe of civilization. They knew of its virtues and its power only through hunters and trappers almost as savage as themselves. Thus the peace policy had to do with some of the wildest tribes on this continent, who had been accustomed from time immemorial to a roving life, whose instinct was to spurn all control, and who had gained from the whites nothing but memories of bad faith, and new and revolting forms of cruelty, to add to their native and almost untamable fierceness. All of these tribes despised habits of industry. Some were so supremely ignorant of agriculture that they could not conceive for what purpose seed was

sown. Add now that on the frontier are many bad men, whose interest it is to keep the Indian ignorant and hostile, and multitudes of honest men, whose prejudices and fears make them terribly unjust; consider too how hard it is, under any system, to find agents who shall be wise and capable, and at the same time honest and self-sacrificing; and one sees that, amidst such obstacles, slow and doubtful success was all which could be expected.

Some striking results, however, have followed the adoption of the peace policy. At any rate, it has justified its name; it has promoted peace. During the last seven years, only two considerable outbreaks have disturbed the tranquillity of the frontier, — the frantic rising of a handful of Modocs, and the defiant revolt of Sitting Bull. Neither of these, it will be admitted, were occasioned by too great, but by too little adherence to the principles of justice and forbearance. In 1876, there were seventy-three agencies, having under more or less close supervision over two hundred thousand Indians. These wards of the nation ranged all the way from the most civilized tribes down to Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, and Blackfeet, — names which come even now with a wild flavor to the lips, and smack more of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife than of the plough or the school; yet seventy-two of these agencies report perfect peace in their borders, and in the seventy-third the breach of peace amounts only to this, that a dozen Indians in a fit of intoxication killed the trader and his two assistants who supplied the whiskey which put fire into their wild blood, — hardly a greater outrage than may happen any day in the slums of any one of our large cities. A few cases of sudden and generally unpremeditated violence may be added;

and then you have the whole story of that class of crime among two hundred thousand Indians confronted by twice that number of not always over-scrupulous whites.

But peace is not the sole result of this policy. In sixty-nine of the agencies there are Indians who have abandoned the dress and habits of savage life. In some, only here and there one; in others, many; in a few, all. Sixty-three agencies report that members of their tribes are steadily engaged in farming. Most of the tribes have schools; many have churches. One thousand Indians learned to read last year. Twenty-seven thousand are church members. And, when one considers what an abandonment of old superstitions and old habits of life church membership indicates, the fact is significant. And over and above all special facts, and perhaps more important than all special facts, is the general fact, that the idea is getting entrance into the savage mind that the days of wild freedom are about numbered, and that industry and settled life — in fine, civilization — is coming to be a stern necessity. The official Report sums up by saying that, of the two hundred and seventy-five thousand Indians in the United States, one hundred thousand may be called civilized, one hundred thousand semi-civilized, while seventy-five thousand have not as yet been gathered into reservations. Of the whole number, hardly ten thousand are in any sense hostile; while the rest are at peace, and would gladly remain so. And in justice to the innocent it should be stated that, almost without exception, those acts of ferocious cruelty and of revolting wrongs to female captives, which figure so largely in books of the frontier, and which tend to create bitterness towards all Indians, are the acts of this insignificant fraction of the race.

Would that we could get behind these cold figures, and see the living facts which these figures record,—the slow growth of degraded human beings, out of filth, indolence, and violence into better life! Here are the Sioux. The general idea is that they are an altogether fierce, sullen, intractable, treacherous race. The distinguished members of the Sioux Commission dissent. They say that they are one of the finest tribes of Indians on this continent; that once they were friends; that even now not one sixth of them have been driven by bitter wrongs into hostility. Of one village of eighteen hundred of these people, this is the story. All wear citizen's dress, and live in decent houses. Eight hundred can read and write. One hundred and fifteen children are in school. Four churches, with three hundred and fifty members, are supported. To which their agent adds, that almost without exception every able-bodied Indian works; and those who work most are most respected. The church Indians stand firmly by their faith, and by word and practice endeavor to lead others to the Gospel light. In another little Sioux village, one hundred heads of families have taken homesteads under the law of the United States. They have married their wives after the Christian manner, live on their own farms, pay their taxes promptly, obey strictly the laws, and give no cause of offence. As much as this cannot be said of all branches of this great tribe. But it can be said that twenty-five thousand Sioux are to-day living on their lawful reservations, and minding their own business, and at least looking toward civilization. Here again are the Chippewas of Minnesota, six thousand strong. Ten years ago the report was that they were a roving people, in a low and degraded condition, living by hunting and fishing, and it is feared by no little stealing, and were

much demoralized by contact with vicious whites. In ten brief years, these low and degraded Chippewas have settled down into orderly, decent living, industrious, moral,—yes, and God-fearing communities. Their minister, who has given his life to them, warmly writes : “ Our Chippewas have never imbrued their hands with white blood. Though deeply wronged, though left literally to starve for want of that of which they have been fleeced, they have stood by government and fought for government. Had they not been the most patient of people, they would have risen against their plunderers, and died to the last man.” Of the children he says, “ A better set of children in a school than our pupils I never saw.” These examples are favorable ones. Certainly. For that they were chosen,—not to show what stupidity, carelessness, and selfish greed can do, but what real sagacity and Christian spirit have accomplished and can again accomplish. Still, in the whole seventy-three agencies there is scarcely one where there is not to be discerned some little ray of light piercing the darkness, to prophesy a coming day.

And now let it be freely admitted that in respect to the later efforts for Indian improvement, as in respect to the earlier efforts, these favorable statements, though coming from a source not usually infected with enthusiasm, namely, United States Official Reports, may be too hopeful. Probably, if you were to go into the best of the Indian towns, you would find more indolence and more vice than would be quite cheering. Certainly from all these tribes there drift into our frontier towns dirty, drunken, vicious red men, who are the merest wrecks of humanity. But to-day do not white men come to our doors as shiftless, as dirty, as given to drink, as dangerous, as any Indian of them all? And

despite all that, despite tramps who bring terror to lonely women and secluded homes, despite dangerous savages who lurk in dark corners and dens of great cities, do we not hold the white man capable of civilization? And do we not refuse to be judged by these waifs and drift-wood, which the reflux wave of human progress has left stranded? Might we not grant what we ourselves ask, and judge of the capacity of the red man by those who stay at home and cultivate their acres, and support their families, and worship their God in peace? Very likely the truth demands that we should see darker shadows, and admit that even in the so called peaceful tribes there grow up young warriors in whose veins courses the untamable blood of their ancestors, who cannot teach their wild hearts to submit to restraint, who slip out from the reservations and become outlaws, and as outlaws commit nameless horrors. Very likely there are such. Few, however, in comparison with the whole. But what inference shall we draw? How wide? How inclusive? Three quarters of a century ago Wellington's veterans, the soldiers of Christian England, stormed several Spanish cities. Then ensued scenes of rapine, of violence, of unbridled and wholesale lust, which the pen refuses to describe. Yet on account of these exceptional horrors we do not deny England her high seat among civilized people. Shall we discriminate against the race which has had little advantages, and because one per cent, or at most two, break loose from the new bonds, and relapse into savagery, pronounce the policy of peace and steady kindness and justice sheer imbecility? Establish as trenchant limitations as you please, still it remains true that the peace policy has proved that the Indians of the plains can be civilized, and that if the process of extermination

is not replaced by that of civilization, it is because a Christian people despises the duty which lies at its door.

What now, outside the native and inherited fierceness and waywardness of Indian character, stands in the way of the success of any policy, peace or otherwise, which seeks the advancement of the wild men of the plains? One thing, — injustice. Injustice! in spirit ever the same; in form, protean. Injustice! in the first place, taking the shape of petty wrongs, perpetually exasperating a brave, high-spirited, and revengeful race. An Indian, like every other savage, is a grown up child, in whom a child's carelessness of consequences is wedded to the strong passions of a man. His temptation is to act upon first impulse. Now, when your rights are trampled upon, and your property stolen, and you have no hope of peaceable redress, what is your first impulse? To right yourself with your own strong arm. That is the very feeling of the Indian. But if he follow it, no matter what the provocation, farewell to peace, farewell to progress! Red Cloud, the great chief of the Northern Sioux, looking from his encampment across the river, sees white men cutting hay and felling trees on the land which had just been secured to him by solemn treaty; and he says, "I learned, when I was in the States, that, if a man cut hay or wood on another's land, he had to pay for it. Why can't I get pay for my wood and hay?" To be sure, why not? For no reason, except that there was no court on earth before which he could come to get justice. The Indians of Fort Berthold cut and piled on the banks of the Missouri five hundred cords of wood, hoping to turn an honest penny by the sale of the same to steamboats; but when

the captains took it without giving so much as thanks, the Indians were somewhat shaken in their faith in the value of labor. Would not you, my reader, have been a trifle discouraged? The agent appointed by our Association writes that the Utes are very friendly Indians; but that they understand the terms of their treaty, and cannot be fooled. If he has any trouble, it will be on account of whites who *will encroach* upon their lands. These wrongs may not separately look large. But multiply them a hundred-fold, let them occur constantly, and with no hope of redress, and would they not try a saint's temper, much more an Indian's, who, like Rob Roy's Highlander, is "not famous for that gude gift"?

These petty injuries may deepen into mighty wrongs, which make the red man feel that he can find justice nowhere. Take the Black Hills question, as being nearest to us both in time and interest. Three years ago, the great tribe of fifty thousand Sioux was peaceable, with the exception of a little band under Sitting Bull, variously estimated at five hundred to a thousand braves, encamped near the head waters of the Missouri. This chief had refused to enter into treaty relations, saying, with bitter irony, "that when the United States would send a man who could tell the truth, he should be glad to see him." But he was too weak in resources to attempt much, and was forced to be content with raids upon his tribal foes,—the Crows and Pawnees,—and was sure to be crushed or driven over the border as soon as government seriously took him in hand. What has changed this hopeful condition of affairs? The unjust appropriation of the Black Hills. This tract of country had been secured to the Sioux by as solemn a compact as man can frame,—secured after

Red Cloud had stated the nature of former injuries, and how "the railroad had passed through his country and paid for his land nothing, — no, not so much as a brass ring!" The valleys too, which ran up among these hills, were extremely fertile, and contained the only land in the Dakota reservation fitted for agriculture. In 1874, there came a rumor that there was gold in these hills. Quickly General Custer is sent with surveyors and mineralogists to examine, much as if one should open your pocket-book to see if there was anything in it worth stealing. Then thousands of squatters followed, and took possession. How barefaced, and how sustained by a bad public sentiment, this violent seizure of another's property was, we learn, not from the defenders of the peace policy alone, but equally from its opponents; for in the biography of Custer we find this remarkable admission: "All arrests of miners by the military in the Black Hills proved a farce; because, when said miners were carried before the Dakota courts, they were immediately released without punishment, and as immediately went back." It is not wonderful that the able men who made up the Sioux Commission felt their cheeks crimson as they listened to the simple, shameful truth as it fell from the lips of these rude men of the woods. It is not very wonderful that these painted and plumed diplomatists were not anxious to take part in a miserable sham of a treaty, whose ink might not be dry before its conditions were trampled upon. It is not so surprising if many a Sioux thought that a quick, and to his savage mind honorable, death was better, than to sink from haughty freedom to wretched dependence. For to barbarians as well as to their civilized brethren there come times when, in the presence of mighty wrongs, all selfish interests sink into insignifi-

cance. Least of all is it wonderful that, when our government, with all its resources, cannot prevent volunteers from going to Nicaragua, to Cuba, to Canada, Red Cloud and the other Sioux chiefs could not prevent some thousand or two of their braves, under such provocation, stealing away to join the hostile band. The Black Hills outrage sealed the fate of Custer and his brave companions; for it changed Sitting Bull from an outlaw into the bold avenger of a broken treaty.

Recall the once famous Chivington massacre, — an old story, but pregnant with lessons, and whose features we know, not by the representations of friends or foes of the Indian, but through sworn testimony from all classes of people except the Indians themselves, taken by a select committee of Congress. In 1864, a war broke out between the whites and the Cheyennes and Arápahoes. Which was the aggressor is in dispute, though the weight of evidence is against the whites. Be that as it may, in September of that year, Black Kettle, a chief whom General Harney said "was as good a friend of the United States as he himself was," led a band of six hundred men, women, and children to Fort Lyon. He stated that "he desired peace, and had never desired war." Colonel Wynkoop, the commander, permitted him to encamp in the vicinity of the fort to await the action of government. While they were thus encamped, Colonel Chivington with a thousand or two volunteers appeared on the scene. He was told what the condition of affairs was. The Indians raised the American flag and under it a white flag. Relying upon the promise of protection, at first they made no resistance. Finally, finding themselves attacked by ten times their number, and no quarter given, the scanty band of warriors rallied, and, by desperate fighting, succeeded in escaping with

two thirds of the village. After all resistance was over, women and even children of six or eight years were shot in cold blood. The bodies of men, women, and children were scalped and mutilated in a manner too vile and too horrible for pen to record. What a lesson to rude savages in civilization! What a plea to ignorant heathen for Christianity! It is sometimes said, as though it was an all-sufficing excuse, that these Cheyennes have committed acts just as horrible. Admitted. Yet methinks the noble words of the latest biographer of Edmund Burke fit the Western as well as the Eastern hemisphere: "Ingenious apologists assure us, with impressive gravity, that the East India Company and its servants were not any more cruel and greedy than the native princes. If they are content that Europeans in the latter half of the eighteenth century should be no worse than these barbarians, this protest is perfectly adequate. But enlightened public opinion rests on this pardonable hypothesis, that Europeans ought not only to have been less tyrannical, perfidious, and destructive than barbarous rajahs, but not to have been tyrannical and perfidious at all."

Nor are these solitary cases of injustice. Take the case of the Round Valley Indians of California, from whom, by a few strokes of the pen in a legal enactment, twenty thousand acres of beautiful arable land were taken, to be replaced by a wild, desolate mountain, on which a single sheep could hardly get support; or that of the Osages, whose very cornfields were seized and occupied by squatters; or that of the Ottawas, from whom the State of Kansas took and held twenty thousand acres of land which had been granted them by solemn treaty to be used for purposes of education. If it be true, and, alas! true it is, that in this country not a foot of Indian

land is safe, or that no treaty, however solemn, has ever bound whites in opposition to their supposed interest, how can the savage have faith in our justice, or what possible inducement is there for him to enter upon a course of civilized life? His civilization must always be threatened, as the Alpine village is threatened by some overhanging precipice or great avalanche, which at any moment may be loosed to sweep away the beauty, the comfort, and the homes which the labor of generations has gathered.

And so persistent injustice tends to press its victims down to a point where not only is civilization impossible, but even so active a vice as revenge is impossible; when the Indian, losing all legal possession of the soil, having no right to the ground on which he treads or the sod which shall cover him, sinks into pure hopelessness and shiftlessness. Here is the tale of the Mission Indians of Southern California, condensed from Official Reports. About a century ago, the Catholic priests of the Pacific Coast established in that fertile region mission stations, and gathered around them the neighboring Indians, whom they instructed in the simpler arts of life, and especially in agriculture. For nearly three quarters of a century the descendants of these Indians continued to live on the land which their fathers had occupied, without however acquiring any legal title to it. When, in 1833, the church lands were secularized, this whole domain was divided among a few great Spanish and Mexican proprietors. The Indians remained on the land, careless of the change, and probably unaware of it. But with the great tide of emigration occasioned by the gold fever, everything altered. Land became valuable. Gradually these original occupants have been driven out. Writs of ejectment have been obtained without the

knowledge of their victims, served, and in some cases the very crops and other personal property of the Indians taken to satisfy legal costs. Thus cast out naked into what had proved to them a cold world, they have easily fallen into destitution and vice. Disease and death have followed, until the twenty-five thousand of 1826 have become the four thousand of 1876.

One readily sees, therefore, that, in addition to the necessary difficulties springing out of the inherited qualities and traditional habits of the savage, there are other obstacles to Indian improvements quite as great, for which his civilized brother is accountable. Very easy is it for a tribe, deceived many times, seeing little to encourage, and robbed of all rights and privileges, to drop into a vagrant race of beggars and drunkards. Or in a clear sky a cloud may gather, and the very people for whom we were hoping much, exasperated beyond the limits of savage patience, hurl themselves in blind hate upon friend and foe alike; and in that Saturnalia, a six months' border war, all the little results, and more, of ten years' wise and patient labor be swept away.

All through this paper we have indicated what things are needful to make efforts for Indian improvement successful. Unquestionably the first and the all-essential requirement is the creation of a wide-spread, permanent, sensible, and Christian public sentiment. So long as the great body of the people are careless about the question, we shall always be in danger of drifting into acts of stupidity or injustice. And so long as it is possible to-day to create a *furor* for the Indian by some story of his wonderful progress in knowledge and virtue, and tomorrow to replace it by as great a *furor* against him on account of some other tale of his ferocity, all policy

concerning him must be provisional. We need, then, a permanent Christian sentiment. Not less do we need a sensible, we may say a common sense public sentiment. Nobody but an idiot wishes to create or continue any ideal or fantastic romance about the red man, as though he were a true king of the woods, — Nature's nobleman, — a sort of primitive Washington or Franklin in breech cloth and blanket. Least of all do those who are now laboring for the Indians wish to lend their names and influence to the support of such nonsense. They recognize, and desire that all others should recognize, that the Indians of the plains are savages, with the vices and cruelty, the waywardness and intolerance of restraint, which belong to savages ; but they see, and would have other people see, that they are also human, with all the possibilities of humanity, with elements in them out of which may come, under proper conditions, intelligent and noble life ; but they understand that these elements are not to be freed from the dense ignorance and brutality in which they are wellnigh smothered, in a day or a year. They know, therefore, that what most of all is needed is a permanent and sensible Christian sentiment, which takes up the work of Indian improvement, not because it is attractive, and not because it has no discouragements and obstacles, but because it is the work which has been given us to do.

Should such a wise and just public sentiment ever be established, its first business will be to repress the petty and the wholesale injustice which so often drive our native tribes to madness, and which make equitable people look upon the savage outrages which succeed with divided sentiments ; and to repress with no less unsparing vigor the barbarous ferocity which not only refuses to take up the habits of civilized life, but which,

unprovoked, seeks to ravage and lay waste the frontier ; for what the true friend of the Indian asks is not his immunity from law, but an equal and equitable application of law to all parties.

If, now, we come to methods,—if any wise lessons can be drawn from experience,—the methods of the future must be much like those of the past: to bring the tribes by all just means into reservations so narrow that roving life shall no longer be possible, so fertile that honest labor shall easily win a living; then to pour into those reservations all elevating influences,—instruction in the mechanic arts, helps to agriculture, teachers for the mind, missionaries for the soul. The late treaty with the Northern Sioux—largely, we suspect, the work of Bishop Whipple—shows how true wisdom can walk hand in hand with true philanthropy. That treaty provides that the amount of the payments made for the Black Hills shall depend largely upon the fidelity with which the tribe engages in agriculture, and upon the steadiness with which it sends its children to the government schools; a new application of the old Scripture,—“If any would not work, neither should he eat.”

But wise methods we shall find just as soon as we really want them, even if the old ones are not good. Still we run round the circle, and come again to our starting point. Give us a just, a wide, an enduring public sentiment, and all the rest will follow,—the wisdom to plan, the patience to persist, the generosity to give, the Christian love and zeal to override all obstacles, and by its own fervor to melt the cold heart and icy barriers of barbarism.

MEMOIR OF GRINDALL REYNOLDS, SENIOR.

PREPARED BY HIS SON, REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, FOR THE SEVENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROVIDENCE ASSOCIATION OF MECHANICS AND MANUFACTURERS, FEBRUARY 27, 1860.

GRINDALL REYNOLDS was the second of seven sons of John and Dorothy Reynolds.¹ He was born at Bristol, R. I., October 12, 1755. His parents were in humble circumstances, but of great integrity and firm religious principle. At the age of nine years, he was apprenticed to Jonathan Capron, a tailor of Providence. His opportunities for education while at home were quite limited, and after he entered upon his apprenticeship he never enjoyed for a day school privileges, — a deprivation which, so far from destroying, seemed rather to stimulate his love of learning. To increase his scanty stock of knowledge, he employed the long winter evenings in reading by the firelight, and often rose before the sun to peruse the few books which fell in his way. Very early he became deeply interested in religious subjects, and when Mr. Whitefield preached in Providence he attended the four o'clock morning meetings, because that

¹ Mr. Reynolds's eldest brother died from the effects of a bayonet wound received at the capture of General Charles Lee of the Revolutionary army, of whose life-guard he was a member. The youngest died in infancy. The remaining four deceased at the following advanced ages: William, eighty-four; Edward, eighty-six; Benjamin, eighty-six; John, eighty-eight.

was the only time he could snatch from toil. At fourteen he entered the Presbyterian Church, though afterwards his views very materially changed.

About 1774, Mr. Capron gave up all charge of his apprentices, and left Providence; and thus, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, young Reynolds was thrown upon the world, dependent upon his own unaided resources, at a time when political convulsions had made the returns from mercantile and mechanical industry at once scanty and uncertain. Of the next six or eight years of his life we have only slight hints. It is known that he went to Boston, where his parents then resided; that he was in that town during its occupation by the British; that he was dangerously sick then and there with the small-pox, a disease which the soldiers had introduced into Boston, and which made fearful ravages; that he was in the mob which assembled after the murder of Crispus Attucks; that he escaped with his parents into the country, about the time of the battle at Concord; that from a neighboring hill he witnessed the terrible struggle at Bunker Hill; that he worked at his trade in West Roxbury, the place where his mother was born; that for a portion of three years, at least, he served as Sergeant, Ensign, and Lieutenant in the Revolutionary army, though it does not appear that he saw much actual service.

In 1780, Mr. Reynolds returned to Providence. For twelve years he continued working quietly at his trade, in a shop next north of the present No. 83, North Main Street. During this time business was dull and prospects were discouraging, and he was induced to go to Norfolk, Virginia, and engage in business with his brother Benjamin, who made that place his permanent home. His stay there, however, was short. He returned to

Providence previous to 1795, and engaged in the shoe business, in company with James Temple. In 1796, the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Reynolds opened a wholesale boot and shoe store "at Governor Fenner's corner," on the east side of North Main Street near Market Square, "one door north" of his former location, where was kept for sale a general assortment for men's, ladies', and children's wear, "as neat as any made in the United States or imported from Europe." In 1801, he removed his business "to the house of John Mason, Esq., on the west side of the bridge, next westward of Mr. Aldrich's tavern," on Weybosset Street. As an evidence of his business energy, it may be mentioned that at a period of great depression he commenced, and by persevering industry and unflinching economy finished without debt, a house on the corner of Chestnut and Pine Streets. As marking the changes that have taken place in that neighborhood, it is worthy of note that his house was set so low in the side of a hill that a plank could be put horizontally from the top of the hill to the roof of the building. The hill has since disappeared. He also erected and occupied the house on the corner of Benefit and Church Streets, now owned by Mr. Samuel Hamlin, but whether before or after he lived on the west side is unknown.

Mr. Reynolds was an original member of the Mechanics Association, and as a member of various committees gave his active influence to the advancement of its interests. When the Association determined on a course of quarterly lectures, he by appointment delivered the second, which was received with commendation. He also, on another occasion, delivered an address before that body. He sympathized with the movement for establishing free schools in Rhode

Island, and, with a clear appreciation of the worth of education to the State as well as to the individual, he proved himself a worthy coadjutor of the leading spirits in that noble enterprise. He built the first public schoolhouse on the west side of the town, on land now owned by Peleg Gardner, Esq., on Claverick Street, and to the amusement of many placed it in a sort of bowl, the hill rising six or eight feet above the sill on every side. He gave as his reason that in a brief time the growth and convenience of the town would demand that the hill should be dug away, — a prediction fulfilled within ten years. To the material interests of the town he also gave a cheerful service, and, as commander of the United Train of Artillery, contributed his share to the martial spirit of the day.

Mr. Reynolds was one of twelve who established a private Insurance Association, which, in 1799, was merged in the Washington Insurance Company. The first directors of this institution were Richard Jackson, Jr., Jabez Bullock, Amos Thropp, Joseph Tillinghast, Thomas Jackson, Grindall Reynolds, Ebenezer Macomber, George Benson, Wheeler Martin, Samuel Aborn, Jr., Abner Daggett, Charles Sheldon, and George Jackson. Of this board, Richard Jackson, Jr. was elected President, and George Benson, Secretary. For the years of the separate existence of the private company, Mr. Reynolds was its sole agent, and apparently chief manager. While it continued it seems to have had eminent success. In the early votes of this body is a clause instructing the agent not to insure vessels which were to be employed in the slave trade.

In 1808, Mr. Reynolds removed to Boston, though it was not until late in life that he altogether relinquished

the hope of returning to Providence. From 1814 to 1818 he resided at Stratford, Vermont, and had charge of the manufacturing department of the Vermont Copperas Company. In the latter year he was appointed manufacturing agent of the Franconia Iron Company, and for ten years gave himself to this work. In 1828 he returned to Boston. Seven years later, in his eighty-first year, he fell and was made a cripple for the rest of his life. He died, May 8, 1847, at the advanced age of ninety-one years and six months, retaining to the last an unbroken and unclouded intellect. In accordance with his expressed wish, his remains were brought to Providence, and when the graveyard of the First Congregational Society, of which he had been an influential member, was removed, they, with the dust of the loved ones who had many years before been taken from him, were transferred to Swan Point Cemetery. He was married three times, viz. : in 1780, to Abigail Rhoades, of Providence, who died in 1789, preceded to the grave by three of her children; in 1795, to Mehitable Russell, of the same place, who lived only a few years, her only child dying before her; in 1820, to Cynthia Kendall, who with her three children is still living. One of the number, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, is pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Concord, Mass.

Mr. Reynolds cherished to the close of life a tender attachment to his native State, and to the city where his youth and mature years were spent. It afforded him great pleasure to converse upon the occurrences of former days, and to recall the names and persons of those with whom he had then been familiar. The occasional visits of a relative residing here were made by him a conversational jubilee. In person he was

tall, well formed, and of commanding presence; in manners, grave and courteous; in friendship, reliable; in counsel, trustworthy. He was a man of strong native powers, improved by extensive reading and much reflection. He had a respectable knowledge of the French and Latin languages, acquired after he was fifty years of age. He had a fixed religious faith, founded upon the Bible, and has left behind him an honored name for unbending truth and rectitude.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART.

OCTOBER 4, 1868.

Give me any plague but the plague of the heart.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxv. 13.

OUR troubles in this world may with propriety be divided into two classes;—first, the burdens which God gives us to bear; and second, the burdens which we give ourselves to bear. First, there are burdens which God gives us to bear. Without undertaking to decide how far the griefs and disappointments of life grow out of a general providence regulating the great features of human discipline, and to what degree they are the result of a special providence fitting the private experience to the personal need,—without entering into that question at all,—this we can confidently assert, that a very considerable share of man's burdens have their origin in causes largely, if not entirely, beyond his control. They are the result of the constitution of things. They are caused by the frail and perishable nature of the human body. They exist because mortal minds are finite, and the best spiritual perceptions limited. Or they spring out of the relations of friendship and society in which we are placed. Here are a few illustrations.

A man is in business and prosperous; he conducts his affairs honestly and prudently; and has a fair share of foresight and enterprise. But commercial interests gen-

erally get into an unhealthy condition. There is a crisis in the mercantile world. And this merchant with many others fails and loses all the results of years of hard and honest labor. We call this God's burden. Not that we mean to assert that God directly imposed it, or that there is no human element in the causes which are behind it. But simply that no ordinary prudence, that is, no prudence that we have a right to demand, would have enabled the man to avoid bearing it.

A farmer plants his fields with the best seed which he can procure, and at the right season. He is no slug-gard either. He rises early and tills faithfully the soil. All through the sultry summer even to the harvest he is at his post and active. But a drought parches the soil and makes the crop scanty and unremunerative; or some army worm destroys it just when the hopes of the husbandman are brightest. These troubles are outside our control. They are not to be averted by any probable sagacity and toil.

One instance more. A person is afflicted with a painful and chronic sickness, so that you are wellnigh sure he will be an invalid all his days. You look back over the past conduct of such a one. He has been a man of good habits, temperate and industrious. He has taken at least the usual care of his health. Perhaps his original constitution was at fault; perhaps he was subjected to some unforeseen or unavoidable exposure; perhaps such were the conditions of his lot that he was obliged to work too hard, too constantly. At any rate, looking fairly at his trouble, you cannot say that he brought it upon himself. It really was the result of causes beyond his control.

The number of these illustrations might be indefinitely increased. For no one considering candidly human life

can doubt that there is in it an element of burden, of grief, of bereavement, which had its origin back of the individual well-doing or evil-doing. This we call God's burden. Not, we repeat, that we affirm that any special evil is directly and immediately laid upon man by God. But that as much as this is certainly true: that life is full of troubles, which have their roots back of the private purpose and act in that general order of things whose first source is God.

There are then troubles which we may in a very proper sense call God's burdens. There are other troubles which we may with equal propriety entitle man's burdens, the burdens which he needlessly puts on his own shoulders, the evils which would never afflict him if he conducted his life according to the plain dictates of wisdom and an enlightened conscience; inconveniences and griefs, in short, which are the direct results of an unwise or wicked indulgence of one's passions and appetites. The seat of these burdens is in a person's own heart. They are, not the plague of circumstance, not the plague of God's Providence, but the plague of the heart, more to be shunned and feared than any other loss or suffering. It is very easy, too, to find examples of this kind of burden bearing.

I know people who started life with at least average opportunities. They had strong health, good intellects, and a respectable education. They embarked in profitable business, and formed pleasant connections in life. But for years they have been growing more poor and miserable, — shabby in person, bloated and tremulous in body, confused and incapable in mind, coarse and sensual of heart. The home shares the general wretchedness. The house is dilapidated, the table scantily spread,

the children ragged, the wife full of fears and unspeakable sorrows. I know and everybody knows the one cause of all this. These people have not exercised a proper self-control. They have indulged the appetite for strong drink until it has become uncontrollable. Their lower nature has the mastery over the nobler part of them. What do you call this misery? God's burden? Is it not the plague whose roots are in a man's own heart?

Here again is another, who is always in hot water, as we say; at odds with half his little world; a neighbor-in-law to the whole neighborhood. Even with his own family he lives in a sort of armed neutrality. One need not add that the life of such a one is a miserable and unsatisfactory kind of life. But what is the origin of the misery? Some peculiarity of surroundings and relations for which nobody in particular is accountable? Not at all. The trouble is the plague of the heart. It is a want of any just self-restraint permitting the growth of a surly, unreasonable, fault-finding temper, which is an equal curse to its owner, to his immediate friends, and to the community in general.

It is easy to multiply examples. Everybody who cherishes a discontented temper, and learns to look at life with morbid eyes, until he finds nothing but discomforts in a good lot, has the plague of the heart. Everybody who, in his thirst for gain or place, despises the sanctions of truth and justice, so that his neighbors and the world withdraw their confidence from him, has the plague of the heart. Everybody who loves money until he sells all that he has to get it, — his sympathies, his charity, his public spirit, — and becomes a miserable miser, the object of general contempt, has the plague of the heart. In short, any burden, deprivation, or suf-

fering in life, whose real cause is a want of fidelity to the principles of purity, truth, and love, is a plague of the heart. Any sin or folly which exists because of our own evil counsels, and because of our want of good counsels, and which will cease to exist the moment we square our conduct by the laws of God and the monitions of conscience, — anything of that sort, any evil of our own creating, — that is a plague of the heart.

What reason now is there why the plague of the heart, the evil which is of our own creating, should be given such pre-eminence over those great natural calamities, such as pain and sickness and poverty and bereavement, of which we usually make such account? Why should the wise man reverse the ordinary modes of thinking and feeling, and say, "Give me any plague but the plague of the heart"? Who is right? We who think so much of the calamities which are outside our souls, and so little of the troubles which are growing up in our souls? Or he who counted every other grief inconsiderable beside the grief of bad passions or a bad heart?

One reason why the plague of the heart is the greatest of plagues is on the surface. It is a plague of the heart, — it is something which is our own fault, and for which we alone are responsible. Other griefs may be very heavy, very sorrowful. They may be of such a nature as to break up all our plans of life, and put a sense of vacancy into all our usual haunts and occupations. But we are not obliged to bear our burden ourselves. We can cast it upon the Lord. There is this comfort always, our grief is not of our own making. Its roots are in the counsels of God. It is somehow a part of a great, loving plan. It is somehow a blessing. So any one who suffers a great stroke of misfortune, while he

is walking in the plain path of duty, has a right to look to God for support. But you have the plague of the heart. You walk contrary to God's law. You trample upon the truth. You indulge your appetites. You slander your neighbor. You do anything which is not right. And then you take the whole responsibility of your conduct. If your wrong works badly, you cannot look anywhere for sympathy, to man or God. This plague of the heart isolates you and leaves you alone with an outraged conscience.

There is another reason akin to the last why the plague of the heart is the worst plague. It puts us into collision with our own moral nature, with our conscience. It is not so with God's burden. It may be a very heavy burden. It may be sickness filling our life with bodily pain. It may be adversity giving us the daily discomforts of poverty. It may be bereavement taking away the light of the household. But however heavy and however grievous, it lacks that sharpest sting, self-reproach. But the man who has acted basely has lost his self-respect. It does not matter what anybody else says or does, he can do only one of two things, forget his own conduct, or condemn his own conduct. When now you consider how large a part of every man's life is solitary life, how many thoughts, feelings, and hopes there are concerning which he can enter into no partnership, how many joys and griefs with which no stranger can intermeddle, you can understand what a burden it is to be at war with your own conscience.

But do you not perceive instantly the infinite difference which that one word or that one fact — crime — would have made in the experience of an honest man? It is the very thing which divides an apostle in a Roman jail lifting songs of praise to God from a convict filling

his cell with curses or peopling it with remorse. It is the very thing which separates a martyr going up to heaven in a chariot of fire from a murderer expiating his crime on the gallows. Sin! Crime! small words these, and easily spoken. Change them to sinless, crimeless, and the difference to the ear is little. But the change marks infinite inward distinctions. It matters not whether the sin be great or small, for one of the essential differences always, everywhere, between God's burden and the plague of the heart is the possession or the loss of our self-respect.

One more distinction. When the immediate pain of God's burden has passed away, the after consequences are, or should be, altogether good; while the worst results of the plague of the heart are in the future, and not in the present. You suffer in one way or another a great grief, pain it may be, earthly loss possibly, a terrible bereavement perhaps. But whatever it is, the eternal fact is, "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." Your burden was intended by God to help you in the deepest and best way, — to make you richer in your spiritual part. And if you receive your trial aright, it will certainly happen that your faith and your religious principle will be purified and quickened, and your life with God and your vision of heaven become more real. By no means is it true that the life which has had great misfortunes, or known the most solemn bereavements, is necessarily an unhappy life. Often it has the serenest peace. Often it is filled fullest with useful and contenting deeds. So many a Christian character, rich in all the fruits of faith and purity, has been ripened in the fiery heat of affliction. So many an experience, most truly good to have,

and most satisfying to look back upon, has had its clouds as well as its sunshine, — its crosses before its crown.

But the worst thing about the plagues of the heart is not in any outward momentary evil, but in the future which they corrupt, and in the heart itself which they have debased. Plagues of the heart are not simply ugly facts in the present, but vicious habits which are self-perpetuating. You are a drunkard. What is the worst penalty of your fault? Is it that to-day you and your family are poor and miserable? Is it that now the health of body and mind suffer? Or rather is it not that the plague is in your heart? Is it not that a law of evil is written in body and soul? That you have a habit, a tendency, which for these years will be just so much power of darkness to struggle with? You are a cheat. What have you worst to fear? The ill opinion of men? Or that the fair form of truth will be so obliterated in your heart that you will have no instinct to choose truth rather than falsehood? You indulge in vulgarity. Is the only penalty that you lose the society of pure and refined people? Or that your own soul gets full of impurity, that your mind gets a vulgar tone, that coarse language and language which borders on indecency drops naturally from your lips?

This is the most important distinction of all. God's burden is an outward affliction touching, and with our consent purifying the heart. The plague of the heart is an inward vice working outward in daily corruption of manners and life. God's burden is a blessing in disguise. The plague of the heart is sometimes a seeming blessing, but always a real curse.

You see then that it was not a fanciful and imaginative predominance which the wise man ascribed to the

plague of the heart. If we could get at the root of things, we should find that there was no other plague which is a plague at all. Any one who understands human nature takes up this same word of ancient wisdom: "Give me any plague but the plague of the heart. Give me any evil but an evil of my own creating. Give me any cross which does not take me out of the ranks of those children of God who are walking beneath the light of his countenance. Give me any plague but that plague of sin and passion which creates a whole world of thought and feeling upon which God's blessing cannot be called down." Especially ought every young man or woman to say, "Give me any plague but the plague of the heart. Do anything you will with me but fasten upon my young life an evil tendency or vicious habit which shall perpetuate itself and cast a dark shadow over all the bright coming years." And everybody should repeat, "Save me from the plague of the heart. Let God make what he will of me, or appoint any sharpness of discipline, so long as in every event I can seek his benediction, so long as I have a good conscience to sustain me."

WELLS OF BACA.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1879.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well.

PSALM lxxxiv. 6.

WHAT is the outward fact behind this picture of the Psalmist? A little circle of sand, or else a long stony depression, treeless, verdureless, waterless, panting and scorching beneath the blazing rays of an Oriental sun. Treeless, verdureless, because waterless. The valley of Baca! The valley of weeping! One of the hundred arid spots which dot the wilderness south of Jerusalem! To this spot enterprise and benevolence come. They scoop up the sand. They dig down to the perpetual springs. Then you have an ever flowing well, — the chief blessing in the desert. Soon the palms send up their feathery shade. Green things cover the yellow sand. The Arab pitches his tent, and pastures his flocks, and pursues his simple husbandry. For death you have life; for desolation beauty; for solitude the pleasant voices of women and children.

Such an event leaves a permanent record in the annals of primitive races. Across the vast space of forty centuries it is remembered that Isaac dug a well at Beersheba, and that Jacob left to his children one at Sychar as a precious legacy. In our day the French, in the sterile country south of Algiers, have sent down Artesian wells. And as the water came gushing forth,

the Bedouins heaped blessings upon the workmen. And soon around these new diamonds of the desert peaceful villages gathered. You see, then, what an immense physical change and benefit the single line "who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well" describes, and what a striking moral symbol it may become.

What is the lesson which David makes the symbol teach? The necessity and value of moral and spiritual well-digging; that, if we are to go from strength to strength, we must have the power, and the disposition, and the tendency, to go beneath what is hard, sterile, and desert-like in the facts of our living to the spiritual meaning and discipline beneath them; that, if life is to have any sweetness and worth, we must carry about with us that sunny Christian temper which transforms all burdens, all worriments, and all strifes. That we are poor and miserable, if we have not a faith which looks beyond pain, or disappointment, or grief, or any of the other trials which make life seem at times only a vale of tears. Just this is what we need in the private experience. Far be it from me to say or intimate that human life, as a whole, can be symbolized truly by a desert. I believe no such thing. Most of us walk for the larger part of our mortal round in green valleys and fertile plains, —unspeakably pleasant, full of comfort, full of harmony, full of beautiful and tender relations. Yet we have our valleys of Baca. We have our hard experiences. Sometimes we come face to face with cruel facts of disease, of adversity, of misapprehension, of loneliness. Or if we escape the more striking burdens, then our life in its monotony, in this very want of anything remarkable to do or bear, wearies us. Nothing

comes which seems to demand any great faith or heroism, or spiritual resources; each day is so common, so uneventful, so like the last, and so much the pattern and mould of future days, that our life in its easiness becomes almost tiresome. How often we see lives which have in them all the elements of goodness made wellnigh valleys of weeping, because they that live them will brood over some inexplicable stripe of darkness which has fallen athwart the general brightness! How sometimes we see men and women, who have a whole world of happiness left them, grow unduly sad and morbid, because of some heavy bereavement, which neither you, nor I, nor anybody with only mortal ken, can fully understand! How many fail to find any moral incitement, any spiritual lessons, any deep wisdom, in the common round, in the plodding business, in the stagnant home life! These are the arid spots we all find. These are the desert valleys we all have to pass through to reach any spiritual Jerusalem. Nobody's life is made so that it shall always be clear of pain or grief, or solitude, or monotony. Do you ask, "Why?" Who can tell? What we need is to be able to dig wells. The great blessing is to know how to go beneath what for the time being may be the stony or bitter facts of our personal life, and find their spiritual meaning and use. That is what we all need, this divining power, — this ever present capacity, amid all discipline, to hear a voice speaking to the moral nature, and to see, amid every maze, the road which leads up to noble Christian manhood, — this prophet's power to smite the rock, that out of it may flow water of life.

To dig wells is what we need in social relations. What can be more inexpressibly dreary than social life,

if it be only a scene of selfish scrambling, or of injustice and impurity? What stony desert can be more repulsive than that human life, which, amid all the needs, joys, sorrows, affections, and hopes about it, is caring only for itself,—to gather all the comforts, to occupy all the places, to enjoy all the pleasures, to amass all the wealth,—let come what will of the rest? What Sahara, burning beneath the rays of an unclouded sun, more blasted than that heart which is full of hard prejudices and bitter grudges, which does not know how to forgive and forget, which makes haste to repay an injury, which prides itself in the thought that it is a good hater? All the discomfort of human relations comes out of this temper of mind,—out of mortal selfishness and bitterness. We need to find some better way of walking with our neighbors.

The art of wise and noble living, the truest use of religion, is found in moral well-digging;—that is, in the tendency and power to discern beneath this outward something better than itself; the tendency and power to discern, through faith and spiritual apprehension, in the dullest routine of life, in its heavy sorrows, in its selfish relations, something more than monotony, or grief, or self-seeking,—even trust, tenderness, and wisdom, and so ever-flowing fountains of spiritual life, making all our discipline sweet, fruitful, and uniting. Blessed is the man who can dig wells in the valley of Baca! Blessed he who has the sensitive divining-rod to point beneath the strata of our daily necessities to inexhaustible moral fountains! Blessed he who can pour streams of love and good will through all the channels made dry and barren by human selfishness! There is no other art which pays so large a dividend of character for ourselves, or of comfort for others.

He who has it goes from strength to strength. All paths, bright or gloomy, for him lead up. He has the magician's wand. The hut becomes a palace. Life's common paths all go through Eden. Each man or woman is a child of God. The text is but a symbol. Certainly. But it is a symbol of what is profoundly needful and eminently practical in your life and mine.

Is it not true that the power of moral well-digging is the greatest of blessings? Let us inquire. Here are two homes. One is full of disorder, ill temper, and divisions,—and so of bad training and influence. In the other all goes on smoothly. There is no friction, no collision, but in their place mutual love and forbearance,—and so you have a home where souls grow truer and tenderer. What now makes the difference? Not the houses these dwell in; for they are alike. Not the comforts; they are equal. Not the burdens; they are similar. But because in one love and patience have dug beneath the sameness of home life, and found the divine reason why God sets the solitary in families, and not in hermit cells.

Two boys go out from quiet country homes to the city's bustle and enterprise. From the same school and church. From the same neighborhood society, and the same scenes of tranquil beauty. From similar influences, so far as we can see, at home and abroad. And one goes from strength to strength. An honest boy, he becomes an honest man. A merchant prince always, if not in the great business he builds up, or the great wealth he achieves, certainly in his integrity without a spot. The waves of temptation may swell around him, but they do not touch the ermine of his character. The other goes down and not up. From the beginning

he takes every mean advantage. He sails every voyage as closely as the law will allow to the rocks and shoals of dishonest practices. All his life long he is growing more selfish, more unprincipled, and so less deserving of your respect, — rich possibly in everything but good works. You in vain seek the cause of this difference in outward circumstances. It does not originate there. Honest men and knaves have come out of all ranks and all conditions of experience. He who holds fast to his integrity has gone below that poor surface sagacity, which says the end of living is selfish advancement, and reached the eternal wisdom, which declares that the end of living is character.

A great affliction comes to one man. It makes him downcast, gloomy, almost morose. Elasticity is taken out of him. To him life seems hardly worth living. He does not see why he of all men should have so heavy a burden to bear. Trial does not make him stronger, as we like to think, but weaker. It not so much refines his character as clogs his activity and destroys his usefulness. An equal burden comes to another. In every manifestation of life you trace the refining influence. The dross seems to be all burnt out of him, and nothing but pure gold left. In the future the selfish and earthly considerations shall have no such power as in the past. You can only explain these diverse results by understanding that one has gone below the external fact of loss and found infinite wisdom to rest upon, — and the other has not. These illustrations do not come from far. They are drawn out of the stock of our common experience. All about us are men and women who, from a discipline in all essentials similar, have won the most divergent spiritual qualities ; — weakness and strength, — doubt and trust, — petulance and patience, —

knavery and rectitude, — malevolence and benevolence. What we have to say to these varying results from the same or similar influences is this. All unsatisfactory character is the consequence of a too constant regard for what is on the surface of life. All valuable character is the result largely of a process of spiritual deepening. They go from strength to strength who dig wells in the valley of Baca. They build up strong and saintly characters, who make their pains, their grief, and their loneliness the occasions for searching more deeply into the reality of things.

To pass through valleys of Baca is a necessary part of the human lot. To die as well as to be born, to suffer as well as to enjoy, to be disappointed as well as to succeed, appears to be in the scheme of things. At any rate no one has yet finished his career without sooner or later experiencing both sides, the dark and the bright, of human experience. So we shall have to accept the appointment, — valleys of Baca! valleys of weeping! painful bodies! broken hopes! solitary homes! poverty! exile! — just as it shall come in that mighty plan or counsel we call God's Providence. We have no power to change that. What we can do is to dig wells. We can go from the apparent to the real; from the physical fact to the spiritual use. Life can be deepened till it drinks at the never failing fountains.

When Abraham, passing through the valley, dug a well, at which after forty centuries the desert wanderer yet quenches his thirst, he conferred a lasting blessing. But when that same Abraham, going beneath the arid and shallow beliefs of his day, found and handed down to all times and races a faith in the one living God, he conferred a blessing in whose presence the other fades into insignificance. For really to dig a well, to get to

the spiritual essence of things, is the greatest and most sacred of mortal achievements.

Nowhere did Jesus more profoundly state the end of his word and work than in that wonderful conversation with the woman of Samaria. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." So—as the great teacher saw it and taught it—Christianity is not simply the creed we accept, or the covenant we profess, or the ritual we observe. It is the spring of eternal life and truth which it opens in our own hearts; the moral principles it strengthens until they have power to guide and control us; the spiritual faith with which it fills us until it quickens and inspires us. That is, it is what truth was to Abraham, what it was to David, what it was to Jesus, what it is to every good man, what all truth truly received must be,—a well of water springing up into everlasting life, in what else might be a desert of selfish and ignoble hopes, making character rich and fruitful.

BUT.

APRIL 4, 1880.

Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria ; he was also a mighty man in valor, — BUT he was a leper. — 2 KINGS v. 1.

A WONDERFUL picture of great prosperity, darkened by a single shadow ! Rendered too, as all Bible pictures are, without a wasted stroke ! Here was one who seemed to have everything earth could give, — courage and military skill to rank him with the foremost, good fortune to make his courage and skill his country's deliverance. Favorite of a monarch ! idol of the people ! you can readily supply all the narrative omits. You see him riding proudly through the streets of Damascus, — heads bowing in reverence, shouts filling the air. You can follow him to the court, and behold him sitting on the right hand of power. On that green emerald, which the plain of Abana and Pharpar was, you can almost restore his palaces, his gardens, and his equipages. All these things Naaman had, — all that ambition could hope for.

But ! There was one limitation. That most terrible of diseases, the curse of the ancient East, leprosy, had fastened upon him. What now were all earthly gifts worth ? What proud victory, or the favor of a monarch, or the praise of men, or multiplied luxuries ? A great man and honorable, — but — a leper. Brightest

sunshine in total eclipse ! I can recollect how this story of a lifetime, compressed into a verse, struck me even in my boyhood.

Yet, after all, except in the extremeness of its reverse, was the experience of Naaman so very different from the course of other lives ? Is there not a "but" in every lot ? A limitation ? Something which darkens the light ? Something which sobers the joy ? Something which, if it does not make living a burden or full of sorrow, certainly does teach us that God has put into the most fortunate lot other elements and graver than simple gratification of our wishes, or the perfect accomplishment of our plans ? We talk as though the clouds were only with the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate ; the sunshine with everybody else. No doubt we think so. Perhaps, however, if we could go into the homes of the rich, or if we could look into the hearts of the prosperous, or if we could know all the thoughts of the strong and vigorous, we should find the "but" all the same. We should learn, possibly to our surprise, that few people get through life without seeing both sides of it, the dark and the bright. It was the remark of a person of wide experience and keen observation, that the rarest thing in the world is a man or woman in possession of absolute health. People might appear on casual observation perfectly well. But look deeper. There may be some inherited trouble, or a weak joint or limb, or some vital organ has given way under the strain of too heavy and too constant toil. And even when they think themselves to be well, just as likely as not the next month or the next year shows them that they are mistaken. That is, in respect to the health and vigor of the physical frame, limitation is the rule rather than the exception.

Suppose now we pass from the physical to the moral frame, and use the story of Naaman as a figure to express the spiritual condition of men and women. What is the real deficiency in the character of these? Have they no genuine spiritual prosperity? Are they in no proper sense morally great and honorable? Do you find them quite destitute of good qualities,—so that there are no elements whatever in them of a better life? In short, is the record of the life lived about us, by our friends, by our acquaintances, by our neighbors, simply a painful and unsatisfactory, if not shameful record? Of course not. Life in town or hamlet in which such moral destitution is would be unendurable. But in fact the average man or woman has a thousand good qualities. He may have, despite his faults, much moral earnestness, and make considerable progress in self-control and self-culture. He may, and probably will, do a great deal of good in the world. It were a libel upon God and experience to doubt it. All wholesale talk about human depravity has its foundation in pure theory. It may furnish material on which to build a dogma. But as a practical statement it falls powerless. Men look into their own hearts, or they observe the lives of others. They know that no such entire moral destitution exists. Nay, you may come into contact with the worst specimens of character which the life around you has to furnish. To your astonishment, sometimes you will find in these untrustworthy, coarse, and passionate characters qualities to like, qualities even to respect. So when you stand by their open graves, without any hypocrisy, and without any hiding of their great faults, there are pleasant things to remember and kindly words to say.

Entire destitution of good is therefore rarely the

moral difficulty with human beings. There are a great many men and women everywhere who are good and honorable, and full of honest purpose. There are very few men and women of whom you can affirm absolute lack of good. The difficulty is the limitation,—the weak spot in the armor,—the bosom error or sin. The trouble is the selfish streak, the worldly stain, the grasping disposition, the untruthful habit, the passionate temper, the base appetite, the unforgiving and unforgetting mind, the cruel prejudice;—something which is wrong amid much which is right;—something which is a species of moral leprosy that eats into good character and good purpose, as rust eats into the fine steel and takes away its brightness and its keen edge. That is what is lamentable and depressing in average human character. Not that there is nothing to love and respect, — But! But!! We all know what weaknesses, what errors, what wrongful feelings and habits of life, are expressed by that dubious “but.” You do not have to look far off to see that all this is true. Here is one who is not in the very texture of his soul upright. There are such in every community,—men and women whose desires are more vigorous than their consciences. At first you do not notice their fault. They appear to be well intentioned and friendly; and they are. But as they go on in life the moral stress comes, and their inherent weakness makes itself manifest. As the indulgences they crave are found to be hard to get honestly, the unstable integrity gives way entirely. They prey unblushingly upon their neighbor. This is one specimen of character;—good with a fatal limitation;—good with a “but.”

Take another common example. You say of a man that he is his own worst enemy. What do you mean?

This. That when he is himself he is full of the milk of human kindness. That when he is under the dominion of his better part he is a good neighbor, a good friend, a good husband and father. But he is very often not himself, and not under the dominion of his better part. Often he is subject to a base and degrading appetite. Then he is of no use but to make miserable those who are nearest to him. This is another common specimen of character: a good and honorable man, but — a leper. And what are the goodness, and the honorableness, and even the attractiveness worth, when there is no self-control behind them? These buts, these moral limitations in human character, are wellnigh innumerable. We meet them everywhere. One man is of such a jealous disposition, so suspicious of your motives, so on the lookout for injury, so prompt to resent, that all intercourse with him is like walking on the edge of a volcano. Another is so coarse and vulgar in thought and speech, he so lards his conversation with strange oaths, that his very presence is an offence to pure and reverent feeling. Another is so a creature of this world, so engrossed by the cares and pleasures of it, that what we call the higher life of man has no meaning to him. Another loves money so much, and devotes himself so entirely to the winning of it, and the amassing of it, that his sympathies cool and his generosity dies. Still another has such a passionate temper, that crossing his will is like encountering a wild beast.

These and countless others of a different stamp are in the main good and honorable men and women. They have a great many qualities which we like and respect. In some aspects their characters have real moral dignity. When you get on the right side, it is pleasant to walk with them. Still, they have their limitations, their

weaknesses. When we speak of them in the most charitable way, we come to a place where we have to say "but." Is not that the very thing we often are obliged to say of characters which are in the main very noble? Generous,—but. Honest,—but. Pure,—but. On the one side, great winning qualities; qualities which are full of usefulness; qualities which get, and deserve to get, our sincere respect. On the other side, the fault, the limitation, the quality which we do not like to talk about, the quality which narrows the field of usefulness and spoils the good example. This is the simple portraiture of how much life everywhere!

Whoever desires to establish for himself a great and trustworthy character must fasten his attention first upon the "but," and devote his efforts to the removal of his moral limitation. Amid all that is good in him, he must consider most what is not good, what in fact is neither helpful nor respectable. We are apt to pursue an opposite course. We count up our virtues; not perhaps in set form, but in fact. Here are truth and honor! Here are pure thoughts and speech! Here are lips which never slander, and feet which never stray in forbidden paths! Great virtues these! Will they not cover up our one little fault, our one venial sin, so that it shall not be counted against us, but be blotted out forever from the Book of Remembrance?

Observe now that we do not reason in this way about anything else. You examine your ship which you are about to send forth on a long voyage. You do not count up her sound timbers. No: you seek for the worm-eaten plank, or the defective spar, or the untrustworthy rope or sail, and replace these things which are weak by what you know to be strong. Then you feel that you have

done your duty, and that you can honestly send forth the ship and its brave crew to encounter the perils of the deep. You go out into your orchard with pruning-knife and saw, to see what you can do to promote a good crop. Inevitably you look for the dead boughs and the superfluous branches; that is, for such malformation or such redundancy as make for weakness and not for strength. You summon your doctor. He does not ask you where you are well, but where you are sick. He seeks to find out what is the real cause of this pain or this languor, or this irritation. Now that in everything of human concern but character wise men pay such attention to the "but,"—to the imperfection,—of itself suggests that it may be well to do the same with character also.

Well and wise, let us add, not simply because it is the way men act in other matters of importance, but because so doing we are on the high road to self-knowledge; and we do not really get any trustworthy self-knowledge simply by counting up our good qualities. In many cases the virtues whereof we boast are hardly our own. They come to us not so much because we have consciously striven to possess them as because we were born in a Christian land, or they are ours through the shaping influence of an education which we could not direct, or they have been cast for us in the moulds of public opinion. For these qualities, common to our age and race, we are scarcely to be credited. Knowing them alone, we do not know the individual hue and tendency of our lives.

But our fault is apt to be our personal possession,—that which we have cherished. It is the very quality which differentiates us from other people. You call a man a miser. You do not mean that that is all the

moral quality he has: that he may not be honest and pure, or a great many other things which are creditable. But his personal stamp is miser. The quality he has cherished is love of money. This moral limitation is the most intensely personal thing about him. It is what people will remember long after he is dead, remember when his virtues are clean forgotten. Just so we remember Peter's fickleness and Martha's worldliness and Thomas's doubt.

Not only is the "but" — the fault — apt to be in a peculiar sense a personal quality, but it is a quality which is pretty sure to work, if not more powerfully, certainly more noticeably than all the rest. So long as the stream keeps in its appointed channels, it flows on and on, a mighty force no doubt for good. Still you hardly notice it. But when it begins to fret its banks, it cuts and cuts with ever increasing rapidity, until, all barriers swept away, it pours a devastating flood over rich fields and peaceful homes. So is it with a fault. Unnoticed, left to work out its proper results, oftentimes it destroys all the banks virtue has raised, and floods the character with evil. It is this corrupting, this corroding tendency and power of all marked faults, at which we pause with an ominous "but," which make it imperative that we should carefully watch and sternly repress them. If a fault stood unrelated to the general character, if it was like a blemish or a knot in your board which will not spread, it might be of less consequence. But how often does a fault stand thus unrelated? Did you ever know a man steadily to indulge in any gross appetites and not grow base in more ways than one? One of the most remarkable romances ever written is "The Scarlet Letter." And one of the most striking chapters in it is that which depicts the steady moral deterioration of a

truly good man under the thirst for revenge. We say that a chain is as strong as its weakest link. We can say, with perhaps equal truth, that in the long run character is as strong as the fault it cherishes. The greatest reason, therefore, why we should stop and consider the "but," at which our neighbors shake their heads, is that all the while it is tugging at our heart strings to drag us down to its own level.

Naaman was a great man, and honorable, but he was a leper. He had everything, and, alas! he had nothing. His only hope was to wash in some Jordan and be clean. It is so in the moral life. One bad quality may in the end make nugatory a score of good ones. If you and I are permitting some perilous "but" to limit the good in us, if we are putting prejudice in the place of moral judgment, unforgiving passions in the place of Christian charity, suspicious jealousy in the place of kindly trust, dishonest desires in the place of absolute integrity, a base appetite in the place of virtuous self-control, anything wrong in the place of something right, depend upon it we are in a bad way. We cannot attend to that "but" too soon. For in actual life it is not any unreal state of general depravity, but a very real, and in a comparative sense possibly a very small, personal fault, which drags men and women down to a poor and unworthy state. Something which we in our blindness view only as a trifling limitation, not as a moral peril,—only a "but" in an otherwise commendable life.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

JUNE 8, 1883.

Beauty for ashes. — ISAIAH lxi. 3.

MANY years since my eye happened to fall upon a monarch of the woods,—a lordly pine,—lying prone on the ground. A little while ago I passed the place again. Where the great wreck had been were a few little heaps of dust. To these had the massive trunk and the giant branches resolved themselves. Such sights are common enough, yet in thoughtful moods such sights are impressive. To dust and ashes all material things are hastening. The forests grow and fall, and moulder. The everlasting hills, as we call them, are slowly wasting. The noblest things of man's device disintegrate. If we wait long enough they will bury themselves in their own ruin.

It did not require therefore any great fancy in the old Hebrew to find in ashes the appropriate symbol of life's heavy pains, of life's bitter disappointments, of life's solemn separations, and especially of life's inevitable end. All around him were sights and experiences which suggested such symbolism. And each generation and each race, as it comes upon the stage, finds something in human discipline which makes the type not inapt. Life passes on, and we pass on. We leave behind us in our march the ashes of how many good hopes, noble plans, pleasant friendships, and sacred relations.

Take the day dreams of the bright boy, or the beautiful tender visions of the thoughtful girl. What a thing life is going to be to them! How grand, how attractive, how successful, how encircled with pleasant objects and interests! In a certain sense these dreams are fulfilled. In a certain other sense they are never fulfilled. If the hopes be pure and the purposes full of moral vigor, then they are fulfilled in a character growing all the time manly, womanly, truthful, brave, and loving. But as for any material fulfilment, how few of us reach mid-life, and do not look back upon the ashes of many a fond expectation!

Then certainly there are harsher experiences, which the Hebrew symbol aptly typifies. We form friendships. Nothing seems so good. We think they will last as long as life lasts. They do not last. They come to an untimely end, from separation, or misapprehension, or alienation. Or they burn low in the socket for want of the fuel of common studies, common interests, and common aspirations. So true is this, that that sturdy moralist, old Samuel Johnson, says that he who does not make new friends will soon have no friends.

The strong man, full of courage, full of will, having many to depend on him, has his great plans and reasonable enterprises. And somehow plan and enterprise crumble before his eyes;—and he has to content himself with humble ways and petty results.

Assuredly there are failures harder to bear, and harder to explain, than any of these we have mentioned. How bitter to watch the sure failure of physical vigor,—to exchange health for disease,—power for powerlessness,—a frame whose every motion was an exhilaration for one peopled with pains that will not depart,—this beautiful world in which to wander at will for the four

walls of a chamber from which there can be no wandering!

What grief to know that some winsome face we shall no more see, — that some pleasant voice, sweeter to our ears than softest strain of flute, we shall no more hear, — that there is a vacant place in the household forever, like some great strong tower fallen out of the city's wall! These things are. I do not exaggerate their importance. Nobody less. I look with contempt upon the question whether life is worth the living. Life is very good as the Eternal Goodness stamped it. It has more pleasures than pains, more opportunities than failures. And even the pains and the failures, honestly accepted, come to have a goodness and use we dreamed not of. I do not exaggerate. But I recognize that those grand old Hebrew poets had a firm grip upon reality; that when they said we have eaten ashes like bread, they described in a figure something actual and universal. Yes; with all of us some hope, some plan, some friendship, something very real to us and precious, burns down to white ashes. That is to say, the experiences which disappoint us, which baffle us, which grieve us, are in life, and cannot be put out of it, any more than breathing, or sleeping, or the pulsation of the blood can be put out of it. And we have to face them. The only question is, *How?*

It is interesting to see how the poet-prophet, as it were by one leap of the imagination, rises to the highest truth, "Beauty for ashes." Not desolation, not barrenness, but *beauty*. As the tender verdure and wondrous growth of the outward world spring out of the dust of old fertility, so fresh spiritual excellence may rise out of our mouldering plans and buried joys.

There are many ways in which the heart receives its deep disappointments. Perhaps the natural way is by rebellion. The instinct of the heart is to resist even the inevitable. It feels that it must wrench open the doors of fate to bring back the vanished satisfaction. It will not accept the fatal law which robs it of what it values beyond price. It would repeal and nullify the very course of nature, if that is to bring the blankness of death where fullness of affection has been.

Hardly does this overstate. Often, I am sure, men and women, confronting a great calamity, say, in their hearts if not in words, they cannot have it so; they will not bear it. Possibly this rebellion against the unavoidable ill is essential in a nature that has a will, which is real and personal, even if finite and limited. Possibly, too, the possession of such a stubborn will, which for the time being introduces into the bosom a sort of spiritual warfare, is what enables trouble to make fixed and noble impressions upon us. Much like this sings the poet: —

“He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not have his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them: thus he came at length

“To find a stronger faith his own.”

In most hearts foolish strife soon gives place to submission. It may be brave and tearless, or mute and despairing. At any rate, it is not vain and fruitless resistance. It recognizes that to beat the head or the heart against the adamant walls of the inevitable is childish as well as useless. So there is submission. One sometimes thinks that most people get very little farther than this. They discern not the higher good

which should come through the lower grief. To their blind eyes the silver lining of the cloud is hidden; and it does not break with blessings on their heads. They have simply by sheer mental vigor lifted themselves out of impotent struggling to that stoicism in which they can suffer and be strong. They dream of no larger blessing to come; and they get none.

It is a great step upward when we pass from fruitless complaints to resignation. For what is resignation? The laying down our wills and taking up a better will; the admission then to our hearts that, whether we can see it or not, and whether we can understand it or not, there may be an explanation to the cloud-side and the storm-side of life. Slowly disappointment comes to be seen as something more than a broken hope, and grief as something higher than mere endurance of suffering. Dimly we see

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Our burden may not drop off, as did Christian's at the foot of the cross. But if we have to keep it on our shoulders we have at least learned that burden-bearing is included in the good counsel of the good God; that the burden itself is not like a leaden weight, but rather like the rough nugget of the miner, which is seamed through all its rocky bulk with veins of purest gold.

Rebellion! Submission! Resignation! These are all natural, and perhaps necessary spiritual moods or conditions. But neither is the ultimate. See how Isaiah states it: "To give unto them that mourn beauty for

ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." Transformation,—the change of material ill into spiritual good, the purchase by physical losses of inward virtues, the finding in character our sure recompense for mortal shipwrecks,—can we stop short of these results? Or, stopping, are we ripe scholars in the school of adversity?

What is the beauty which comes out of ashes? The beauty, at any rate, of seeing things as they are. If life goes on without any friction and without any disappearance of outward good, we come to feel that all the worth of living is centred in what we possess and enjoy. Many a one, nominally believing in spiritual verities, who would feel insulted to be denied the Christian name, is essentially pagan in frame of mind. The kingdom of heaven longed for, to be purchased by all we have, is not within. It is not faith, truth, and love. It is without. It is meat and drink. It is found in strength of body, in fulness of granary, in abundance of enjoyment, and in these alone. The rude shock which takes the health out of the bones, or makes the wisdom of the wise to be foolishness, or does anything to break up the smooth flow of the outward experience, certainly lets in light to the soul. The need of some qualities over which time and change have no power must now be recognized. If there has been any profound study of life's deeper meanings, faith, truth, purity, tenderness, take their true place as the legitimate nobility in the soul's kingdom.

The beauty, again, of coming into more considerate and kindly relations with our fellow men. "I know," said a clear-headed man of another, "that sorrow has

ploughed his heart. For he was selfish, and is generous; he was indifferent to his fellows, and is interested in them; he was harsh, and is tender." The remark was profound. You see the truth of it tested constantly on a large scale. The neighborhood which is altogether prosperous, having no burdens, no sickness, and no loss, is likely to grow hard, critical, selfish, supercilious. But our neighbors' troubles open our hearts, quicken our sympathies, make us, in short, come into genuine human relations with them. A certain beauty of tenderness and mutual helpfulness, unknown before, enters unbidden into this little circle of tried hearts, until one asks, "What would become of this world if the sun always shone, and to what spiritual shore should we sail or drift if we had only favorable breezes?" The questions are pertinent. Of course adversity as well as prosperity can be perverted. But there is a subtle alchemy in losses rightly used. And in well ordered lives the beauty of gentle thoughts and considerate ways, which springs out of the ashes of our cherished plans and hopes, is something wondrous fair and good. And until we find such beauty from ashes we have not fathomed the Divine purpose in life.

In a word, transformation of character is the profoundest result of the dark side of life, and its only adequate explanation. Can you tell just why good men and true often fail in all their plans and enterprises, and, as the Psalmist expressed it, eat ashes? You may reply, that a little more carefulness or a little more judgment on their part would have changed all this. Not always, not always.

Can you say what good purpose is in that experience by which a strong and useful man becomes a cripple or a confirmed invalid, and his life embodied pain? Again

you answer, "A little more prudence would have averted this." And again we reply, "Not always, not always." The actual truth is, that in the presence of failure, of disease, of broken friendships, of desolated homes, reason is baffled. No doubt there is a sufficient explanation in the nature of things; but we are not large enough to grasp it. In theory grief looks to us all wrong; and any kind of real loss just so much needless deduction from the sum of our happiness. But to go on with no explanation is wellnigh intolerable; and it is hardly satisfying merely to admit that the whole experience is in a stronger and presumably wiser hand than ours. The sufficient explanation never comes, until we coin our self-denials and sacrifices, our great pains and bitter partings, into better Christian characters, — that is, until we win beauty from ashes.

We say Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was. I often ponder these words and the facts behind the words. I say to myself, "Could Jesus have been the master of souls he was and is, without such an experience? Could he have known as he did what was in man? Could he have felt all his tender charity towards human weakness? Could he have given himself up to the truth with such absolute self-surrender, unless he had fathomed by practical experience the meaning of those mystic words, 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness'?" Reverently I answer, "He could not." The Scriptures mean something when they declare that he was made perfect through suffering. And Paul could not have been Paul, or Luther Luther, or Channing Channing, or any great and good man what he is, if there were no burdens to

bear,—if all the obstacles were swept away, as we sweep the leaves of autumn from our well kept paths.

“Beauty for ashes.” That is truth in the natural kingdom. All the verdure with which the world clothes itself—the upspringing grass, the opening wealth of foliage, the gorgeousness of blossom, the bounty of fruitage—comes in some sort from the dust and ashes of each last year’s growth. That is truth in the spiritual kingdom. Every leaf which drops from the tree of our prosperity, every bough that moulders, feeds, or should feed, the rising fortunes of the soul, and make the soul a tree of righteousness planted by the Lord.

TONGS OF PURE GOLD.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1893.

And the tongs thereof . . . shall be of pure gold.

EXODUS XXV. 38.

THESE words occur in the description of the sacred objects contained in the most Holy Place. What thought, if any, do they suggest? This: that there are stages in man's development when he has to worship God through rich material forms. He can do no otherwise. A few, indeed, in every age can find expression for their devout feelings in fitly chosen words. Some even rise higher, and learn that the best way to serve the Eternal Goodness is by a life which to the core is true, pure, and kindly. As for the rest, they require something striking, gorgeous, appealing to eye and ear, and stimulating to the imagination. This clearly was the state of the Jew in the earlier periods of his history. His worship was a spectacle. Every object on which the eye rested gleamed with gold,—the altar, the mercy seat, the table of testimony. The priests were clad in purple and fine linen, and glistened with jewels. Thus all the appointments, though to our taste somewhat barbaric, were as superb and impressive as the means and art of the tribes could make them. We cannot doubt that they were adapted to the time and people, and that they did do something—much—to lift these out of the coarseness and narrowness of their ordinary thought to

some dim perception of their relation to Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity: The natural, and, as the history of all ancient races shows, the necessary result of what we may call external and sensuous worship is richness, cost. These poor folks might not be able to clothe devotions in appropriate language. Their lives might not be a very good and acceptable offering. At any rate, they would not bring to their God that which cost them nothing.

We may go a step farther. Not only did the costliness of the gift in some sort measure the zeal of the givers; but that zeal was most clearly manifested in the things that were humblest, least perceptible, and least dignified in uses. The altar, which stood in the sight of all the people, must be enriched with gold. That of course. The mercy seat,—mystic type of the ever present and ever gracious Lord,—nothing that wealth or art could give could be too much for that. But that the insignificant things, the things which had no majestic part to play, should be of pure gold,—this more than the greater things shows how worshipful after their light these people were. As I read the account I am impressed as a friend was when he visited a celebrated cathedral. The massive tower, the tall spire, the graceful pinnacles, the clustered pillars, the lofty arches, the many-hued windows,—all, he said, filled him with admiration. But when, peering in dark nooks and corners, he found lovely carvings, which perhaps not one visitor in ten thousand ever saw, he understood what love, what zeal, what religious fidelity, had been put into the work.

We have passed largely out of the era of sensuous worship. Not indeed that external rites and forms have

passed away. For so long as man is a complex being, made up of body and soul, of the seen and the unseen,—and so long as what we see and hear travels by untraceable roads to the invisible within us,—we cannot altogether dispense with external religion. But more and more we are recognizing that the purpose of all religion worthy the name is to shape the man, to make his real self true, pure, and full of love; that is, to fulfil in the most genuine way the purpose of God in bringing him into being.

Admit this. All the same we must have the tongs of pure gold. Or, to state it in the language of prose, we must see to it that the small acts of our life quite as much as the large ones conform to highest spiritual standards. For one obvious reason. The great mass of men have little else to which they can apply moral and spiritual principles,—little else by which they can manifest a disposition to serve God and to be faithful to the truth. Constantly recurring acts of toil with no greatness either of dimension or quality,—little obligations, so limited in scope that they neither stir the blood nor inspire the soul,—all this levelness, all this monotony, all this cutting up of life into petty fragments, with little or no admixture of heroic or even striking elements, is what makes up the account of myriads of lives. Certainly this is altogether true of the lot of what we call the unfavored classes. Probably to a far greater degree than we appreciate, it is true also of the lot of what we so grandly term the favored classes. Take the day laborers, on the land, in shops and factories. How is their life made up? Of constant acts of toil, stroke upon stroke, week in, week out, illumined now and then by gleams of pleasure, and made sweet and pure by homely

household affection. Consider the way life comes to a mother with a large family and moderate means. There is household work, to keep the home neat and well ordered; sewing that the children may be clothed, cooking that they may be fed. And all this goes on, not simply from sun to sun, but from year to year. Nor am I of the opinion that this feature of experience is confined to a few classes. Largely it affects all. The merchant has vast and complex transactions. Yet the petty details of buying and selling, of book-keeping, of collections and payments, how many and how engrossing they are! The physician has his great hours when he wrestles with disease and is the victor. But perhaps he too has times when his whole life seems a ceaseless repetition. The lawyer takes honest pride in the thorough research, the legal acumen, the force of argument, which he brings to bear upon his great cases. Yet I venture to think that sometimes he tires of the whole thing, — tires of precedents, tires of controversy. Even if you could be that which so many crave to be, the head of the nation, all would not be grand and majestic. All would not be of national and international import. Possibly you would be quite as much struck by the littleness of your duties as their largeness. There would be hours lost in fruitless interviews, days wasted in trivial questions about small offices, great portions of valuable time given to the reading and approving of petty private bills.

Do we imply then that the usual experience of the average man or woman cannot be lifted to the plane of genuine spiritual worth? This is the last thing any thoughtful person would say. But to do it we must make the tongs of pure gold. We must put great virtue into small deeds. We must make the monotony of life lustrous by a disposition which has the richness in it

of a just and holy soul. It is fidelity, it is sincerity, it is pureness, it is love,—not large field, not narrow field,—which gives any life worth and dignity. Sweet George Herbert packs the whole lesson into six familiar lines:—

“ A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

“ This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold.”

The good we do in the world, the brightness and happiness which we awaken in human hearts, the elevation of thought and feeling which we promote in others, depend much more upon having the tongs of pure gold than the great altar or the beautiful gate of the temple. That is, the noble fashion with which we perform ordinary duties, the fine flavor which goes into words and acts, otherwise of little importance,—the purity and sweetness of our life on its common level,—these are the things which enable us to exercise an influence, not always noticed, but inevitably powerful for good, and enduring. We are not apt to think so. Our idea is, that if we could do something grand, something which would benefit a whole community, possibly save a state,—if we could be a Washington, or a Lincoln, or a Florence Nightingale, or a great benefactor like unto them,—that would pay. But not one in a thousand of us has in him the stuff out of which to make a public benefactor. And if we had, not one in a thousand ever has the opportunity. And when such opportunities do come, too often they come in times of pain and grief and stress of public danger, and the chance seems dearly pur-

chased. But we all can live ordinary lives. In fact, we have to do so. And the worth of those lives to others, their helpfulness to the world, is settled by the amount of the fine gold of pureness, of truth, of kindliness, we put into conduct. What is the one common relation of life? The family relation. We are all members of a home. Now a good home is not a brilliant phenomenon. It does not attract attention as a flaming comet would. But a good happy home is not only a well-spring of pleasure, but a well-spring of nobility. It sends out men and women that are of use. But what makes a home good? Speech, conduct, which are not simply gilded, but gold all through. Lives whose quiet current is full of gentleness, of friendliness, of gladness to do and bear. We look. At first we say, "This is nothing remarkable." We look again. Then we cry, "What so wonderful!" Here the commonest routine takes on sweetness and dignity, and compels happiness to come and dwell among men.

Call to mind a quite different aspect of life. A man is a great manufacturer, or a great merchant, or he successfully cultivates his broad acres. Certainly it is a benefit, indeed it is essential, that the mill should pour forth its great tide of fabrics of cotton and wool, of iron and brass; that this wonderful process of distribution should go on in our warehouses; that the earth under skilful husbandry should yield its increase. But the more we contemplate these material benefits, the more impersonal they look. The man loses his individuality. He seems but a cog in the wheel,—at most a single wheel in a great mass of machinery, in which his little movement is merged and almost lost. Let now his personality be full of integrity. Let his walk among men be just, kind, and considerate. That is, let his conduct

inevitably gravitate toward what is right, high-minded. Then he will exercise personal force, and for good. It will not be the power which comes from the magnitude of his transactions, or from his skill in some one branch of material activity. It will be personal power, the inherent power for good which he has, because on the ordinary level of life he has moral dignity and sweetness. This is the point to be insisted upon,—the extraordinary worth not only to ourselves, but to others, of our usual speech and deeds, so be that their quality is fine enough.

What is the effect upon the man himself of what we may call the minor details of living? The very greatest. Our daily talk, our common acts, things that we do not rate high, perhaps count to be trivial, quite as much as anything else shape character. As a rule, people do not leap into excellence of any sort. Generally they reach it by slow gradations. I admit that there are apparent, possibly real exceptions to this statement; that there are people who seem to change from bad to good as it were in the twinkling of an eye. Such examples may be real. Certainly they are rare. Somebody has said that integrity, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth. Well, how does it grow? By cultivation. Telling the truth, dealing justly, are not, if we are to judge by the ways of large bodies of people, absolutely natural qualities. You cultivate them in your child; and you cultivate them through words so trivial, acts so trifling, and scenes so ordinary, that often they leave no trace on the memory. But rectitude becomes a component part of character. You can no more take it out of the character than you can take the blue out of a fair sky. It is the same with all other virtues. Pureness,

gentleness, the unselfish mind, the liberal heart, are the golden glories wrought out through a good use of homely experience. Neither the sturdy nor the gracious qualities grow up as the Eastern magician is said to produce trees, sowing his seed, covering it with a tent, and then in a moment of time displaying the plant full grown. They grow rather as does the oak. At first it is a tiny stalk. Then all unseen the wholesome influences of air and earth and moisture feed it. Slowly its trunk adds ring to ring, and throws out its great boughs, and spreads its innumerable branches.

If you look a moment, you will see that this method of character building is according to the nature of things. When the old Hebrew was constructing his great altar, and the mercy seat, and the golden candlestick, of course he builded well. They were the obvious things. Friend and stranger knew all about them. Simple national pride might have directed his course. It might have had little reverence in it and cultivated little. But when he made the inconspicuous things used in worship of pure gold, they were mute witness to his loving fidelity, and the very thoroughness of his acts must have cultivated the rude spirit of devoutness which was in him. Read your Bible. You will find that it was through just such processes that Jesus became the great teacher. He went down to Nazareth, says Luke, and was subject to his father and mother. From twelve to thirty years we literally know nothing of him but that he wrought at his father's bench, and performed the obscure duties of an obscure station. Yet it is significantly added that he "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." It is just so in our human life. Under some mighty impetus men's minds and men's souls sometimes do almost miraculous things,

just as the body under great excitement lifts unheard of weights, though when the excitement dies away it is no stronger. But one treads the paths of an ordinary life, keeps calm amid its worries and perplexities, does not permit petty wrongs and injuries to ruffle his temper, nor its many temptations to harden his heart or undermine his integrity. Such a way of receiving life is not accidental. It implies steady government. There is a plain application of thought and conscience, yes, of real Christianity, to the details of living. There can be but one result. The monotony of life, its trivialities even, elevate character. For nobody can put the fine gold of pure purpose into daily conduct, and not be the better for it.

We can, indeed, press this point too far. To assert that the great hours of life have no influence on character would not only be untrue, but absurd. The effect upon mind and heart of sudden prosperity and of unknown griefs is patent. Great occasions sometimes lift men out of themselves. The timid become heroes, the selfish generous, the sluggish take on unexpected activity. Nor is this change necessarily temporary. Occasionally a new man seems to be the outcome. But one thing may be said of these great experiences of life, whether they be fruitful of good or the reverse. They are not likely to pass by unperceived. They do not slip away without our notice, as do the waters of the brook beside which we sit and dream.

Now the opposite is apt to be true of the small hours and experiences. We take little account of them. They glide on in ceaseless succession, simply undirected. Yet as they come and go they make mark upon mark, and construct or reconstruct character,—and few consider.

It is as when a tempest loosens and sends down an avalanche of earth and stone into the valley. It fastens the attention of all eyes ; but for centuries dew and mist and gentle rain have accomplished mightier results, laying bare the granite peaks, and making deep and fertile the intervale, and only the wise take it to heart. This is the danger of our routine life, — that it is uncared for, — that it is a ship sailing on without rudder or pilot. The sweet-tempered become peevish ; the generous covetous ; the gentle-mannered and pure-minded boy is transformed into the coarse man, whose speech offends your taste and insults your moral sense ; — and nobody can tell just how or when or why it all happened. The process was long. It was not a plunge over a precipice. It was a descent down innumerable steps. These did not drop into a sea of pitch and become at once defiled. They just touched pitch again and again, — a thousand times, and the work was quite as thoroughly done. That is, they were the results of *not* making even trivial speech and trifling conduct golden. As with the vices, so with the virtues. They grow gradually. They travel slowly along the trodden paths.

For every reason, therefore, because in every life the small things are in the majority, — because most of the good we do in the world must be done through little opportunities, — because it is largely the daily routine which shapes character, — and, finally, because what we overlook, and suffer to work their way in us for ill or good, are the ordinary experiences, — we must see to it that even the tongs are of pure gold. To that ceaseless monotony which every life largely is, we must apply considerateness, high purpose, steady repression of evil, and as steady encouragement of good. You cannot make the monotony of your lawn green and beautiful except

by applying to it perpetual vigilance. It pays as well, it pays better, to do all this for your character.

Of old, we used to select as the great optical power the telescope, searching the vast spaces of the starry world. To-day perhaps we should choose the microscope, unveiling the wondrous uses of infinitesimal being. What is Christian culture but the application of those vastest spiritual powers, faith and faithfulness, to the modest details of living? Details which will be sure to escape our notice unless we keep our eye single, and our experience in every nook and cranny, as well as its open courts, full of light.

SERMON AT BALTIMORE.

PREACHED ON THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AND RECONSECRATION OF THE FIRST INDEPENDENT CHRIST'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, OCTOBER 29, 1893.

We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago.—EZRA v. 11.

TO-DAY this language is literally fulfilled. These servants of the God of heaven and earth with joy and reverence rededicate to religion and the uses of a Liberal Christian faith the house which was builded these many years ago. Seventy-five years have passed since Rev. Dr. James Freeman of King's Chapel preached in this church its dedication sermon. For more than a third of a century he had been in fact, though not in name, a pronounced Unitarian; and his society, in consonance with his convictions and their own, had materially changed their ritual that the man they revered, loved, and admired might conscientiously remain their minister. One year later Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing delivered in this place what has always been known by the name of "the Baltimore Sermon." It was spoken on the occasion of the ordination of Rev. Jared Sparks, afterwards so honorably known in the realm of historical research. It more than any other one cause produced what has so far proved to be the permanent separation into two parts of the great Congregationalist body. That Dr. Channing did not desire this division is certain. What he believed to be

most wise and most likely to promote the sway of pure Christianity was that large tolerance which could permit all to remain in the common fold, and with absolute freedom speak the truth as they found it written in the Bible, in the universe, and on the tablets of the human heart.

But whatever its author wished, or thought to be wise, the Baltimore sermon was the last in a long chain of causes which created the Unitarian denomination. The student can indeed trace its roots back almost to the first years of colonial history. The antiquarian can point out in the last century ministers who worshipped God after the manner men call heresy, and celebrated men not a few, like John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who followed in their footsteps. But the period of crystallization had not then come. As surely, therefore, as the followers of Jesus were first called Christians at Antioch, so they that held to the strict unity of God, the real nobility of human nature, and the inward and spiritual character of true salvation, were called Unitarians at Baltimore. If, therefore, we have any structure which may properly be called a memorial building, it is the very one in which we are now gathered.

Why did the Unitarian denomination come into being? What did it seek to do? Or of what use has it been in the past? One thing is clear. The fathers of our faith did not wish to destroy the spiritual house in which their souls had been reared, but to rebuild it and more according to the pattern by which Jesus had built it these many years ago. They would remove the unsightly excrescences with which time had defaced it. They would make wide its gates, that all who desired might enter. They would fill its courts

with a gracious hospitality to attract all true hearts. Restoration, not destruction, was what they desired and sought. So at the outset the Unitarian movement was largely of the nature of a protest; — a protest on the one hand against every form of spiritual bondage; a demand that every human being should be permitted, under the guidance of his own reason and conscience, to search for the truth without the restraint of traditional bonds, and without the fear of ecclesiastical penalties; — a protest on the other hand against certain prevailing doctrines, such as the trinity, total depravity, election, — doctrines which were held to be harsh, unreasonable, and not sustained by the Scriptures.

There was a special reason in the condition of the times for this protest in behalf of spiritual freedom. Early Congregationalism did not make its church covenants doctrinal. It demanded of its members at any rate, and we suspect largely also of its ministers, only a true Christian experience and character. Unquestionably these early fathers were in substance Calvinists. God's sovereignty, man's depravity, the arbitrary divine choice of the few to be saved and the rest to be damned, the endless torment of those to whom the terms of salvation were not available, — these dogmas they believed with a terrible sincerity. *But they did not put them into their church covenants.* Read the simple compact adopted in 1629 by the First Church of Salem: "We covenant with the Lord and one with another, and do bind ourselves in the presence of God, to walk together in all His ways, according as He is pleased to reveal Himself unto us in His blessed word of truth."

Study the covenant of the First Church, Boston, as it was framed in 1630 by Rev. John Wilson and his celebrated parishioner, Governor John Winthrop. The

light reveals it engraven on the glass as it shines through the great east window of the present place of worship: "We, whose names are hereunder written, being by His most wise and good Providence brought together into this part of America, in the Bay of Massachusetts, and desirous to unite ourselves in one Congregation or Church, under the Lord Jesus Christ, our Head, in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified to Himself, do hereby solemnly and religiously (as in His most Holy Presence) promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel, and in sincere conformity to His Holy Ordinances, in mutual love and respect each to the other, so near as God shall give us grace."

We repeat, that no one doubts that the writers of these covenants were sincere, and very likely stiff and narrow Calvinists. But they wrote better than they knew. Their covenants had in them the element of elasticity. It was possible for men to accept them and grow. Ministers and peoples might and did differ, and walk together. No better proof is needed than the fact that the very churches on which these early covenants are to-day proudly blazoned are Unitarian. But forty years before the settlement of Dr. Freeman, say in 1740, there grew up a disposition to narrow the old compacts, to define them, to give them special doctrinal meaning, — to change them, in short, from covenants to creeds. This change seems to have been owing largely to the influence of that great, sincere man, with his awful convictions about God and His creatures, Jonathan Edwards. This disposition to narrow and define grew more and more strong down to the time of Dr. Channing; and as it grew, divisions rose in churches and between churches. It became wellnigh impossible for

Arminians and Calvinists, Unitarians and Trinitarians, Rationalists and Traditionalists, however sincere and earnest, and however truly disciples of Jesus, to walk together.

The first use of the Unitarian movement was as an embodied protest against this narrowing tendency. It strove to make the Church of Christ broad enough to include all his people. It was a voice crying out against everything that puts the human mind under bonds, or inflicts upon progress pains and penalties. The efficiency of this protest can hardly be doubted. The last seventy-five years have been years of increasing tolerance and enlarging charity. Men are not likely in our day to come into absolute intellectual union. For a long time opinions will be many and sects not a few. But he is blind to the lessons of the hour who does not see that the time is close at hand when all will gladly admit that he is a true child of God who seeks to do the will of the Eternal and to walk in equity and love with his fellow men.

Early Unitarianism was not only a protest against spiritual bondage. Equally it was a protest against dogmas which it held to be irrational, cruel, and unscriptural. It does not seem necessary to state afresh the special points of a controversy which in one form or another has been waged ever since Christianity was. They can hardly be stated better than they were in this place three quarters of a century ago. What does seem wise to affirm is the genuine use, the unspeakable value, of that seventy-five years' protest. All the world has not flocked into our theological camp. That is not the way most change. They alter their thoughts and feelings far more than their outward position and relations. They stand in the same place, but they them-

selves are not the same. So it has happened that on all the points at issue a modifying and softening process has been going on, and is likely to continue to go on. The creeds may read the same, but men translate them differently. Who thinks of God, whether in his unity or trinity, as sitting a sovereign on his throne, and from the beginning electing some to glory and some to shame? And who does not rather think of Him as the Eternal Father, in whose sight all souls are precious? Who looks upon man, incomplete and sinful as he is, yet heir of all the ages, as a total spiritual ruin? What keeps Jesus in our remembrance? That he purchases for us heaven? Or that he is himself the grandest of personalities, the truth bearer, the quickener and inspirer? To noble men and women does salvation mean simply entrance of the soul into a place, however beatific, or rather the entrance of the divine life into the soul? And, especially, how many who are themselves loyal to the old standards feel that a literal acceptance of them is essential to a true Christian experience? In every direction there has been a vast change, and always toward sweetness and light, always toward rationality and freedom. So vast has this change been, that we are in constant danger of doing gross injustice whenever we apply the authoritative definitions of a not very distant past to present conditions of religious thought.

One of our own prophets has spoken of the Unitarian protests as "pale negations." The words are scantily just. Certainly when those negations were first uttered, they were full of warmth and color. They had all the force of the unspoken affirmations which were behind them. On every field of influence, theology, philanthropy, literature, history, they have wrought mightily. Were Unitarianism as a separate school of thought to

die to-morrow, its work would not die. Man would be freer. Opinions would be gentler and more rational.

Step now from the past into the present. To-day what use has the world for Unitarianism? When spiritual liberty has been so largely achieved, and the most irrational doctrines have been forced to clothe themselves in the garments of reason, what real task is set for Liberal Christians to do? Still the same in purpose if different in details;—to rebuild the spiritual house after a larger fashion; to fill it with the power of a Christian faith and the comfort of a Christian home; to make it the refuge of many souls who cannot find in the old either shelter or sweetness. Plainly Unitarianism has turned, and more and more is turning, toward the work of construction. This is the stint which its own needs and the needs of the world appoint, and which it cannot shun either with safety or honor.

This constructive tendency has worked and must continue to work in two ways,—within, without. Consider for a moment this tendency as it refers to the intellectual and spiritual upbuilding of the denomination itself. No religious denomination can permanently remain simply a protest. It must pass on to an affirmative position and belief. And this process of internal construction was to be carried through by a company of religionists, the first article of whose charter was soul freedom, the absolute right of every human being to investigate and decide highest questions under the guidance of his own reason, conscience, and spiritual vision. Others might enlighten; nobody could enslave. No convocation, no synod, no conference, no association, had the right or the power to put so much as one bond on the soul, unless it chose to wear it. Under this broad charter of

spiritual liberty we have lived for seventy-five years. The most sacred subjects of human inquiry — God, human nature, Jesus, the Bible, the future life, what constitutes real salvation — have all been submitted without let or hindrance to the individual, that he might for himself divide the true from the false, the permanent from the transient. We will not say that in our history there has been no infringement of the perfect law of liberty. In the fairest green lawn there are weeds. Across the bluest sky wreaths of vapor float. So among us, in the white heat of controversy over questions of mighty import, occasionally the rights of the individual soul may have been forgotten. What we can say is, with the passage of the years, the infringement, the chain, has been swept away, while unhampered spiritual freedom has gone forward to assured victory. To-day every one of our churches and every member in every church is absolutely free. What has been the result? Confusion? Anarchy? The separation of our people into individual entities, with no cohesion, no unity of feeling, and no sympathy of opinion, — so that no comparison will apply to us but the drifting sands of the desert? Is this our experience and our tendency? Not at all. More and more we are coming together. There is no Christian body, however strong its ecclesiastical organization and however precise its theological statements, which is in more substantial union on all the great topics of religious thought and faith than that one which grants neither to organization nor creed power over the individual soul. If to-day there were no other use for Unitarianism than to vindicate the safety and the worth of absolute spiritual freedom, there would be ample cause for its continued existence.

Turn now from construction as an internal and

spiritual necessity to construction as an external yet sacred duty, and then ask whether, amid the actual conditions of modern life, Unitarianism has not a present use and worth. What is one of the most simple and patent of the social facts of to-day? This: that every third person you meet does not go to church. He does not hear sermons; he does not frequent meetings; he is not knit into social religious relations of any kind. That is, in respect to the deepest part of him, the enduring part of him, he stands alone. In his inner experience he is destitute of that subtle but powerful influence which in every other department of life strengthens and inspires to great achievements. With some far more than this, and far worse than this, is true. They hardly think moral and spiritual thoughts. In their consideration of what they propose to be or do, they scarcely take into account what rises above the requirements of their work-day or play-day life.

Out of what does this exceptional condition of things grow? For it is exceptional. In all other genuine interests the natural instinct of mankind is to come together, not to fly apart. A great deal of this carelessness about the spiritual side of experience, may we not sometimes say, a great deal of this unconsciousness that there is a spiritual side of experience, is the result of material engrossment. This is a swift moving age. It tasks and monopolizes the powers. It leaves little leisure, and often little vitality, justly to weigh interests which, if eternal, certainly are unseen. No doubt Unitarianism, which has been a voice crying in the wilderness, protesting against the things which perplex and the things which seem to be born of unreason, has found souls full of doubt concerning the popular creeds and confirmed them therein. Still more of this

unsettling process is due to the critical work of honest scholars of other faiths, quite as much as our own, who have brought to the common mind new views of the history, the authenticity, and the inerrancy of the books of the Old and New Testaments. More still of this divorce of men from social religion must be laid at the door of science, which has not indeed discredited religion, and which in the end will place religion on a firmer basis. But at the outset it gives religion such height, such breadth, such width of application, that the old categories of theology cannot contain it. But be the cause what it may, and let the accountability rest where it will, nobody who has attentively studied the facts of life in city and village can count the picture of men's divorce from social religion an exaggerated one. Nor will thoughtful people look upon this divorce, however natural and for the time however needful, with anything but regret. There are those who in their moral and spiritual experience can walk alone and not suffer loss. But they are few.

Construction, or reconstruction, seems therefore to be the manifest duty of all religious bodies. Of the old, that, so far as honesty will permit, they may modify their standards to meet the needs of the broader minds that otherwise must cut loose from them. Far more, construction is the duty of those who can frankly accept the results of the scholar's study and the philosopher's research. None too soon have we recognized that the use God has for us now is to gather in those who are scattered abroad. None too earnestly have we Unitarians accepted the duty to lay bare the real foundations of hope and trust, — to show that knowledge and faith, unsparing criticism and devoutest religion, clearest science and highest spirituality, can walk together,

ought to walk together, must walk together, if there is to be any lasting security for that life which is higher than the things we see and handle.

In its beginning Unitarianism was largely a protest against spiritual bondage and unreason in religion. It did not so much seek to build a new edifice as to repair and improve the old one. With the passage of the years the necessity came to it to build itself up, and to help build others up, in a positive and rational faith. And, so long as there are those to whose deeper life it can best minister, it must continue to be a constructor. But the whole duty of a religious body has not been performed when it has sought to correct theological error, or indeed when it has trained itself and trained others up to sound intellectual views of God and his truth. Beyond and above these there is a higher duty. That duty is to extract from the truths which it affirms that warm, earnest, winning, and inspiring religion which is their proper fruit. We may prophesy that in the future far more than in the past this is the very use to which God will put the Unitarian denomination. The days of controversy over the old seem to be largely over. Partly because the convictions of men have greatly changed. Partly because most people are putting less stress on creeds and more on Christian experience and character. Even the latest conclusions of critic and scientist are slowly but surely winning their way to acceptance in most Orthodox quarters. But what is not settled, and what needs to be settled, is what effect the new thought will have on the inner life of man; and how it shall touch and invigorate those unseen, mysterious emotions and hopes out of which the higher life of man grows. Has Unitarianism to-day any nobler mission,

can it have, than to transform these new thoughts, which are exercising all minds, into a religion which shall alike satisfy the intellect, warm the heart, and purify the conduct?

Let us be just to the old form of religion. Practically it has always risen above its intellectual limitations. It has led multitudes to pure and honest lives, brought strength to tempted souls, comfort to tried and suffering ones, and in every age has had its saints and heroes. But with its theories of God's purpose and man's nature and history, and the relation between the two, has it always been easy to keep out of this religion the selfish element? In ruder periods and among ruder people religion was sometimes frankly offered, and as frankly accepted, because it purchased heaven. Even in nobler statements of faith — and certainly with each generation they are nobler — do not the lower thoughts of deliverance from outward pains and penalties mingle with the higher hopes of inward and spiritual gains and advantages, as inducements to get and keep religion? Nay, do not the underlying conceptions of what salvation really is, and which to some extent are beneath new statements as well as old ones, compel us to think of religion sometimes, not only as deliverer from sin, but as the servant of the Lord, who closes the gates of woe and opens the portal of eternal blessedness?

But whatever may be a just estimate of the real quality and tendency of the religious sentiment and faith, as they have existed and wrought in the past, it is clear that the age is cherishing new thoughts upon highest subjects, and that they are getting entrance into many pulpits, and finding many sympathetic hearers. So it is certain that in the future such thoughts are to

have a large acceptance. Religion will not change in its essentials; but it must stand in new relations and derive its sustenance from new, if not larger, conceptions of the Great Source of all, and of His laws. Consider the mental and spiritual attitude of the modern man. There is no subject so high, or so sacred, that he does not grapple with it and seek to achieve fresh conclusions. The whole theological scenery, if we may use the figure, has been transformed. To him God is not a dread sovereign, who of His own good pleasure appoints this one to bliss and that one to woe. You do not even express the whole truth when you call Him the Heavenly Father who cares for all His children. In his thought God is equally the eternal energy, the serene wisdom, which has created and forever sustains a divine order which carries forward all, and helps all, and hinders none. He cannot say man is a spiritual wreck, that can be restored only by miraculous intervention. That is not the way the present looks to him. That is not the way he reads the story of the past. Man is an incomplete and erring creature; but he is on the road up from greater incompleteness and a deeper moral blindness. Earth and heaven, time and eternity, are but terms which express the unending opportunity of the human soul; the conditions under which it learns to know by pleasure, by pain, the wise and the good, and to cleave to them. Jesus was not here to save men from the results of their sins. Not for that did he live his wondrous life or speak his wondrous words. He sought to fill them with that abundant spiritual life which casts out death; to save them from sin itself by surrounding them, and as it were saturating their souls, with a spiritual atmosphere in which sinful desires die. To the reverent mind heaven here, heaven there, is

primarily purity of heart, holiness of life, love embracing all our kind; and hell is corrupt appetite, is false purpose, is an unloving heart.

Thus in every direction there has been an enormous change in man's views upon sacred subjects. Very few whose opinions and feelings are not more or less affected by this trend of thought. And to a large extent these views have come to stay; and every year is to widen the sphere of their influence. If religion cannot live side by side with them, and get nourishment out of them, then it will lose its place as guide and inspirer of life and conduct. Assuredly it is the duty of some one to make it clear to sincere questioners, that faith in God and purest service of Him, discipleship of Jesus and genuine following of him—that is, real religion—are perfectly consistent with a glad acceptance of all the facts of criticism and science. Of whom is it more clearly the duty than of those who are free to receive truth, who rejoice to receive truth, come from what quarter it may? The usefulness of the Unitarian movement in the future must be largely measured by its ability to transmute opinions into faith, convictions into devout sentiments, rationality into spiritual religion, and fresh light about our relations to God and his universe into nobler performance of duty.

Seventy-five years have rolled away since the early Unitarians reluctantly left the old fold and went forth to fulfil their mission in a world which was loath to receive them. It is fitting that, met in the very building in which it may be said that American Unitarianism had its birth throes, we should give a fleeting half-hour, not simply to its outward annals, but to its inward experience and its life work. It is well that we should

look within and ask for what has it stood, what has it attempted to do, and with what spirit and purpose it contemplates the intellectual and spiritual world, where everything seems to be in flux and nothing permanent save that great law of divine order and growth which is carrying us all forward to larger knowledge and higher life. There is nothing saddening in this retrospect. We have not accomplished all the sanguine dreamed. We have not become in outward proportions one of the great sects; but we have made a healthy growth, and have gathered in many souls who could have found elsewhere neither refuge nor home. Better yet, we have sailed out boldly on the broad ocean of truth and have not made shipwreck. To-day we stand face to face with the progress of the age, read all the critics can say, hear all the message proud science has to speak, and know that real religion has lost nothing; that God is still God, only more steadfast in His ways than men had thought; that man is man, but with more of God's image in him than the creeds have acknowledged; that Jesus is still master of souls, because he is the same quickening and inspiring influence that he was when he walked Jerusalem's streets or stood by Galilee's shore.

We look outside our own borders and take fresh courage. Surely the teachers of religion are broader and more tolerant than they were of old. Mind and soul are entering into that freedom which our fathers won for the body politic a century ago. Yes: the spiritual house is rapidly rebuilding and on a more generous plan. Honest men may not see it. Narrow men may close their eyes against the sight. All the same, the noble walls are steadily rising; and the gates are made broad, and in a better future will be open night and day;

so that every one who desires to know God's will and do it, to love God's children and serve them, to be a disciple of Jesus by partaking of his spirit, may enter in and find none to molest. We look forward to another seventy-five years, which few of us shall see in the flesh. What increase of knowledge, what elevation of faith, what enlargement of charity, what ennobling of daily life, the prophetic eye rejoices in vision to behold !

THE POWER OF JESUS' LIFE.

JANUARY 7, 1894.

Believe me for the very works' sake. — JOHN xiv. 11.

A YEAR ago I read Mommsen's History of Ancient Rome. His allusions to the period of its early kings greatly impressed me. Of that period we have absolutely no authentic history. So far as the story is handed down in writing, it is hopelessly legendary and mythical. Are we then destitute of all trustworthy information? By no means. We learn, he says, what we know, not from historical tradition, but by means of inference from the institutions known to have existed soon after. The structure of society, the laws of the state, the religious customs, the family relation, art, architecture, — all these, which we find fully formed and in action when first trustworthy annals came to be, do testify of a civilization and development governing and unfolding ere trustworthy annals were. We believe and know much of those far distant times, not on account of the record, but for the sake of the works, which abide. It is like the transformations of our planet. No account of these has been handed down. None could be. But in every tilted layer of rock, in every petrification of tree or animal, the geologist reads the sure story.

What is true of Roman history might be true of any other history. It is supposable that in some remote future all annals of our own country prior to the adop-

tion of the Constitution in 1789 might be lost. Yet I can conceive of an acute scholar, like our historian, pointing out to the curious reader three thousand years hence what varied influences the Puritan, the Cavalier, the Huguenot, poured into our common life, and how careful study, with little or no printed evidence, might put the long struggle with the savage, the successful uprising of the Revolution, and the great argument by which a loose confederacy became a nation, among well ascertained facts. All this would be possible, because every unknown past leaves behind works which live and act in a known present, and reveal the quality of that past.

Why should we not apply this historic principle to Jesus's life? That is, why should we not use his own language with a wide and permanent application? Sure I am, that, if we could get at the core and heart of the faith and reverence of Christendom to-day, we should find that these qualities do not rest simply upon the fact that four short biographies of Jesus were written centuries ago. Such reverence and faith rest rather on the ineffaceable consciousness of mankind, that Jesus has written his life and power in fair and noble characters upon more than eighteen hundred years of human experience; and that he is doing the same thing to-day, and here, and everywhere. Stating it in Gospel phrase, men believe in him and submit their lives to his influence for his works' sake. Manuscripts may be altered, or the history and formation of them may be concealed by the mists of a deep antiquity. But moral and spiritual force and truth, put into the life of the race, abide, and testify of their source and giver.

This historic principle — for it has certainly become

that — has peculiar worth and helpfulness in our own time. We live in a period of questioning. Doubt has in many minds risen to the elevation of an august virtue. There are those who would put after every statement of Christian history an interrogation point. Certainly I cannot in any fulness agree with this extreme unbelief. Sometimes it seems as irrational as the wildest credulity, and to demand of Christian annals what it would demand of nothing else. When the last historical inquiry shall have been made, and the last word of criticism spoken, I suspect that we shall be compelled to believe as much as this: that the Gospels were written by persons who had an intimate connection with the planting of Christianity; that what they wrote they wrote from honest conviction; and finally, and most important, that what they wrote unconsciously reveals a character larger, loftier, and more spiritual than their own.

Suppose now that we entertain all the questions, consider all the doubts, put the interrogation point wherever an objector desires, and as often as he desires it. Have we lost Jesus? Has that influence, so strong and tender, so attractive and inspiring, taken its final departure? Certainly not. Real works last. Genuine spiritual principles and influences are enduring blessings. Some of the interesting details of that great career, as the historian says of Roman annals, may pass away. But the main stress and power of the life cannot pass away. It has become one of the forces in the moral universe. It is this reality of the Christ that has given him a permanent place in human interest. Great changes of opinion come with the years. Just criticisms in time are universally accepted. So the outward form is in flux. But no change affects the sway of a life

which is genuine, and which communicates enduring spiritual help and inspiration. Men doubt theories; they believe facts.

What did Jesus give the world to be a perpetual witness that he once lived, and that he was worthy of the love and reverence with which men have remembered him? Let us say, first, an ideal life. An ideal life so embedded in human consciousness that men cannot away with it. No matter now about the biographies; no matter about the traditions; no matter what you believe or do not believe of these. As much as this is certain. In the earliest Christian years of which there is a sure record, a new and higher conception of holy living meets you. The true man, it says, is he who is one in heart and purpose with that infinite greatness we call the Heavenly Father. The true man is he who within is pure and just. The true man is he who in his secret soul loves his fellow man. In this conception, all goodness is first inward, afterward outward; first of the heart, then of the hand and the conduct. It is a fresh and lofty conception. It did not simply express the spiritual standards of its own time. The Jewish thought of acceptable living was to pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and to hold fast to the traditions of the elders. It was hopelessly external. This conception could not have come from the Roman,—whose virtue even meant courage, endurance, whose very morality put on the Stoic garb, whose religion was prudent and earthly. It could not have come from the Greek,—in his best estate beauty-loving and pleasure-loving, and who in later days had sunk into doubt and voluptuousness. Neither could it have come from the earlier Christians themselves; for neither they nor we have been able to reach up to that great pattern of divinest life.

The conception of true life presented to the world in the first Christian ages demands a great soul. It bears witness that a son of God taught and lived this imperishable moral ideal. There is no other adequate explanation. In all other departments of life this is the way we have to deal with the works which an unknown past hands down. I go out into the desert which skirts Palestine. I reach the oasis where Palmyra stood. Around me, beautiful even in ruins, are the remains of temple and palace. Do I need to be told that the rude Arab, who pitches his black tent and feeds his flock beneath their shadows, did not rear them? Do not the works — these magnificent structures, that neither man's violence nor the waste of centuries have been able utterly to destroy — bear their own witness? Though there were not preserved a line of history, should we not know that once a lordlier race here lived and wrought? Even so the spiritual work rooted in man's life testifies of the worker.

Consider the immortality which cleaves to the teachings of the New Testament. Here are those wonderful parables, which have delighted and instructed sixty generations of the old and young. Read the parables of the Prodigal Son and of the Good Samaritan. How fresh and interesting they are! How applicable to the errors, needs, and duties of man to-day! No frost of age rests upon them. I doubt whether our own generation, with all its progress in science, in art, and in literature, can write one which will last half as long. Here is the Sermon on the Mount. It is a whole volume on ethics and religion, compressed into a dozen pages. Not a verse would we spare. How seriously yet how pithily it unfolds the whole philosophy and duty of true prayer!

What modesty it would add to the grace of charity! With what clearness it states and illustrates the supremacy of the heavenly over the earthly treasure! To the inwardness and depth of the better life in man, each Beatitude bears its own separate witness. No doubt a hundred thousand sermons have been written upon this first recorded sermon. A hundred thousand more may be. Yet the fountain will be unexhausted. And where shall we find profounder glimpses of man's divinest life than in the words of that Gospel of John, which Edmund Sears calls "the Heart of Christ"?

Some one says now, that we are not sure of the authorship of the four Gospels, that we do not know whether they were written thirty or seventy years after the supposed death of Jesus, that we cannot tell with certainty even whether their original garb was Hebrew or Greek. We are sorry if this be so. Naturally enough, we like to be sure even of unimportant details. But the great teacher is there. He who spake as God gave him wisdom has written his mark on every page. Had but one of the great Philippics of Demosthenes come down to us, and with no certain history attached, should we not know that in Greece's extremity there spake an orator at whose feet the lovers of eloquence might wisely sit? We read the drama of "The Merchant of Venice." Very little written history tells of its author. Not a tenth part of what it records of some worthless sycophant. But how full the testimony of his works! The knowledge of the human heart, of its springs of action, of its deep fountains of human joy and sorrow, are all written there in fair large characters. I read my Bible, and I know that Jesus walked with God; that the volume of truth and duty was to him an open book; that his words were light and life; that

he must have spoken with authority, and not as the scribes.

Reflect upon the vast impulse which Christianity has been in human history. Reflect not the less upon the blessing it has been in the private life of men,—quicken- ing their faith, comforting them in sorrow, and lead- ing uncounted multitudes out of the fleshly life up to the ways of the spirit. All this is of common observa- tion. For eighteen centuries this word, this life, has been a force in the personal experience, and a force in the great common life of humanity,—a stream of energy forever flowing, forever unexhausted. No one can look beneath the surface of human annals and not find it.

Then we search for the beginning of this world wide inspiration, of this world inclusive movement. What do we find? This. In a little despised province of Rome, probably in a despised town of this despised province, far away from the centres of power, a great word was spoken. The mighty of this world had but little respect for it. They withstood and hated it. Kings and rulers turned a deaf ear to it. Great ecclesiastical systems, strong in their organization, strong in traditional rever- ence, stood in its way. Even the light unbelief of the time, which was robbing so many of serious trust, did not furnish a congenial atmosphere in which to blossom and bear fruit. But in three centuries the new truth — nominally at any rate — conquered the world. Men's ways of thinking, their rules of action, their best hopes for this world or the next, their dreams of a progress yet to be, their very laws,—all that makes up the basis and the texture of civilization, felt and feels its potent influence.

We all know what may be said, and said truly. There had been a long and varied preparation, Roman conquest had melted into one countless and warring principalities, so that the whole world was open to the great-hearted missionary of the truth. The old faiths, the old rituals, were losing their power. Minds and hearts were growing more hospitable to the fresh message which had in it rationality plus life. All this no doubt is true. But in this statement one thing is lacking,—a towering personality, a soul charged with truth and sympathy, a mind and heart to be the media through which the divine life should flow into man's life. Even in material interests, great advances always demand great prophets. One does not believe that Bismarck united Germany as the watchmaker gathers into a perfect chronometer the scattered wheels and springs. But neither watch nor empire could dispense with the master hand. Much more do spiritual advances require prophets. Luther did not create the Reformation, but it would have lagged without him. John Wesley was not the whole of Methodism, but all the same it waited for his coming. So the world before Jesus's day had been all unconsciously preparing for a great fresh influx of spiritual life. But it waited for a mighty personality, a soul in whom God's spirit dwelt,—in whom was a knowledge of the truth, a love of man, and a bright vision of a nobler future. And it found all in the prophet of Galilee; and his works, seen in a better civilization, and seen in a truer form of religion, and seen in purer lives, bear witness of him. Men believe in him and cherish his influence, not simply because of what is written, but because his own wonderful personality has poured itself without stint into the world's life.

More and more I am disposed to exalt personality. The final law in all well ordered life is the principle of truth which expresses the love and wisdom of Him who created us. That of course. But never does a principle of truth come home with such power as when it is incarnated in living excellence. Take a simple illustration. One praises in abstract terms heroic self-sacrifice. All he says is true. Yet perchance your heart does not burn within you, and you are not stirred to noble imitation. Replace now the abstraction by an actual example. Tell the story of one who has risked all, and lost all, to save another. The virtue takes on reality. The frost around the heart melts. The fountains of the great deeps of sympathy are broken up. You admire, you reverence, you imitate.

In a large way, the remembrance of Jesus does the same thing, — changes mere assent into earnest acceptance. That remembrance may have been connected with mistaken convictions. Nevertheless, the disposition of good and wise men to keep his memory green is an eminently healthy tendency. It proposes to bring men into contact with a personality which has in all the Christian years proved to be full of spiritual powers. One can hardly estimate the loss to the race, and to the individual, if in all the Christian centuries we could have excluded enthusiasm for Jesus's personality, and replaced it by a cool and sensible acceptance of truth, in which there was not one heart throb.

What we need is more heart throbs. To exclude from our lives the greatest example is to rob us of motive power. That wondrous life has filled the Christian ages with its work. It has flooded the Christian consciousness with its ideal of holy living. What most of us need is not more knowledge, but more warmth, more zeal, a

clearer conviction of the reality and worth of the better life. We get this warmth, we get this enthusiasm, we get this vision of a diviner life, to no little degree from the example of the saints, and especially from that example which has led so many souls into higher paths and itself lighted the way.

THE END.

ALDERMAN LIBRARY

The return of this book is due on the date
indicated below

DUE	DUE
1-2-90 10-26-90	

Usually books are lent out for two weeks, but there are exceptions and the borrower should note carefully the date stamped above. Fines are charged for over-due books at the rate of five cents a day; for reserved books there are special rates and regulations. Books must be presented at the desk if renewal is desired.

23-36

YX 000 514 226

